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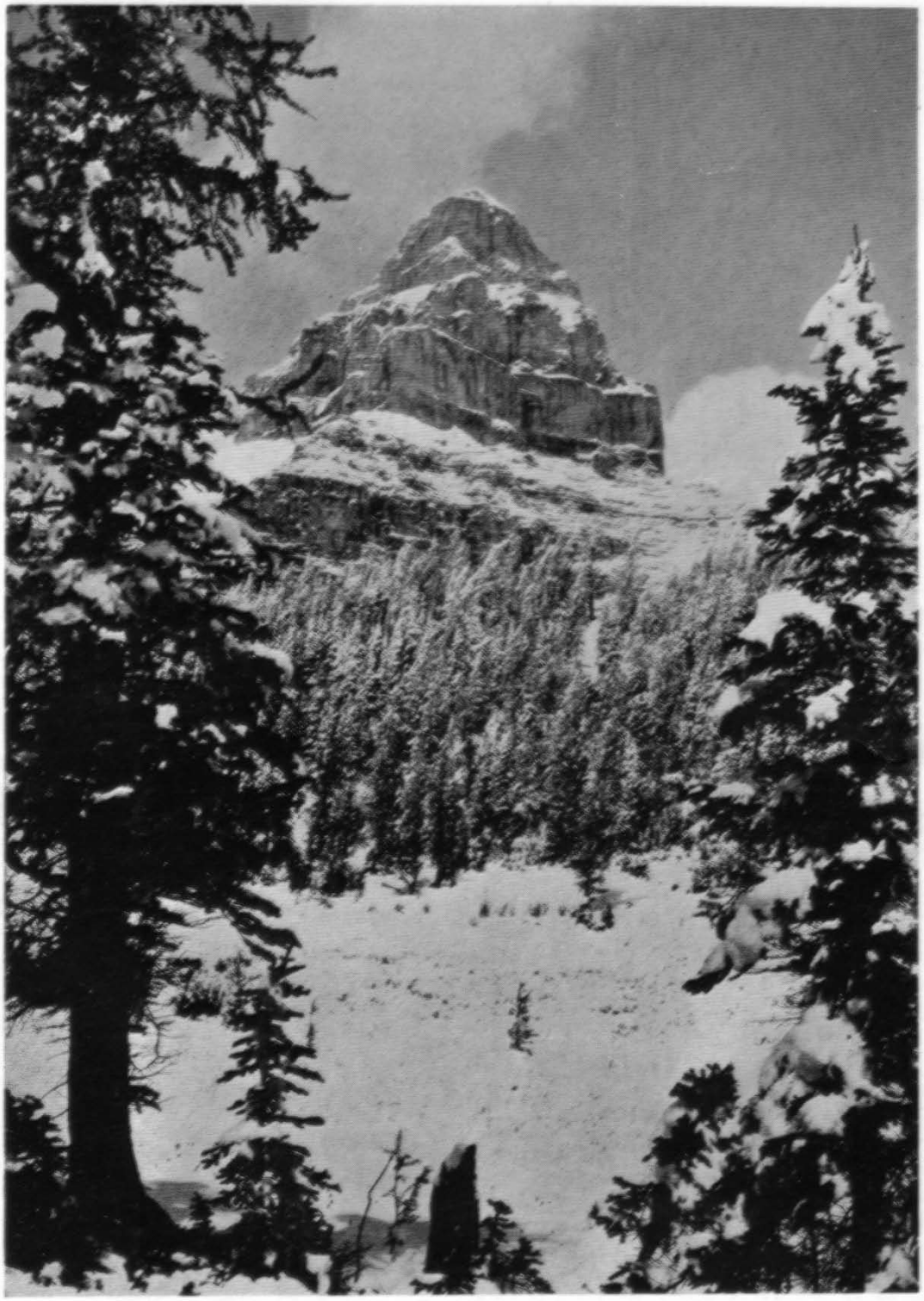


W.S. Peck

Pinnacle Mountain, at Head of Larch Valley

MOUNTAINEERING SECTION

Around Bow Pass, The Saskatchewan River And Cathedral Crags

By J. W. A. Hickson

Last season's (1923) experiences were for us rather disappointing owing to that uncontrollable factor, the weather, which mountaineers try to forget but with which they have always to reckon eventually. A minor cause of disappointment was the previousness of certain climbers who anticipated us in some of our intentions.

The main aim of our activities was to see something more of, and explore further, the Columbia Icefield than we had been able to do in 1920, and to attempt one or two of the outstanding peaks of the region. The climbing party consisted of Mr. Aimé Geoffrion, A.C.C., the writer, and the Swiss guide Edward Feuz; in addition there were three other men to cook and look after the horses, under the guidance of W. J. Potts of Banff, who organized this side of the outfit very satisfactorily. We knew that Drs. Thorington and Ladd were ahead of us on a similar errand, and expected to meet them on their return trip to Lake Louise.

We had some glorious days on the way north, and learned at Bow Lake that the climbers of Thorington's party had left there the same day to cross the icefields on their way back to Field. Simpson with the horses had passed us on the lower trail, seen, but unfortunately not recognized. This was disturbing, for we were keen to hear something of their achievements. At Bow Lake a tourist informed us that Drs. Thorington and Ladd had climbed almost every peak around the Columbia Icefield, indeed so many that although we showed him a map he could not remember the name of a single one. A day later we met George Harrison on his way back to Lake Louise, and learned from him that at least Mount Columbia and one of the Twins had been climbed, and, as we correctly inferred, the higher one.

The afternoon of July 29th found us encamped at some 6,700 feet in an open space between some spruce trees, with a lovely view of the gleaming white Athabaska Glacier, which, contrasts so favourably in appearance with the dirty ice sheets south of the Saskatchewan River. Scarcely were we comfortably settled when the skies, that had looked threatening for the last twenty-four hours, began to pour down rain, which during the night turned to snow. Next morning the ground was covered with some eight inches of it; the weather was cold and tempestuous, and we were glad to spend the day with the men in the teepee. There were still several inches of snow on the ground on the morning of July 31st, when we started out for a short climb of a peak between Athabaska and Dome Glaciers. We reached a point about 9,000 feet. It was very easy going; there were some pleasant, though fitful gleams of sunshine; we had good views of Mount Bryce, but huge masses of low clouds, which hung around the peaks, cut off the scenery to the north and east. We came down to a sort of pass between Athabaska and Dome Glaciers, whence we reached the former at a point where Feuz saw the makings of an ideal bivouacking-ground for a proposed expedition to Mount Kitchener on the north side of the Columbia Icefield. Walking down the glacier to camp was unpleasant and tedious on account of the fresh melting snow.

That evening it snowed quite heavily again, and all we could do next day was to go up to Wilcox Pass, whence we had the most lovely views both northward and southward, the landscape being greatly enhanced by the fresh snow. Athabaska itself resembled the Swiss Silverhorn.

On the morning of August 2nd the clouds were again very low, no points higher than 7,000

feet being clear; but we thought it could not snow much more just then, and made our preparations for starting out at midnight for Mount Kitchener, our plans, however, coming to naught, for before we went to bed snow was again heavily falling. Indeed this was the heaviest fall of the three precipitations, which occurred within five days. Gloom, and annoyance alternately predominated with the climbers. We calculated that there was now probably one-and-a-half to two feet of fresh snow on the icefield, and so, despite the Swiss guide's natural reluctance to leave, we decided to say goodbye to this camping ground, and allow the sun a few days' work in hardening the snow. Even while we were packing up on August 3rd and breaking camp on the 4th, we were bothered by heavy showers, and on the way down the North Fork got thoroughly soaked with rain. One of our most cheerless nights on this trip was passed on this river at a point about two hours above the junction with the West Fork of Alexandra River. Here our discouragement was intense, for the prospects of accomplishing anything now appeared to be very slim.

Two days later we reached Thorington's "Last Grass Camp"[1] on Alexandra River, about three-quarters of an hour's walk from the tongue of the Glacier, which we explored the same afternoon. Mounts Oppy and Alexandra here stand out as the dominating peaks. The following morning, Geoffrion, Feuz, and the writer started from camp about four o'clock with the intention of attempting either Mount Oppy or Mount Farbus, both of which lie on the Divide. After a rather circuitous route, having proceeded too high up on the Alexandra Glacier and thus reaching a difficult icefall under which we had to traverse along a corridor with topply-looking séracs on the right, we gained some grassy slopes on its left or eastern side, and there were much surprised and interested to see plainly marked traces of nailed boots. We immediately inferred that they were those of Drs. Thorington and Ladd, and Conrad Kain, and wondered what they had done in this neighbourhood. The marks were still clearer on the moraine which we followed to the north Lyell snow-field, whence we obtained a clearer view of the route to our proposed peaks. It was in nowise encouraging either as regards distance or quality, there obviously being some very flimsy snow bridges to cross, if indeed we could cross or circumvent certain large crevasses at all. So we turned our attention to the Lyells and considered the possibility of ascending the central peak, notwithstanding our ignorance whether it had not recently been climbed. Even though it was rather late in the day, and a steep rock wall covered with fresh snow looked formidable, especially on the descent, I think that we would have attempted it if the weather had been at all favourable. Neither Geoffrion nor the writer was keen, otherwise Feuz would certainly have tried it. Turning our backs to it, we crossed the snowfield towards Mount Oppy, and came down on the Alexandra Glacier, then walked up towards East Rice Glacier and had a look at the steep icefall guarding Mount Oppy on the northwest. Its appearance was so forbidding that it hardly seemed worth while tackling the mountain from that side.

The morning of August 8th being really fine it revived our darkened hopes that we might still be able to accomplish something around the Columbia Icefield, so we moved up to Thompson's Pass and camped at Cinema Lake, a most lovely spot with open ground, sheltered on all sides, and surrounded by fine, strong evergreens, amongst which hardly a dead tree was to be seen, and with wonderful grass for the horses, for which animals more consideration is frequently shown than for the species that plans and pays for these expeditions. Before we had unpacked, it was raining again. An early plan to start next day for Mount Spring-Rice (10,745 feet) had to be postponed on account of the weather; but we managed to set out around six-thirty o'clock, and, after an easy

1 See Alpine Journal, No. 227, p. 188.

ascent over shale slopes and rock ledges, gained the ridge connecting Rice East and Watchman's Peak, and thence proceeded over snow to a point about 9,700 feet. The weather then became so thick that Rice East, although no great distance from us, was blotted out. We employed the period of enforced rest to refresh ourselves with food, and, after three-quarters of an hour, were able to proceed, and reached Rice East at eleven forty-five. Prom here it was plain that to make the summit of Spring-Rice itself would be no easy undertaking. There is practically no ridge to follow, and at no great distance from us there was a most formidable-looking cliff to climb on the further side of a deep gap. Feuz doubted whether the ascent could be made from here. My companion declared he wouldn't attempt it. Clouds were again very threatening,, and fog was coming down. We gave up the idea, walked along a narrow snow ridge to Rice East No. 2, descended some five hundred feet on snow to reach the ridge connecting with Watchman's Peak, and made the top of the latter at two p.m. Here for over an hour the clouds lifted, there was brilliant sunshine, and we had magnificent views of the Columbia Icefield, which alone of all the scenery I know of in the Canadian Rockies compares favourably with the views from the Swiss Gornergrat. Mount Bryce, very formidable looking with its icy crests, the Twins, Mount Columbia gleaming with its fresh snow, King Edward, easy looking from the south, Mount Athabaska, were outstanding features of the landscape. We had more than a glimpse of the Pyramid (Clemenceau) and speculated as to whether it had been climbed. (This was the day of the successful attempt.) We decided that the snowfield around Columbia did not look very bad, and that provided the weather held we should make a start for that peak on the following day from Castleguard Camp. Alas! before we reached the lake we were thoroughly drenched by heavy rain which persisted throughout the night.

Unnecessary showers kept us in camp next day. The clouds remained depressingly low. It was dreary and woefully disappointing. Feuz went off by himself in the afternoon over the Pass westward to explore the possibility of attempting Mount Spring-Rice from the southwest, reporting unfavourably when he returned about seven p.m. thoroughly wet. Tremendous avalanches thundered from Mount Quéant during the afternoon, pouring down great streams of white powder several thousands of feet. After waiting another day for the weather to clear we were, obliged to renounce all hope of reaching Mount Columbia, and moved down to Alexandra River for a final attempt on Mount Spring-Rice via the East Rice Glacier. Such is the discipline of mountaineering of which we had already experienced an undue proportion.

Having left the main part of our outfit at Outram's "Camp Content," Geoffrion, Feuz and I started out from "Last Grass Camp" at four o'clock on the morning of August 12th. The weather, which had looked propitious when we were breakfasting, belied its early promise, and became dull and heavily overcast by the time we were on the Alexandra Glacier. Geoffrion accompanied us over East Rice Glacier to within half-an-hour of the rocks on the right side of the icefall, leaving us at about tree line to return to camp at his own time and, by a circuitous route on which he used his ice-axe on more mobile objects than frozen snow.

The East Rice Icefall is too steep and crevassed to ascend directly, so we steered for the rocks on the right, which are themselves fairly steep, and put on the rope. Stiff climbing followed for nearly three-quarters of an hour, the footholds proving better than the handholds which were all slanting inconveniently downwards. Thereafter there was less rock and more shale and gravel. At nine o'clock we were over the steepest part, and fifteen minutes later reached the snow basin above the icefall. Here we at once realized that the going would be slow and require much caution owing to the maze of crevasses covered by fresh snow. Higher up it became increasingly difficult, and more than once we feared we were baulked. About an hour was lost in circumventing crevasses and

E. Feuz

Mt. Athabaska from Wilcox Pass, August, 1921

E. Feuz

Near the Head of Alexandra River

Mt. Alexandra at Centre, Mt. Oppy at Left

holes in the glacier, which several times necessitated the retracing of our steps. The negotiation of the bergschrund proved a ticklish job, Feuz having to work his way around a slender and precarious looking ice ledge, on the left of which an enormous crevasse yawned rather disquietingly. Then steps had to be chopped' in a precipitous ice wall, which led on to the upper snowfield or col. Twice, the whole length of the rope, which was anchored around my deeply planted ice-axe, had to be paid out, while I had to stand under some very unstable blocks of ice, on which, fortunately perhaps, there was no sun to shine. Earlier in the day, we had climbed in heavy rain, and now fresh snow was being blown about by a furious wind, and we were glad of our storm caps and mitts and heavy sweaters. This was the most disagreeable and trying bit of the whole climb.

Above on the col the snow was more level, but crevasses had to be borne in mind, while the full force of the wind made itself felt. Crouching out of it in a basin under Mt. Queant, we refreshed ourselves with food, and rested about twenty minutes. From here (at 12:20) the going over the snow was heavy, but otherwise there were no difficulties. Steadily ascending, we reached some rocks in three-quarters of an hour, worked up them for a short space to the ridge overlooking North Rice Glacier; thence there was more snow, and more rocks, and finally a rock wall of some thirty feet, through which we ascended by an ice-filled couloir, and came out on the summit a little after 1:30 o'clock. Although the scenery was mostly blotted out by cloud and mist, the drop on the north side of our peak was obviously quite perpendicular in character; further to the east there are tremendous gaps in the ridge, if it can indeed be called one. Feuz was now convinced that it would have been futile to attempt the peak from Rice East. And Outram's route down from Trident Col to Thompson 's Pass, partly in waning daylight, and briefly described in his book, pp. 398, 399, is difficult for us to understand.

In particular, we have been unable to identify with any assurance his "Turret Peak."[2]

Having built a small cairn, we gladly left the top in twenty minutes, for the wind was tempestuous and piercing, came down more directly to the snow, and linked up with our track near Mt. Quéant, which in less adverse weather we should have certainly climbed. "Up and down would not have required more than an hour; but it was already after two o 'clock and we had a long way to return. We got down the ice wall and negotiated the bergschrund without mishap, Feuz saying that I showed signs of undue nervousness, and were off the upper snow by 3:45 p.m. There was a short stop for food, which required to be ingested constantly owing to the cold, and then three-quarters of an hour's going brought us to the foot of the icefall. By keeping on the ice we avoided some of the steepest rocks, and hastening around the lowest of these and taking a slight chance with shooting stones, we reached the more level part of East Rice Glacier at 5:15 and unroped. Three hours later we reached the upper camp, whence horses carried us over the stream and back to the main outfit. By this time the weather had cleared. Such was our luck!

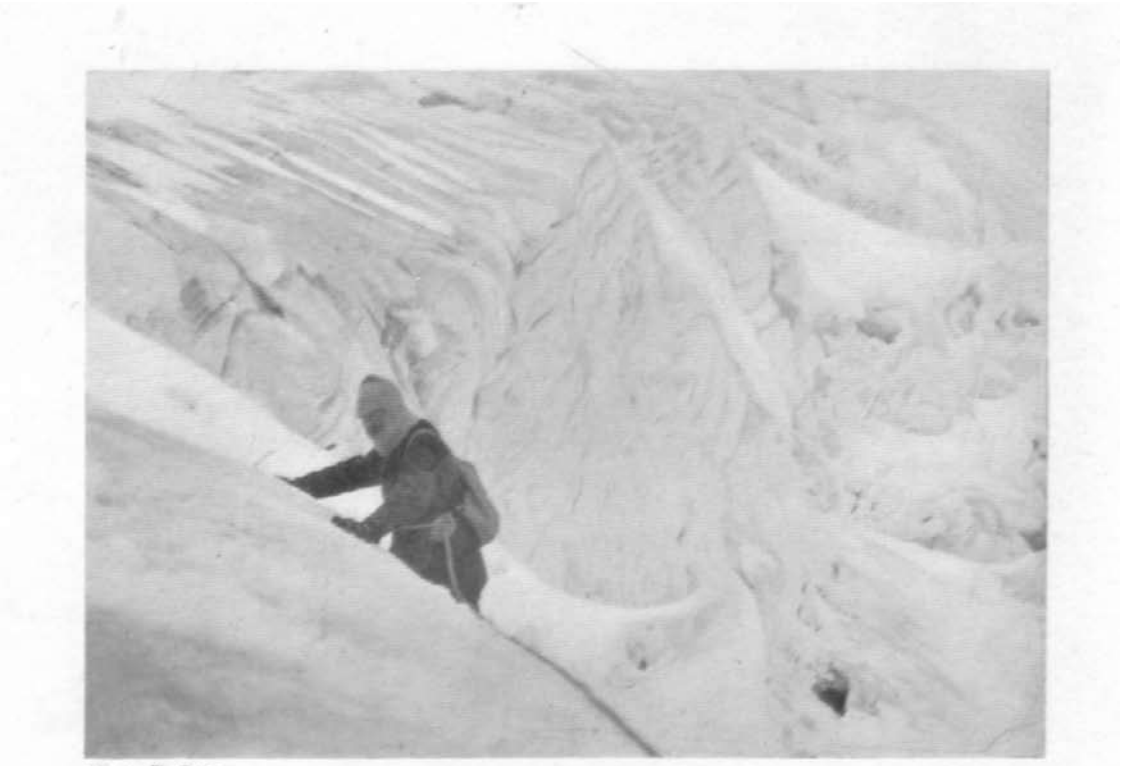
Next morning we began the return trip to Lake Louise, breaking it for more than a night only at the charming Bow Pass camp, about 6,800 feet, whence we climbed Mt. Rhondda, southeast of Mt. Baker and on the Divide. The latter peak was our objective. On the way to it, however, we

2 "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies," p. 399. In a very comprehensive and able article, in the Alpine Journal, No. 227, note on p. 183, Dr. Thorington has made a suggestive, although improbable, surmise in this regard. It is possible that there was more snow on the North Rice Glacier twenty years ago than there is now (in 1923), and that Outram and Kaufmann came down to it over a steep rock wall which we saw from Rice East, No. 1. But I am inclined to think that this is quite unlikely, and that instead they skirted the ridge of Spring-Rice and traversed a peak (probably Outram's Turret Peak) south of Rice East No. 1, whence they could work around to a point near the latter. Thence their route would lie over easy rocks and shale slopes to Cinema Lake, as Outram describes it."

J. Monroe Thorington

No. 1 - Mt. Spring Rice No. 2 - Watchman Peak

From Mt. Saskatchewan



J. Monroe Thorington

On East Rice Glacier, August, 1923

experienced an unpleasant surprise on seeing the marks of nailed boots on the gravel flat below the tongue of Peyto Glacier. Not until much later did we learn whose these were—Mr. W. D. Wilcox's and Rudolf Aemmer's. Higher up on the moraine on the right side of the glacier, the footprints were distinct, and I felt certain that Mt. Baker was no longer a virgin peak. But Geoffrion and Feuz, with an incurable optimism, were for pushing on and so we compromised by making for the col connecting the two peaks, whence we might be able to see whether Baker had been crowned, and if so be in a position to climb the lower Mt. Rhondda (10,025 feet). Arrived at the col, whence we had admirable views to the west and north, Feuz soon espied with the glasses tracks on the higher snow leading to the summit rocks; in addition to which the tell-tale cairn was visible. So we made for the lesser peak, the summit of which was reached about two o'clock, after alternate performances on snow and rock, and the traverse of a long and, towards the end, sharp rock ledge. On this there was no indication of previous Iranian presence; although considerably lower down and below a steep rock wall, where we put on the rope, there was a small cairn, which may have been made by the Dominion Survey party of 1904 that is credited with an ascent.[3] We made cairns on the two tops and left at 2:30, descending by the east side, mostly over snow. It was simple work except for the crossing of a couple of large crevasses. By four o'clock we were again down on the snowfield and could take off the rope. The snow was very slushy and water frequently poured over our boots as we crossed the glacier to the moraine under Peyto Peak. At the edge of the ice we stopped for food, reached the tongue of the glacier around 6:30, and after an irksome ascent of a thousand feet got back to camp very tired two hours later. The day had been fine and warm throughout.

Two days later Feuz and I climbed Mt. Hector in order to complete our ascents of the 11,000 ft. peaks in the Lake Louise district. On the glacier at about ten thousand feet we noticed flocks of snow finches, doubtless attracted by dead and paralyzed insects that were strewn about in all directions. The upper part of the glacier on the north side of the peak was steep and the ice very hard and necessitated the cutting of quite a few steps, but there were no real difficulties. The climb was pleasant, and the views were superb, especially those of the Lake Louise group of peaks and of Hector and Bow Lakes. On the top, the record of the first ascent by Professor Fay and party was found in almost perfect condition. We left our camp near the river shortly after six o'clock, rode up for a thousand feet, reached the summit a little after eleven, and camp again at 3:30 p.m.

Changed Condition Of Cathedral Crags

The first ascent of this formidable massif which lies on the main line of the C. P. R. between Lake Louise and Field, was made by Sir James Outram and his brother with the Swiss guide, Christian Hasler, in 1903. The party came from Field and worked around the west to the north and northeast side of the mountain and to the snowfield on the east, and were able to ascend on snow high up on the precipitous eastern rock wall, whence steep rock climbing led to the thin and peculiarly tilted highest peak, 10,083 ft.

A second ascent is said to have been made some seven or eight years later by a party of three, including the Swiss guide, Gottfried Feuz, who returned to Switzerland before the war. Of the details I have not been able to find any account, nor have any of Feuz's Swiss associates been able to give any information.

In 1917, when camping near Lake O'Hara, Edward Feuz and I walked up from the site of a former camp of the A. C. C. to the glacier on the side of Cathedral Crags in the hope of being

3 In Palmer and Thorington's Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada, p. 81.

able to climb not only the highest but one of the other unclimbed towers as well. Had I seen the mountain before from this side, I should never have looked forward to accomplishing as much after ten o'clock in the day. After crossing from the glacier to the rocks, and reconnoitering a certain couloir which appeared to offer the most direct route for a successful attack, we withdrew from the venture and contented ourselves instead with the easy ascent of Cathedral Mountain.

Two years ago Feuz and I made a more determined attempt to scale the Crags. Leaving the C. P. R. camp at Wapta early in the morning, we rode up the valley for about three miles, crossed Cataract Brook very conveniently on our horses, and this time keeping more to the right of a deep gully, ascended over steep ground, at first through green timber, then over fallen trees, higher up over scree slopes and easy rocks. We found that the glacier had much receded, and was much barer of snow than four years before. When high up on it we bore to the left and followed a snow ridge, then swinging sharply to the right made a short descent, followed by an ascent on snow in order to find a convenient place at which to cross the bergschrund. This we managed to do almost directly under a couloir that is fairly in the centre of the main massif. Recognizing from our previous inspection that this couloir, which from the picture in Outram's book, "Heart of the Canadian Rockies," p. 173, was evidently filled high up with snow on the occasion of the first ascent, but which had now only a couple of feet of ice at its foot, would not be easy to ascend, because in addition to being almost perpendicular it was blocked by a bulging rock at a point more than half-way up, we decided to let it alone and explore the possibilities on the left side of the rock wall.

A short and not difficult traverse to the left brought us to another couloir which also appeared to split the massif. Up this we climbed some fifteen feet, then pulled ourselves over a sharp corner on the left, and traversed further in the same direction on a narrow and much-exposed ledge which ended abruptly, but in doing so gave access to a perpendicular crack. Up this we scrambled without being able to see much ahead. We then made a traverse on the face of the rock back on the right along a sort of narrow gallery, at the end of which the ascent of a short chimney brought us out on to a small platform, beyond which a block of smooth rock some seven to eight feet high barred the way. Devoid of footholds and also of handholds so far as we could see, it was not to be lightly attempted, more especially as we did not know what lay on the further side of it. I suggested to Feuz that I might give him a push up; but I think he was right in rejecting the offer. The place was so very exposed that a slip would have been fatal, and this method is usually a dangerous and undesirable expedient under such conditions; besides, the leader might not have been able to get down again. We gazed at the impasse angrily; but there was no alternative except to retire. The scrambling thus far had taken about one and a half hours, and we had not made more than a hundred and fifty feet in height. For steady heads it was comparatively safe.

We returned to the first couloir. It was now nearly two o'clock. Feuz led up into it, and I followed for some twenty feet, where there was a fairly safe place to stand with your face to the rock. As we had anticipated, the overhanging rock some forty-five to fifty feet above the base proved too formidable an obstacle. Feuz reached it, but not finding any handholds above (he couldn't see over it because it was too high) declared that we had better not try to force matters, particularly as we had not a second rope, which might be necessary in order to descend. On reaching the snow again, we walked to the north under the cliffs to discover whether any other part of the massif offered a better prospect of success, although it was now rather late in the day to make a further serious attempt. We came to the conclusion that the couloir which we had originally tried alone gave access to the upper part of the crags, and in this we were confirmed last summer. The mountain is split into a number of towers by deep perpendicular gaps between which there is

no traversable arête.

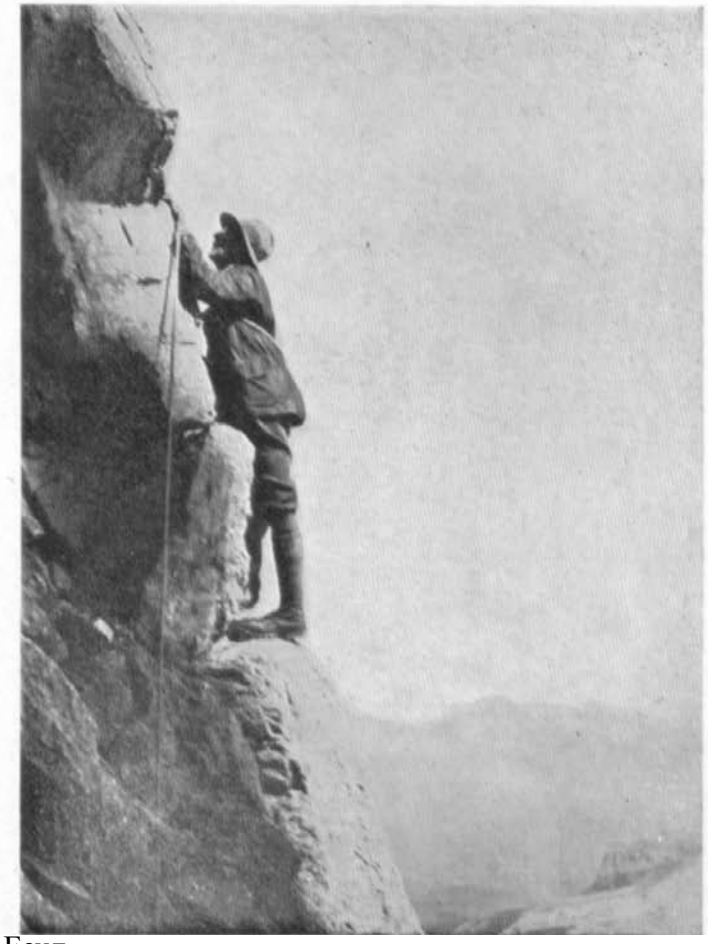
A week after our return from the district of the Saskatchewan last season, we went again to the Crags. This time we added Feuz's younger brother, Walter, to the party, following a vague belief of the former's that one Swiss guide could support another at the most critical places, but under a different and quite definite conviction on my part. And I think that the addition of Walter Feuz contributed notably to the outcome.

Arriving at Hector by train from Lake Louise at 1:30 a.m., we immediately started up the trail on a moonless, but lovely starry night on which one seemed to cover the ground without any effort, and after an hour's walk looked for a fording place over Cataract Brook. The stream was high and there appeared to be no place for foot passage. Eventually the guides felled some trees out of which they managed to make a sort of bridge that I always detest crossing over swiftly running water. For a long time I used to feel rather ashamed of this idiosyncrasy until I read that Sir Martin Conway was always held on a rope at such places. Fortunately it was still dark when we crossed the stream, so I could not see clearly what was underneath. While the bridge was being constructed, water was boiled and thereafter tea and food liberally consumed. Following our previous route of two years ago, we reached the upper rocks much earlier than before, arriving at the base of the couloir a few minutes after nine o'clock. The glacier was still barer of snow and considerably more shrunken than on our last visit; and a further noticeable sinking and recession of the ice had taken place at the rock wall, so that this time on leaving the snow we had to ascend about a hundred feet of gravel and rock, whereas on the first visit we had stepped from the glacier into the couloir. The ice axes were left below this point.

Feuz had brought not only a second rope but a pair of roped shoes which were perhaps almost equally helpful. Without delay he proceeded up the couloir only to find himself brought to a halt by the old barrier. Walter moved up to see whether any assistance could be extended to the leader, but the formation of the rock rendered this impracticable. He could not get near him. The rope was really of little value to the leader for there was nothing conveniently near the second man to which it could be belayed. If the leader slipped badly, he was probably finished. I unroped and wound the cord firmly around a large knob of rock, thinking that if a mishap occurred, this might at least prevent the leader falling out of the couloir and rolling into the bergschrund. Probably the danger was not so great as it appeared, but in mountaineering one must be ready for the seemingly improbable. After prolonged arid tentative operations both guides descended and decided to try the route which Feuz and I had explored in 1921. Not being in the least hopeful of the outcome, I remained near, but outside the couloir, on a small ledge out of the track of falling stones, whence I could usually hear the shouts and occasionally see one of the guides who were eventually brought to a standstill by the same block of projecting rock by which the former climbers had been frustrated. They didn't attempt it, and rejoined me after one and a half hours. It was gratifying that they had not got any further than we had in 1921.

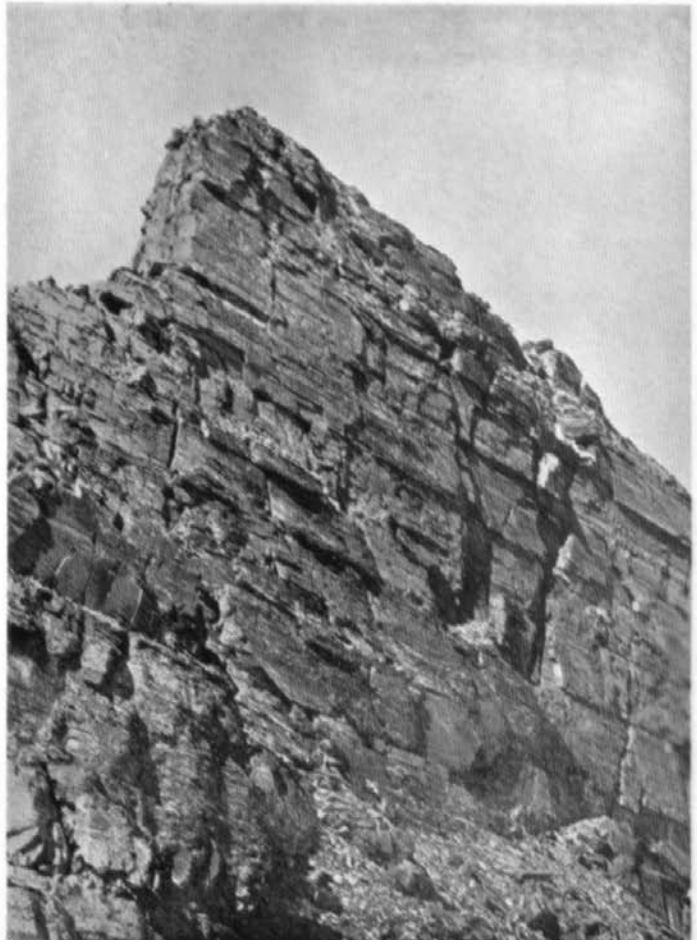
The alternatives now simply reduced themselves either to essaying the couloir once more or beating a final and mortifying retreat. Before resigning ourselves to the latter, Walter told me he was going "to have a jolly good try," put on Edward's roped shoes, and assumed the lead.

Although the lower part of the couloir is steep and difficult, it is not dangerous on the ascent, because although foot and handholds are far apart they are both firm and sufficiently numerous, and in going up one is spared the disagreeable sight of the threatening drop into the schrund. When above the overhanging rock one cannot see the base of the couloir. Walter pulled up at this crucial place. Above it is a small pocket covered with gravel. The handholds here are very scarce and can



E. Feuz

A Typical Corner on Cathedral Crags



E. Feuz

The Highest Peak of Cathedral Crags

only be discovered by exploring with the sense of touch what you cannot see unless you arc of gigantic height. Groping with his hands, Walter's fingers gradually found their way into a couple of crevices which he enlarged by removing some small stones. Taking a bit of a chance with the unknown and unobservable, he made two vain attempts to draw himself over the protruding shelf. During this time I felt rather anxious lest a serious accident should take place, and Feuz, who was not encouraging, kept giving vent to his feelings in inarticulate utterances of a discouraging nature. I was inclined to order Walter to desist from any further effort. He said he would have one more shot and then perhaps we must give it up. Having rested a bit, he braced himself to a third attempt, during which our nerves were at considerable tension as we observed him pulling himself very gradually over the barrier. It was with immense relief that we saw him kneeling above it. Here there is a good standing place, whence it was not difficult for him to work up another fifteen feet in the couloir where the rope could be belayed over an admirably placed rock. I was now rather impatient and proceeded upwards too quickly, as I soon discovered on reaching the main difficulty in a breathless condition. Over this I wriggled by aid of the second rope, somewhat like a fish on its stomach; certainly more than the moral assistance of the rope was required.

When I joined Walter he was sitting in a large hole or small cave, the back of which was covered with black ice, an aperture in its roof being blocked by a large stone. Prom what Hasler told me some years ago of the first ascent, I am inclined to think that the snow arid ice must have extended almost up to this place at that time. On Feuz joining us we were fairly crowded here, and he requested us not to take up so much space. We had to emerge from the hole in order to turn a nasty and steep corner, and thus reach the top of the couloir, the length of which I estimated from the length of our rope to be somewhere between seventy and seventy-five feet. This bit of the ascent consumed over an hour and a half. Fortunately at the top of the couloir there is a fairly comfortable resting place.

It was now afternoon, and the way ahead looked very steep, but it was short as regards height, and we somehow felt, without being able to see the route, that the main difficulties of the climb were passed. The ascent largely reduced itself to traversing of exposed and sharp corners and of climbing precipitous but short rock walls, the handholds being nowhere very good. It could not be termed enjoyable on account of the masses of depending stones and loose slabs of rock which we had to be most careful not "to precipitate on one another's heads. The summit being almost directly above us, the ascent was made in a very zigzag fashion until we reached a small ridge of flat slippery rocks at about two p.m. Without resting here any longer than was necessary for a snack of food, we proceeded very gingerly over a smooth and narrow ridge which brought us to the foot of the summit rock wall, which, though steep, was well supplied with holds of a rather delicate character. On the summit the very disintegrated rocks are placed at inconvenient angles besides being extremely thin. Over these we crawled and sat down, remained only ten minutes and added a few stones, hard to find, to the dozen or so which represented the summit cairn. The greatest caution was demanded in descending from this point to the first tower on which the rucksacks had been left, because the rock is everywhere very brittle and disintegrated. The upper part of the mountain looks in a condition to crash down at any moment. Large holes tunnel the massif at several places.

At four p.m. we were back at the top of the main couloir. A conveniently situated rock was well tested, a sling placed around it, and a hundred-foot rope passed through a ring attached to the sling. Feuz descended first, then the writer and lastly Walter. The second rope was. of course, extremely helpful, but being doubled did not cover the last twenty feet of the couloir, and I found

some difficulty in turning round and facing outwards to complete the descent. Walter appeared to come down with exasperating ease, but said it was hard enough. After pulling down the rope, we lost no time in descending to the snow. Some rocks shot down most unpleasantly close to us as we were accomplishing this, but they were probably more alarming than dangerous. Shortly after five p.m. the rope was taken off, and our earlier route retraced over the glacier, which was now very slippery. Cataract Brook was reached again shortly after seven. The guides hurried over it and, in attempting to follow, the amateur suddenly found himself in over six feet of cold water through part of the tree bridge giving away. The immersion cooled his heated frame and made it easier to walk the hour down to Hector, although water was oozing from his boots all the way. Lake Louise was reached a little after ten p.m., and, notwithstanding his shivering condition, the writer felt much satisfaction in the consciousness of having reached the summit of a thrice-attempted peak.

The altered condition of Cathedral Crags in twenty years supplies an illustration of the old saying that nothing is more unlike a mountain than the same mountain at different times; and perhaps it throws light on a rather strange utterance of a noted Italian philosopher of the present day, who rejects both the traditional and mathematical logic, when he informs us that a recent treatise of his is, and is not, his memoir of 1905.

Mount Clemenceau

By Henry B. de Villiers-Schwab

From the expedition of 1922[4], we came away with the conviction that Mt. Clemenceau[5] was the greatest prize awaiting conquest in all the Canadian Rockies, and not many weeks passed before Henry S. Hall, Jr., and the writer resolved upon a second attack the following summer. Unfortunately, Allen Carpé was obliged to leave his participation uncertain, and eventually found himself unable to join us.

Regarding our adventures of 1922 as a valuable reconnaissance, the entire problem was accordingly carefully studied. Plans were made to meet every known difficulty in the approach to base camp, and to push the climbing party forward to their high camp in the shortest possible time, there to remain, if need be, for three weeks. How these elaborate plans worked out will now be told.

The Second Mt. Clemenceau Expedition as it left Jasper on the morning of July 19th, consisted of Henry S. Hall, Jr., Dana B. Durand, and the writer as climbers, Norman v. P. Schwab and Bennett Durand as supporters, and W. D. Harris as chief outfitter, with four packers, W. Gray, L. J. Blondin, R, Laswell and A. Wiley.

At Athabaska Falls, the straying of several of the horses obliged us to lie over a day. Then we marched to the Sunwapta, where Ranger Jack Keable was added to the expedition, bringing its numbers to eleven men and twenty-seven horses. The next day we continued on, passing the woods where the writer had been kicked by a pack horse the year previous, to the camp ground by the Chaba River, opposite the eastern end of Fortress Lake.[6]

4 See “the Clemenceau Group,” C.A.J., Vol. XIII, and “First Mt. Clemenceau Expedition,” A.J. Vol. XXXV., No. 226.

5 Mt. Clemenceau—12,001 ft., fourth highest summit in Canadian Rockies.

6 Elevation of Fortress Lake, 4,384 ft,

J. Keable
The party at Camp Wheeler (Base Camp)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Photo, J. Keable 8 9 10

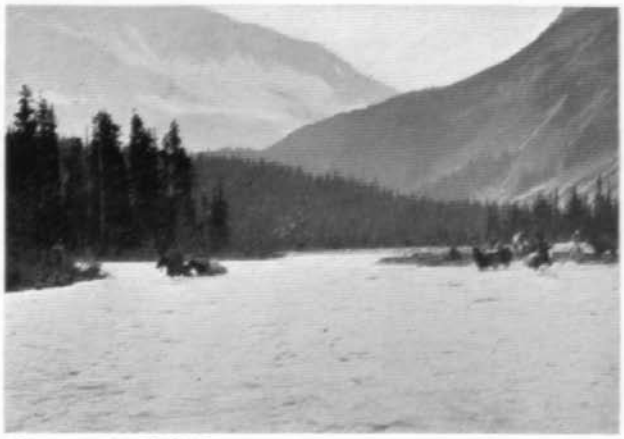
1. W. D. Harris
2. A. Wiley
3. H. S. Hall, *Jr.*
4. W. Grey
5. H. B. de Villiers Schwab
6. Norman Schwab
7. D. B. Durand
8. R. Taswell
9. B. Durand
10. L. J. Blondin

de Villiers Schwab
Loaded Canoe "Leviathan" Ready to Start

Photo, de Villiers Schwab

2.

H.S. Hall Jr.
Fording Wood River



Photo, H. S. Hall, Jr.

3.

Early next morning, July 23rd, Hall, Norman Schwab and Keable set forth to chop out the trail along the north shore of the lake. At a later hour the pack train was driven the mile across the Continental Divide[7] to the lake shore, where all the packs were stowed on board Curly Phillips' big canoe, which had been located and launched the previous afternoon. The horses then filed off by the trail in charge of the packers, while the Durands and the writer rowed the deeply laden canoe to the west end of the lake, arriving there about three p.m.

An hour's cutting back on the trail followed, until the main axe party and the pack train were met. Thus everyone was in camp at the west end of Fortress Lake by six p.m.

A short march the following day took us past our 1922 base on Alnus Creek, to the confluence of Serenity Creek and Wood River, where last year we had failed to cross the latter. This time we were armed with photos and a sketch supplied by Mr. A. 0. Wheeler, which enabled us to locate the point where the Survey party of 1920 had crossed. But, alas! it was quite evident that a practicable ford no longer existed here, and much time was required before a new ford was discovered by Slim Gray several hundred yards upstream, and the entire pack train was gotten safely across.

In the woods near the foot of Ghost Ridge, the site of the old Survey camp was soon located, and there we established our base, naming it Camp Wheeler[8] The first stage of our journey being ended, no time was lost in preparing for the second. Camp was a busy scene until late that evening and again next morning as supplies and equipment were sorted out and weighed, and the backpacks made up.

At 11:35 a.m. on July 25th Laswell waved good-bye to a line of ten men as they sallied forth from camp with packs that averaged about forty-three pounds apiece. After two hours of severe toil, the column reached tree line, and by three p.m., the little plateau of Ridge Camp[9] was gained.

After refreshing ourselves with tea, five of the packs were carried up and cached by the "Wood River South 7,333 ft. Cairn,"[10] while the other members prepared supper and set up the three little tents. Late in the afternoon Wiley and Keable, forming Support Party B, bade farewell to us and dropped down to Camp Wheeler with empty packs. Thence they set forth next day with eight of the horses no longer required and reached Jasper safely on July 29th.

The main party at Ridge Camp spent a delightful evening in this glorious spot, and the next morning ingloriously overslept. It was not until ten o'clock a.m. on the 26th that the remaining eight men left for the cairn where a half-hour was spent readjusting packs and caching the excess supplies and equipment left for the next relay. Then the march went on, down into the Big Slide, and up again to the rugged slopes which we traversed just above tree line, finally slanting downwards through the timber to Clemenceau Glacier and Climbing Camp[11], which was reached at 8:20 p.m., after the hardest kind of going under a broiling sun, with everyone suffering much from lack of water.

July 27th was devoted to making camp snug and resting, while our eyes looked longingly up at the white summit of Mt. Clemenceau high above its great northeast shoulder a mile away across the glacier.

From the knowledge gained in 1922, it was obvious that a route of ascent would most likely

7 Continental Divide at Chaba-Fortress, Lake Pass, 4,388 ft.

8 Elevation of Camp Wheeler, about 4,360 ft.

9 Ridge Camp, altitude about 6,800 ft.

10 Interprovincial Boundary Survey Map, Sheet No. 26.

11 Climbing Camp, altitude 5,500 ft.

be found somewhere on the southwest side of Mt. Clemenceau. Therefore Climbing Camp was astir early on the 28th, Norman Schwab, Bennett Durand and Blondin departing for Camp Wheeler, Slim Gray having gone back the day before, and Hall, Dana Durand and the writer leaving to march up Clemenceau Glacier and across Clemenceau Neve[12] to what we called "Reconnaissance Ridge." Having scrambled along this rock ridge past the record left by Carpe and Hall at 8,700 feet, to a height of about 9,000 feet, we settled ourselves for lunch and a close study of the southwest face of Mt. Clemenceau, which lay revealed before us right to the summit under a cloudless sky.

What a wonderful sensation it was to realize that we were gazing upon a sight that no man had ever seen before! How different from climbing in the Alps, where photographs, route sketches and guide books leave so little to the imagination.

However, to return to Mt. Clemenceau and actualities. The long southwest ridge which we had conceived as running up to a great summit bastion carrying a solid ice cap, appeared to terminate in a saddle at a height of about 11,000 feet. Above this, steep snow slopes rose to the foot of a long north to south summit ice cliff the crest of which, however, was a feathery corniced snow arête. Consequently, it was evident that we should have to traverse across the whole summit cliff until we could get onto the main northwest arête. Below the saddle lay a deep névé plateau in the recess formed by the main south buttress of the mountain and the southwest subsidiary ridge. The slopes below ended in a line of ice cliffs and crevasses that stretched clear across the whole wide face at a height of about 9,700 feet. Fortunately, a probable point of penetration appeared a little to the west of the centre of the glacier and shortly above a long slanting "corridor" coming up from Clemenceau Névé at the foot of the south-southeast buttress opposite Tusk Peak[13].

Having determined upon our route of attack, we commenced to examine the view in the other directions. The bay of névé underneath the west side of Tusk Peak, up which Carpe and Hall in 1922 conceived a probable line of attack, was now seen to be cut off from the peak by a tremendous bergschrund, so that it appeared necessary first to gain the long ridge to the south by steep snow slopes quite a distance off to the right and considerably above its lowest depression. Thence no doubt the actual rock arete or its snow-covered east flank can be followed steeply upwards to the summit.

Our observations from "Reconnaissance Ridge" have established that the great dry icefield at its southwest foot must be the chief source of the Cummins River, wherefore we have proposed that it be named Cummins Glacier.

From the east there comes down to join Cummins Glacier, a fine ice cascade whose uppermost slopes abut on the north a high summit whose curious twisted stratification suggests the name Pic Tordu[14] as appropriate. The sixteen miles of hills and valleys between our viewpoint and the Columbia River to the south have never been explored as yet; but far in the distance we could distinguish the Windy and Mt. Chapman Ranges in the Selkirks.

Having again given Mt. Clemenceau a final study in order to impress firmly on our minds the chosen line of attack, we set out for Climbing Camp, stopping only to locate a suitable bivouac spot at the southeast foot of our mountain.

Two days of bad weather, ending in a heavy snowfall down to the 6,000-foot level now intervened, so that on July 31st the most that we could do was to make a trip around the north base of Mt. Clemenceau. Starting underneath the great northeast shoulder, we traversed the foot of

12 Names in italics are tentative.

13 Tusk Peak, 10,950 ft.

14 Pic Tordu, altitude about 10,600 ft.

Hy. S. Hall, Jr.
Bivouac Camp (6,600 ft.) Looking N.W. to Mt. Serenity

1.

Photo, Hy. S. Hall, Jr.

H.B. de Villiers Schwab
Tusk Peak from Clemenceau Glacier

2.

H.B. de Villiers Schwab
Looking up Bruce Glacier from N. Base of Mt. Clemenceau

3.

Photos, H. B. de Villiers Schwab

the main peak at a height of about 7,000 feet, finally descending onto Bruce Glacier and back to Climbing Camp by its canyon and Clemenceau Creek.

The features of the trip were the grand close-up view of the north face of Mt. Clemenceau, the almost sheer five thousand-foot southeast rock wall of Mt. Farrar[15] and our discovery that Bruce Glacier terminated in a cleft-like canyon barely twenty feet wide yet in part at least fully two hundred feet deep. Of much interest also was our observation that the presence of soil and large trees just below the snout of Clemenceau Glacier apparently proves that never within recent times has the ice been more than seventy-five feet further advanced than its present position.

Upon our return to camp we found our support party of four had meanwhile returned, having marched in from Camp Wheeler in two days with all the additional supplies and equipment needed for our maintenance. They had spent a cold, wet night bivouacking in the snowstorm, but appeared none the worse for the experience.

As a reward for the completion of their work, the amateur supporters were next day taken on a march eastward to Clemenceau Snowfield. From our furthest point on this fine plateau we had a splendid view of Mt. Tsar,[16] which because of its natural difficulties combined with extraordinary inaccessibility seems likely to remain unconquered for many years. Near at hand we studied the southeast side of Mt. Duplicate,[17] deciding that the base of its extensive summit cliff could easily be reached by a long snow ridge running up from Clemenceau Snow-field, and that a stiff rock scramble of two hundred feet, or so would lead to the col between the northeast and central (the highest) summits, whence some difficulty might be encountered in forcing the steep arête to the highest point.

During our return to Clemenceau Glacier, we had right before us the inspiring sight of the east side of Mt. Clemenceau; the grand summit ridge, with Verdun Glacier beneath it, curving downwards in magnificent ice-falls around the rocky "Citadel of Verdun" as we called this fortress-like promontory.

While marching homewards along the debris-covered moraine crest of Clemenceau Glacier, several of us noticed at one point a hissing sound, as of air escaping under pressure. Careful search, after clearing away some stones, presently disclosed a narrow crack in the ice from which air was rushing steadily out in considerable volume, quite strong enough to blow away a bandana handkerchief placed over the aperture. What could produce this phenomenon? The crest of the moraine was here fully fifty feet above the level of the uncovered ice, and there were no glacier streams within several hundred feet. The thickness of the glacier near this point we estimated, by the sound test of dropping rocks into fathomless old moulins, as being four to five hundred feet, perhaps even more.

The next morning, August 2nd, the support party left in threatening weather to return to Camp Wheeler. Unhappily the threats were not idle, for rain soon commenced and during the ensuing night turned to snow, which lay deep on our camp the following morning.

That afternoon, Durand and the writer set out a line of three cairns, each supporting a short pole, on the main moraine crests of the glacier, all carefully sighted by Hall from a tree stump near camp across to a white marker on the opposite bank. Nine days later, before breaking camp, the forward movement of each cairn was measured and recorded by means of a knotted string; most unfortunately, this string was afterwards mislaid, so that the forward movement can only be

15 Mt. Farrar, altitude 10,748 ft.

16 Mt. Tsar, 11,232 ft.

17 Mt. Duplicate, Central (highest) summit, altitude about 10,400 ft.

roughly stated as about eight inches for the eastern cairn, and in the neighbourhood of two feet for the central and western cairns.

Bad weather now continued to hold us in camp day after day, in dullest monotony; the chopping of trees for firewood and an occasional chipmunk or mouse hunt providing our only diversion. Meanwhile we had decided first to make a reconnaissance trip on Mt. Clemenceau itself in order to judge the effect of the long snowfall before making the real attack.

Leaving camp by lantern light, 4:40 a.m. (Mountain Time), we marched up the glacier, breakfasted at the bivouac spot, 7:45 to 8:00 a.m., and then followed the lateral moraine around to the "take-off point" on the tongue of the dry glacier beneath the huge south rockwall of our mountain.

At 9:15 a.m. snowline was reached and the rope put on; then the march continued steadily up the unmistakable slanting corridor in snow that was rather soft under foot, yet not sufficiently bad to impede progress greatly. When a great fallen sérac had been gained, a half-hour halt was made in the hope that the clouds hanging low about us would lift.

Although there was no improvement in the weather we went on at 11:15 a.m., soon becoming enshrouded in dense mist which made the task of finding a way more difficult. We knew we must eventually force a way upwards through a line of ice cliffs to the region above, and yet we could not see more than a few feet in any direction. Fortunately we retained in our minds a clear picture of Tiger Glacier from "Reconnaissance Ridge," and, luck being with us, we mounted steeply direct to a spot where a huge bridged crevasse allowed us to penetrate the line of ice cliffs. Snow slopes then brought us to the lower plateau at a height of about 10,050 feet, where we halted shortly after one p.m.

While we were waiting the mists rolled away sufficiently for us to obtain a view of the way to the upper plateau, and presently we could see clear up to the saddle and even to the summit itself.

Satisfied with our reconnaissance, we turned to descend at 1:45 p.m., arriving at the bivouac two hours later, whence after a half-hour's rest we continued to Climbing Camp.

When August 8th dawned fair, it was decided to strike for Mt, Clemenceau at once, taking Harris along as a fourth man because of the many crevasses on Tiger Glacier. Accordingly, the four of us set out at 2:30 p.m. with packs containing sleeping bags, all necessary equipment and provisions for three days. Late afternoon, accordingly, saw us at the bivouac cooking erbswurst and cocoa over the little units of Meta fuel and making ourselves snug for the night,

Clemenceau Bivouac[18] is a wonderful situation—such as would be ideal for a hut if located in the Alps. From it one looks out across the amphitheatre of ice to the sheer cliffs of Tusk, up Nimrod Glacier to beautiful Mt. Shackleton[19], to the wall of Mt. Duplicate, and to Apex Peak[20] and the more distant terrain of ice and rock to the east and northeast,

It might be of interest to note here that, in our opinion, Mt. Shackleton can best be climbed by its long west snow (or ice) arête after forcing a passage of Nimrod Ice fall close to the foot of Mt. Duplicate, and gaining the arête by the névé slopes above.

An hour's rain early in the evening failed to dampen our spirits, but an early morning temperature of 39 degrees caused us much misgivings concerning the snow conditions above. However, we were off by lantern light at 4:05 a.m., all eager for the onslaught for which we had

18 Height of Bivouac, about 7,250 ft

19 Mt. Shackleton, 10,900 ft.

20 Apex Peak, 10,600 ft.

laboured so long.

Following the tracks of two days before, we arrived at the lower plateau by 7:05 a.m., for a gain of full three-quarters of an hour. A glorious sunrise had meanwhile taken place, disclosing Mt. Sir Sandford[21] and its neighbours in the Selkirks far away to the south bathed in pink that gradually turned to glittering white as the sun rose.

The cold at this altitude beginning to be felt, we lingered but a few moments before breaking into untrodden territory, as we mounted the slopes of the upper plateau. Just beyond the edge of this we made a wide detour to the right before being able to cross an enormous crevasse. Then we doubled back towards the southwest subsidiary ridge, the crest of which we elected to make for at once instead of proceeding up to the head of the plateau and forcing the snow wall direct to the saddle. The passage across a bergschrund occupied quite a while, but thereafter it was a straightforward rise up steep snow to the top of the ridge. A short traverse then brought us to the saddle—height about 10,900 feet—where this ridge widens into the snow slopes running up to the base of the great north to south summit ice cliff.

The Tusk had long since been lost to sight behind the south summit of Mt. Clemenceau, but in its place we now had before us the nearby summits of Mts. Bras Croche,[22] Farrar, Mallory[23], and Bruce[24], as well as a vast arc of distant and little known peaks to the west and southwest.

Going on once more at 9:15 a.m., the inviting looking snow slope quickly proved a snare and delusion to the heavy man of the party, for at every step the thick crust gave way as his full weight came upon it, allowing his foot to sink inches deep into the powdery material beneath. Certainly his predicament was not relieved by the words of encouragement emanating from below where the other three were marching gaily on the surface.

Six hundred feet of this slogging at last landed us on the extraordinary ice terrace that led across the base of the four hundred foot ice cliff between the north and south summits to the main west arête of our mountain.

This arête is festooned with great cornices on its north side, so that we approached its crest with great care, and, once upon it, kept along its south side all the rest of the way. We were fortunate in finding snow conditions here excellent; for, were ice encountered, hours might be spent in step cutting, whereas great danger would exist were the surface of powdery or wet snow.

Steadily we rose higher and higher, finally passing around a little snow buttress to the foot of a gentle slope, with nothing above it. At 11:17 a.m. we stood on the summit of Mt. Clemenceau exchanging the customary handshakes with a ‘’ Vive Clemenceau!’’

Comfortably warm in the sunlight, interrupted only now and again by light clouds drifting lazily overhead, and with so little wind that a Meta unit busily melted snow in our canteen with scarcely a flicker, we settled down for prolonged enjoyment of the panorama spread out around us.

Commencing with Ghost Peak[25] to the northeast, our eye swept around over Coleman’s historic Misty Mountain[26] —from which in 1892 he was the first to behold our mountain, then called by him “The Pyramid”—to Apex Peak and the vast Clemenceau-Chaba-Columbia snowfields

21 Mt. Sir Sandford, 11,590 ft.

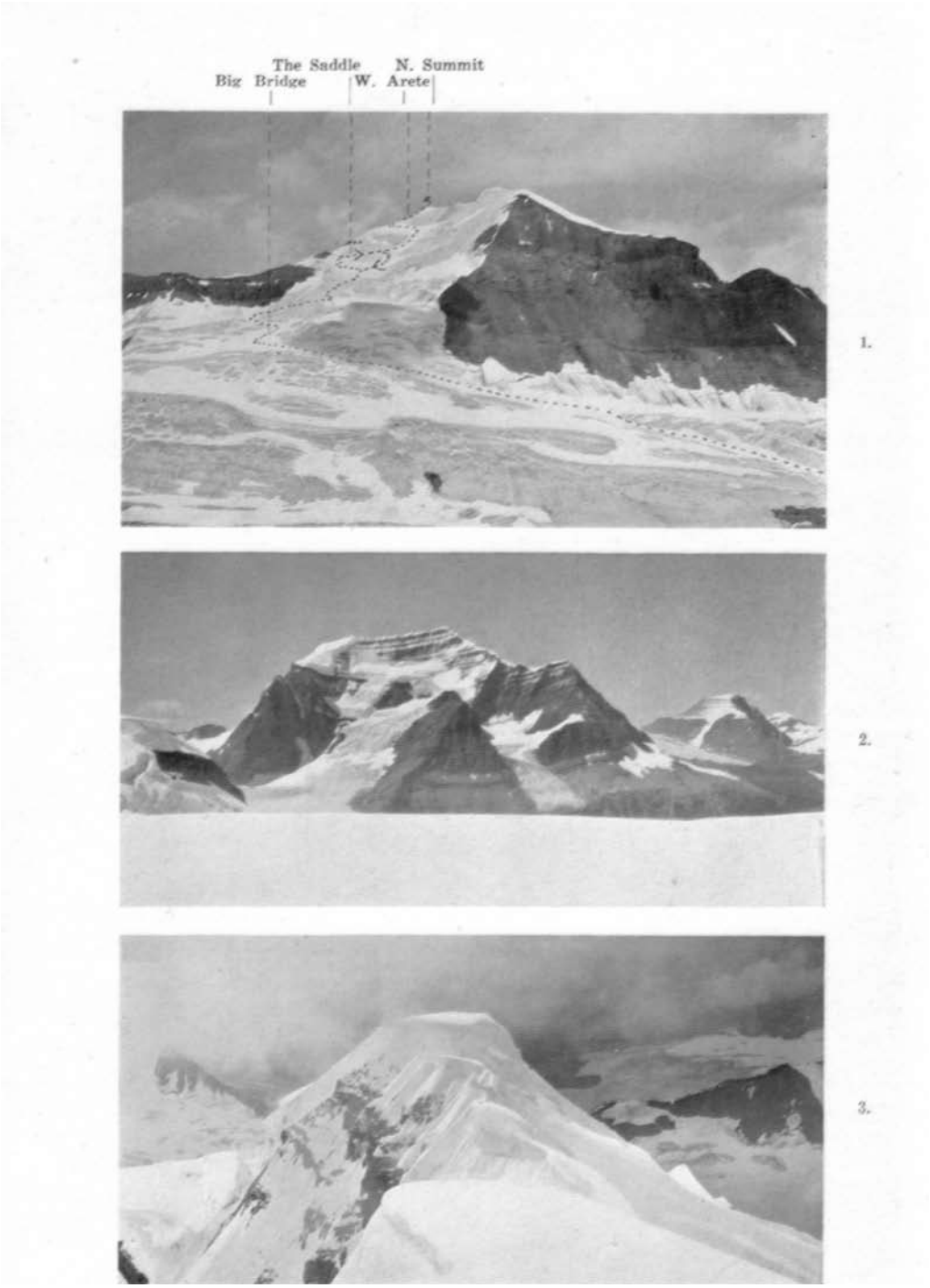
22 Mt. Bras Croche, 10,871 ft.

23 Mt. Mallory, about 10,700 ft.

24 Mt. Bruce, about 10,400 ft.

25 Ghost Peak, 10,512 ft.

26 Misty Mountain, 10,050 ft. Recently officially named Mt. Brouillard.



H. S. Hall Jr.

1. Mt. Clemenceau (West Face) and Tiger Glacier, Showing Route of Ascent

2. Mt. Clemenceau (East Face), Mt. Bras Croche to Right

3. The Southwest Ridge of Mt. Clemenceau From the Summit

stretching eastward to Mt, King Edward[27], Mt, Columbia[28], and the Twins[29]. The latter and Mt, Alberta[30], a little to the north of them, were for the most part hidden by clouds.

Beyond Ghost and Chisel Peak[31] and across Fortress Lake appeared Fortress Mountain[32] with the wide valley of the Athabaska—although not the river itself—visible beyond. Nearby to the southeast lay the finest sight of all: the great four thousand-foot rock wall of the Tusk standing out sharply against the snowy ridges of Mt. Shackleton, while behind rose several nameless peaks, among them Pic Tordu. Mt. Duplicate, despite its 10,400 odd feet, appeared insignificantly squat, and over beyond it we caught a glimpse of the upper part of Mt. Tsar.

Towards the Columbia River, some eighteen miles away to the south and southwest, ran Cummins Creek originating in Cummins Glacier and fed by streams from lateral valleys, one of which must proceed from that section of Clemenceau Snowfield lying at the southeast foot of Mt, Shackleton and Pic Tordu.

Far across the Columbia Valley—and Kinbasket Lake —lay Sir Sandford nearly hidden by heavy cumulus clouds, while further to the northwest we could dimly distinguish beneath a pall of dark clouds the Windy Range and Mt. Chapman Group.

Around the Big Bend of the Columbia lies a vast stretch of territory containing no outstanding peaks until the fine Gold and Cariboo Ranges are reached, both practically unexplored as yet.

Across Clemenceau Névé "Reconnaissance Ridge" continues northwestward over two small peaks of approximately 10,100 feet to a fine ice-capped summit which we have called Mt. Bruce. This mountain must rise very sheer above lower Wood River Valley, and it doubtless served to screen Mt. Clemenceau from the sight of the early travellers using this valley and the Athabaska Pass.

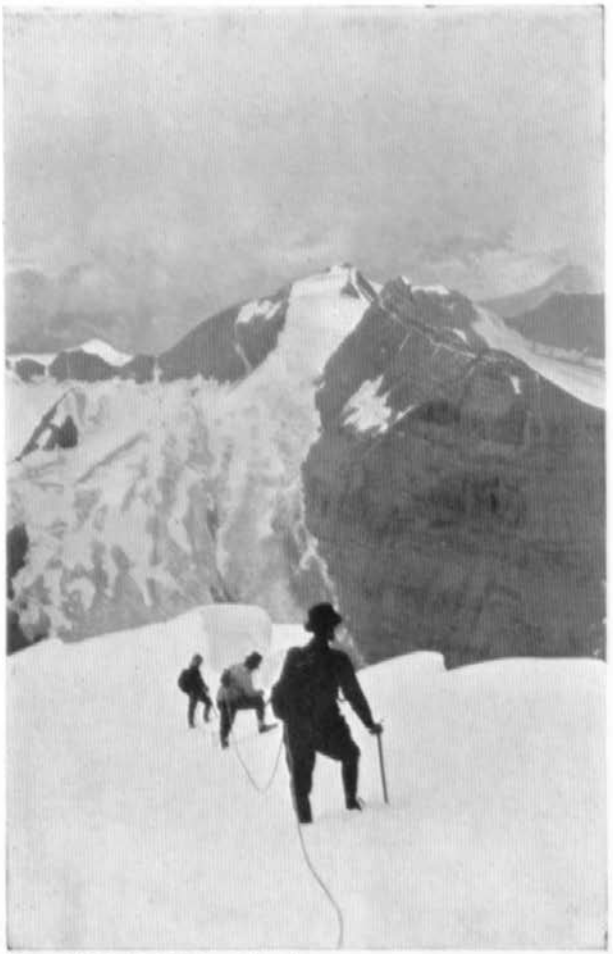
Is it not strange to think that the fourth highest summit in the Canadian Rockies, and the last twelve thousand footer to be surveyed, named and conquered should lie these many years within seven miles (map distance) of one of the oldest pack routes through the entire chain?

Close by, over the deep trench of Bruce Glacier, rises the tremendous curving rock wall of Mt. Farrar, with snow-tipped Mt. Mallory, just behind it, nearer to Mt. Bruce. Across the high ice-filled basin overlooking Clemenceau Creek, Mt. Bras Croche towers high above the angle between the latter and Wood River; while on the horizon, ten or twelve miles away, Mts. Serenity and Hooker[33] rear their crests above their surrounding snow-fields.

In our opinion Mt. Bruce would have to be tackled by a steep ice climb from Bruce Glacier to the col between it and Mt. Mallory, the former point being reached by a long march from Clemenceau Bivouac. Perhaps a reconnaissance might disclose a route from the southwest from the upper part of Cummins Glacier.

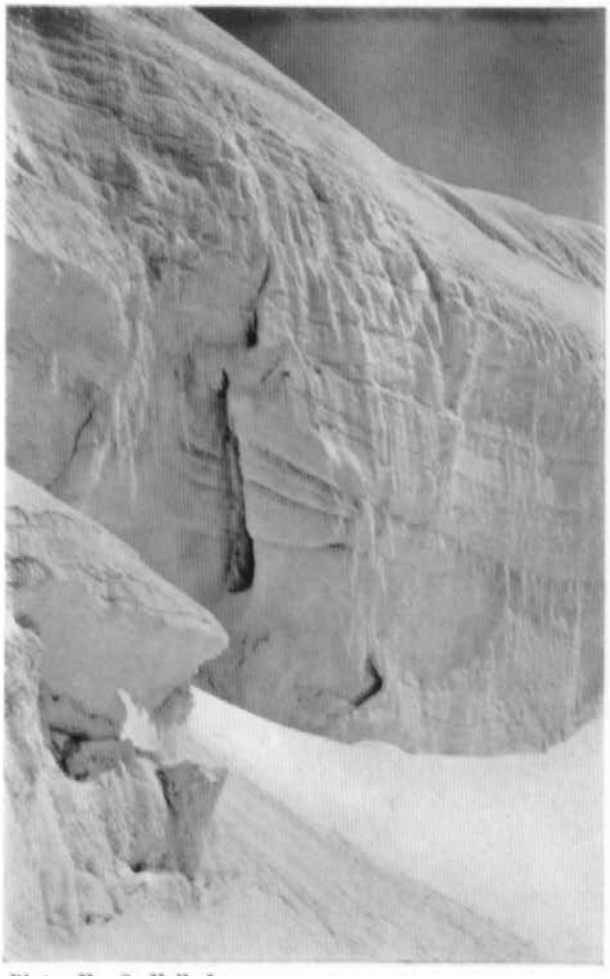
Far to the north we could see Mts. Fryatt[34] and Edith Cavell[35], also the Ramparts, but whether we could distinguish Mt. Robson[36] far off to the northwest, we were not certain owing to

27 Mt. King Edward, 11,400 ft.
28 Mt. Columbia, 12,294 ft.
29 North Twin, 12,085 ft. South Twin, 11,675 ft.
30 Mt. Alberta, 11,874ft.
31 Chisel Peak, 10,005 ft.
32 Fortress Mt., 9,908 ft.
33 Mt. Serenity, 10,573 ft. Mt. Hooker, 10,782 ft.
34 Mt. Fryatt, 11,026 ft.
35 Mt. Edith Cavell, 11,033 ft.
36 Mt. Robson, Revised official height, 12,972 ft.



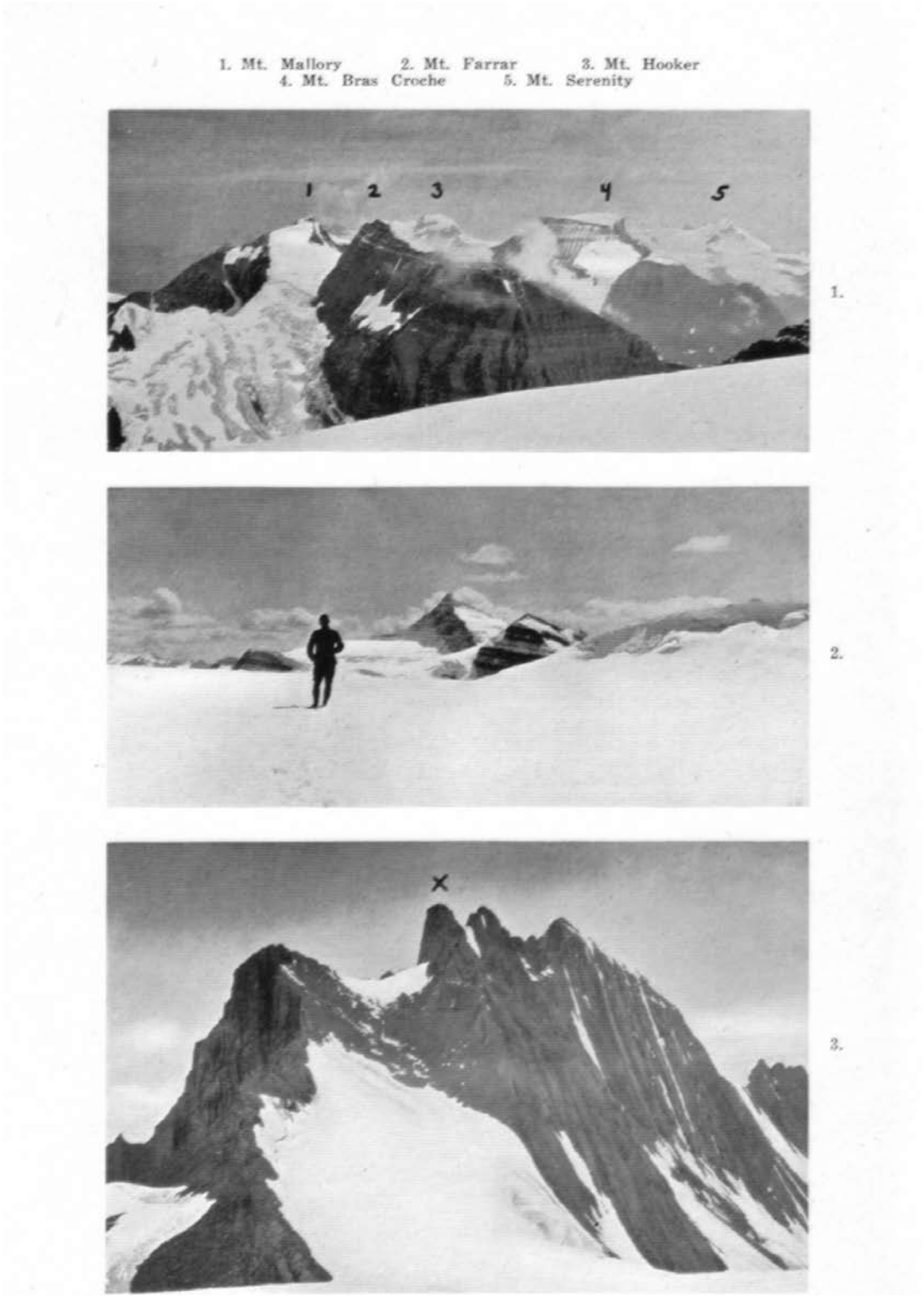
H. B. de Villiers Schwab

Descent of Mt. Clemenceau, at 11,800 ft., looking N. Two Centre Peaks: Mallory, left; Farrar, right



H.S. Hall, Jr.

Ice Cliffs of S.W. Ridge, Mt. Clemenceau at 11,400 ft.



H.S. Hall, Jr.

1. View from Mt. Clemenceau at about 11,000 ft. altitude
2. Mt. Tsar, from Clemenceau Icefield Divide
3. Ghost Mt., From S. Peak. Climbed by Durand and Hall
Shown by x (Altitude by Aneroid, 10,150 ft.)

billowy clouds in that region.

A two-hours' stay on Mt. Clemenceau's summit was all that we dared allow, so at 1:20 p.m. we commenced the descent. At first we proceeded most cautiously, for the surface on the arête was no longer absolutely secure; but as soon as ''Roof Terrace" was reached, we hurried along it and down the slopes to the saddle in high glee. We then varied our route by a descent direct to the end of the upper plateau, finishing off with a sensational bit of face-to-the-wall work for the first three men, each carefully secured from above, and a still more sensational sitting glissade for the last man.

Having rejoined the upward track, we followed this rapidly downwards, unroping at snow line and arriving at the bivouac at 4:50 p.m. After refreshing ourselves with hot cocoa the march continued to camp, which was gained at 7:45 p.m.

After a day of well-earned rest, Hall and Durand carried out a fine reconnaissance to "Misty Col" and along the ridge northward to the first minor summit of the Ghost (10.150 feet) when cold and high wind, together with the rapidly increasing difficulties of the rock, caused them to turn back.

However, they saw enough to convince them that this splendid arête could be climbed, although it will require a first-class rock man and settled weather conditions to insure success.

The writer's toes, which had been slightly frost-bitten on Mt. Clemenceau, now being restored by the extra day's rest, plans were made for an attack on Bras Croche as our last climb. This would necessitate our dropping down to Clemenceau Creek, fording the creek emerging from Bruce Canyon and then climbing laboriously up the precipitous slopes of scrub pine to the grassy meadows at the outside edge of the promontory above, in order to bivouac there for the night. Next morning we intended to proceed onto the glacier and up its dry but much crevassed surface to the very head of the bowl, where a short rock wall would be surmounted to the col. Thence either the ridge or the slopes on west side overlooking Wood River could doubtless be followed to the summit.

However, rain again held up in Camp on the 12th, and while sitting disconsolately in our tents that afternoon, voices on the moraine brought us tumbling out to welcome the support party of three. They had come in three days earlier than scheduled for a combination of reasons: the fact that Laswell had been seriously poisoned by mosquito bites; that flour at Base Camp was running short; and the suspicion that because of the abominable weather the climbing party might gladly withdraw sooner than planned.

During their stay in the valley, base had been moved on August 6th from Camp Wheeler to the open meadows across Wood River, where there was better feed for the horses and whence Ridge Cairn could be observed at stated times for possible signals. Most interesting was the discovery by Slim Gray of a knee-deep ford of Wood River from the flats about one hundred yards below the last cut bank (above Ghost Creek) to the meadows on the northwest side of the river. In fact Norman Schwab, Ben Durand and Blondin forded this on foot when they returned from their exploration trip on August 8th. In an attempt to penetrate the lower Wood River, they had made their way through the dense woods on the east bank as far as Clemenceau Creek, but being unable to effect a crossing, they were compelled to return defeated the third day. Time and circumstances unfortunately did not permit a second attempt by the west bank of the river.

Before bidding farewell to Climbing Camp, it might be of interest to record that the bivouac proposed for Bras Croche would also serve for Mt. Farrar, for which the most likely route appears to lie up its long east ridge; very probably a descent could be effected westward from its summit,

SPECIAL NOTE FOR THE CAJ DIGITAL EDITION

An oversized fold-out map of the Clemenceau Group was included in the hardcopy version of the 1924 Canadian Alpine Journal.

It is not included in this digital version due to size restrictions.

and Mt. Mallory ascended without difficulty from the col between them. The view of the hitherto unseen west side of Mt. Clemenceau should be superb from either of these points.

Climbing Camp was broken early on the morning of August 13th, and a hard all-day's march brought the seven of us into the site of Camp Wheeler about six p.m. Here, in response to our smudge signals from Ridge Camp, Slim Gray met us with several horses, and an hour later we were at Meadows Camp, where Laswell, whose condition was much improved, had a grand supper ready for us.

A short and leisurely march next morning brought the expedition to the west end of Fortress Lake, where shaves, shampoos and swims were indulged in to the great benefit of our appearance as well as enjoyment.

Next day Dana Durand and the writer served as the axe party—by no means superfluous, for as many as six trees had fallen across the trail during the scant three weeks since Support Party B went out—while Hall, Norman Schwab and Ben Durand manned the canoe. The pack train came through without mishap and afternoon saw everyone in camp by the Chaba River, once more across the Divide in Jasper National Park.

The following afternoon we enjoyed a hearty welcome from Ranger Jack Keable at the Sunwapta; but our visit was inconveniently protracted next day by the straying of several horses, so that a strenuous march at the last moment took us only to Twin Creeks before night settled down upon xis. However, a thirty-mile march brought the expedition into Jasper late in the afternoon of the 18th, everyone well and happy.

While our expedition was successful in its primary object, the conquest of Mt. Clemenceau, it is greatly to; be regretted that after so much organization and strenuous labour, circumstances did not allow of our attempting any such secondary objectives as Tusk, Shackleton, Farrar, Bras Croche or Ghost. These fine peaks still await attack, which the writer hopes will not be long in coming, even though the monarch of the group has fallen.

Note—Names in italics have not yet been confirmed by the Geographic Board.

A Mountaineering Journey To The Columbia Icefield

By William S. Ladd and J. Monroe Thorington

"Neither indeed is there any hill or hillocke, which does not contain in it the most sweete memory of worthy matters."

Coryat's Crudities, 1611.

The mountaineering history of the Columbia Icefield, of the mountains of the "West Branch," is forever bound up with the 1827 journey of the Scots botanist, David Douglas, across Athabaska Pass, and his naming—with over-estimated altitudes subsequently added—of Mts, Hooker and Brown. For it was the search for these fabulous elevations which led to much of the early mountain exploration, and to the opening of the region whose elevation culminates in Mt. Columbia.

The Columbia Icefield, approximating 150 square miles in area, the largest in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, and a tri-oceanic divide, was discovered, in 1898, by J. Norman Collie and H. Woolley, on the occasion of their ascent of Mt. Athabaska. Their description has become classic and cannot be more satisfactorily presented than in their own words: "A new world was spread at

our feet; to the westward stretched a vast icefield probably never before seen by human eye, and surrounded by entirely unknown, unnamed, and unclimbed peaks. From its vast expanse of snows the Saskatchewan Glacier takes its rise; and it also supplies the head-waters of the Athabaska; while far away to the west, bending over in those unknown valleys glowing with the evening light, the level snows stretched, to flow down more than one channel into the Columbia River and thence to the Pacific Ocean." Collie, at this time named Mt. Saskatchewan and Mt. Bryce, and subsequently, two peaks, at first thought to be the lost Brown and Hooker, were christened Columbia and Alberta. Several days later, after reaching the icefield by way of the Athabaska tongue, Dome—the hydrographic apex of the field—and The Twins were named.

The topography of the region is now well-known, a large portion of the area being accurately delineated by the maps of the Boundary Survey Commission. (Sheets 20-23.) A complete summary of the mountaineering history has appeared elsewhere. (Consult A.J. XXXV., 227, Nov. 1923.). It is the purpose of this communication to record the mountaineering results of an expedition in 1923 and to point out some of the problems which remain for future climbers.

Route.[37]

The most satisfactory approach to the Columbia area is from Lake Louise by way of Bow Pass and the North Saskatchewan. It is a more open, easier route than that from Field across Howse Pass. The camping places are excellent and the scenery of unequalled magnificence.

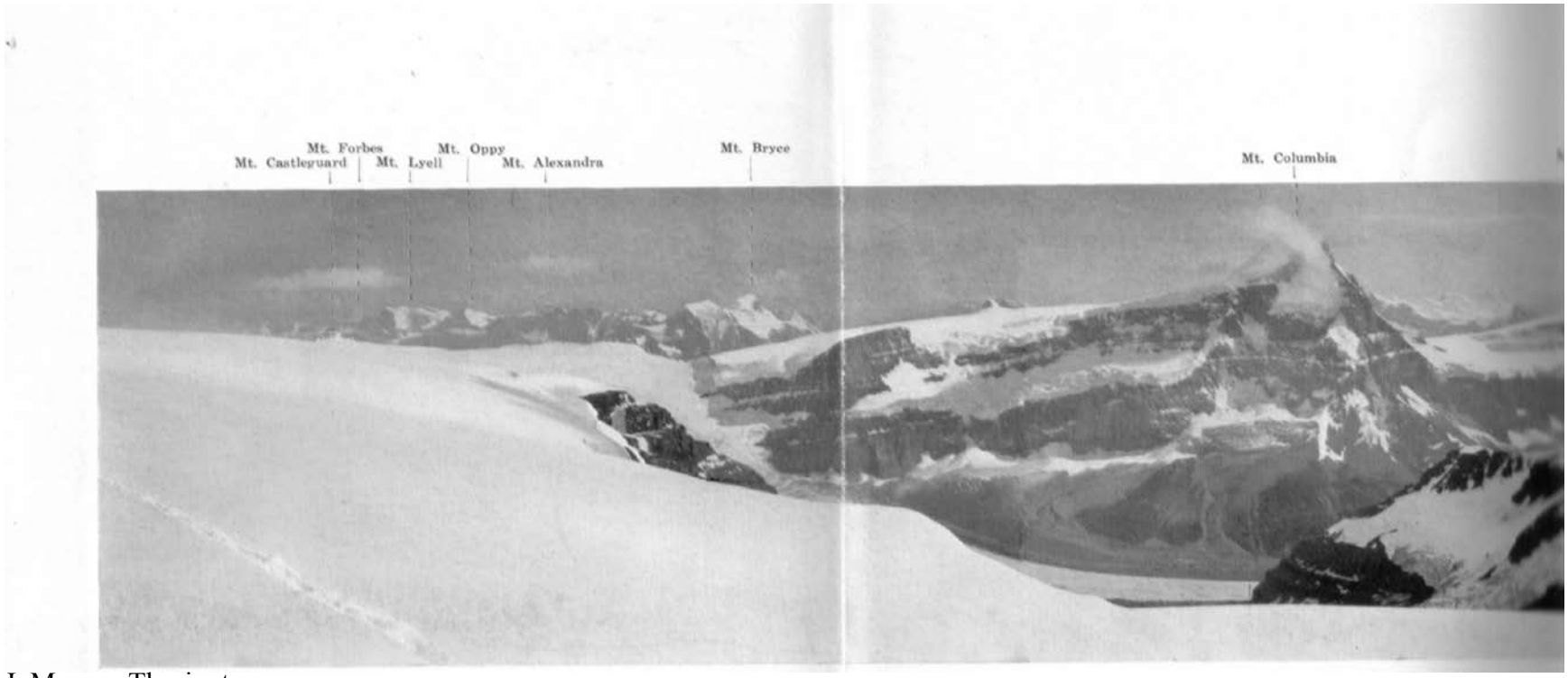
Seven days may be profitably spent in reaching the head of the old "West Branch," now known, below its bend, as Alexandra River, and thence to its sources as Castleguard River, where one is in a suitable position for traversing the icefield.

Our party, including the guide Conrad Kain and the writers, with horses and outfit under the care of James Simpson, left Lake Louise on June 27. In less than six hours, one follows trail through burnt timber, along the railroad, and up the Bow Valley to camp on the slide at the northwest angle of Mt. Hector. This is merely a stage on the way to Bow Lake, which is too far for a first day's journey. A lower trail, passing near Hector Lake is sometimes used, but is less satisfactory; from the upper trail the views of the Louise groups, and, across the valley of Mt. Balfour with its glaciers debouching into the lake, are sights to remember.

On the second day, one will arrive at Bow Lake in time for lunch; the trail along the lake shore is uneven and it is simpler to keep the horses in the edge of the water while rounding toward the camping place at the west end of the lake. It also allows of free opportunity for viewing the Crowfoot glacier. If one has a head for figures, some entertainment can be had in the attempt to count the ridge-towers of Dolomite Mt. Simpson has a good log-house at the water's edge, a boat-house, and a sound skiff which he brought in on two horses. The fishing is worth trying, but is not as good as the guides make out. In an hour, one may walk to the canyon formed by the stream from Bow glacier, and, crossing high up by a natural bridge, approach the ice-tongue itself. The main icefall cascades down between St. Nicholas and Portal Pks., with Mt. Thompson adjoining the latter. In walking along the lake shore in mid-July, look for sandpiper chicks; they will have just hatched and are most amusing.

The third day is spent in crossing Bow Pass, to the North Saskatchewan. The rise to the pass is very slight and, one should deviate for a bit to a nearby promontory, whence a better view of Peyto glacier and lake are obtained. In the north, an extensive panorama includes the Wildfowl Lakes, Mt, Murchison, the Saskatchewan Forks, Mt. Wilson, and the North Saskatchewan as far

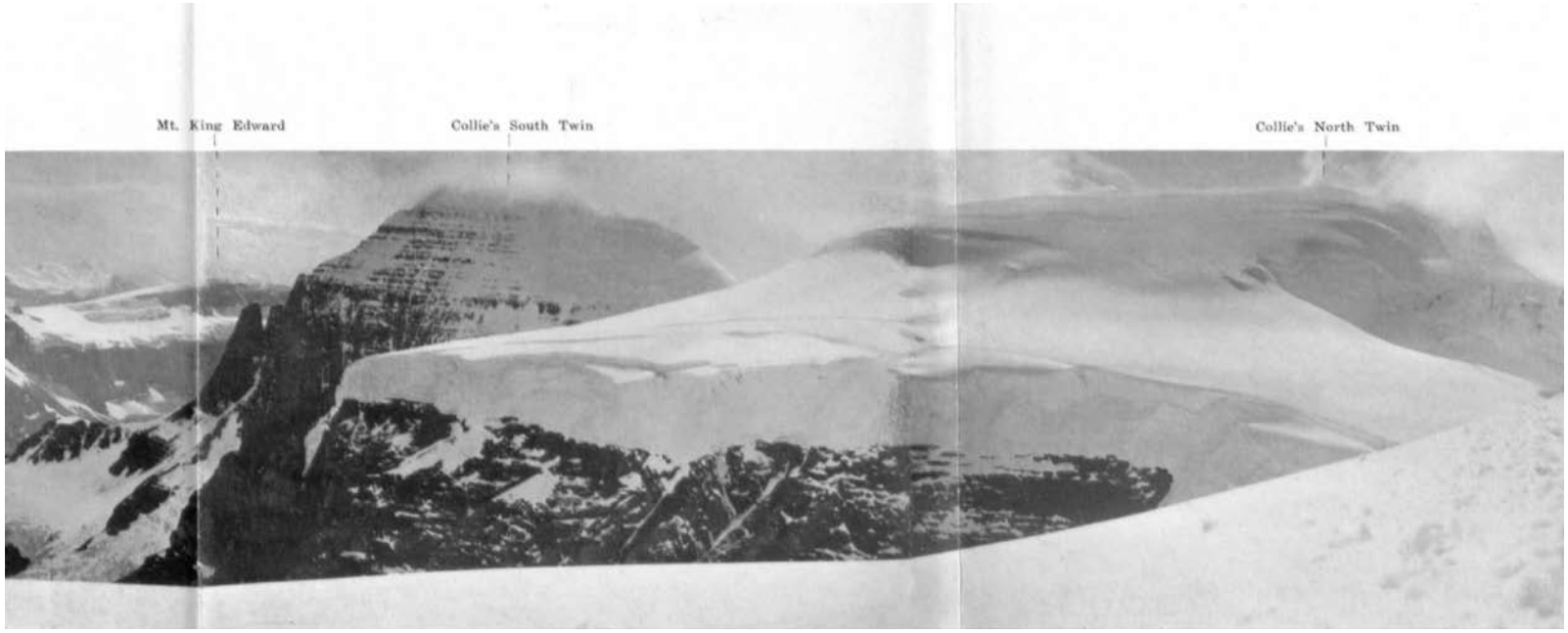
37 See summary at end of article.



J. Monroe Thorington

The Columbia Icefield from Col at Head of Habel Creek (part 1)

First Ascent of the North Twin, 12,085 ft., 1923



J. Monroe Thorington

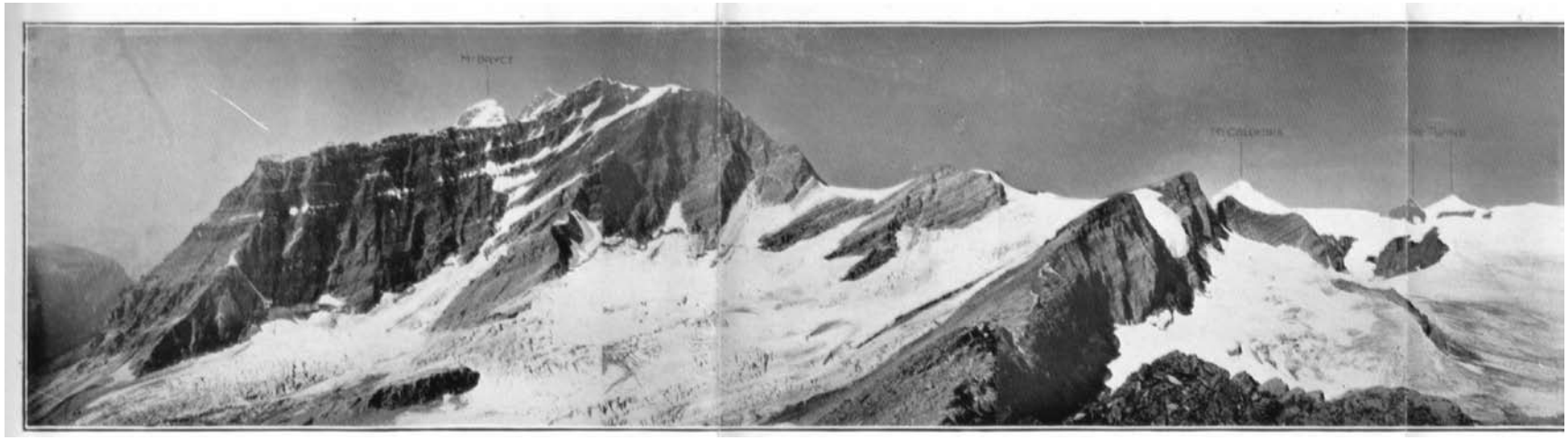
The Columbia Icefield from Col at Head of Habel Creek (part 2)

First Ascent of the North Twin, 12,085 ft., 1923

SPECIAL NOTE FOR THE CAJ DIGITAL EDITION

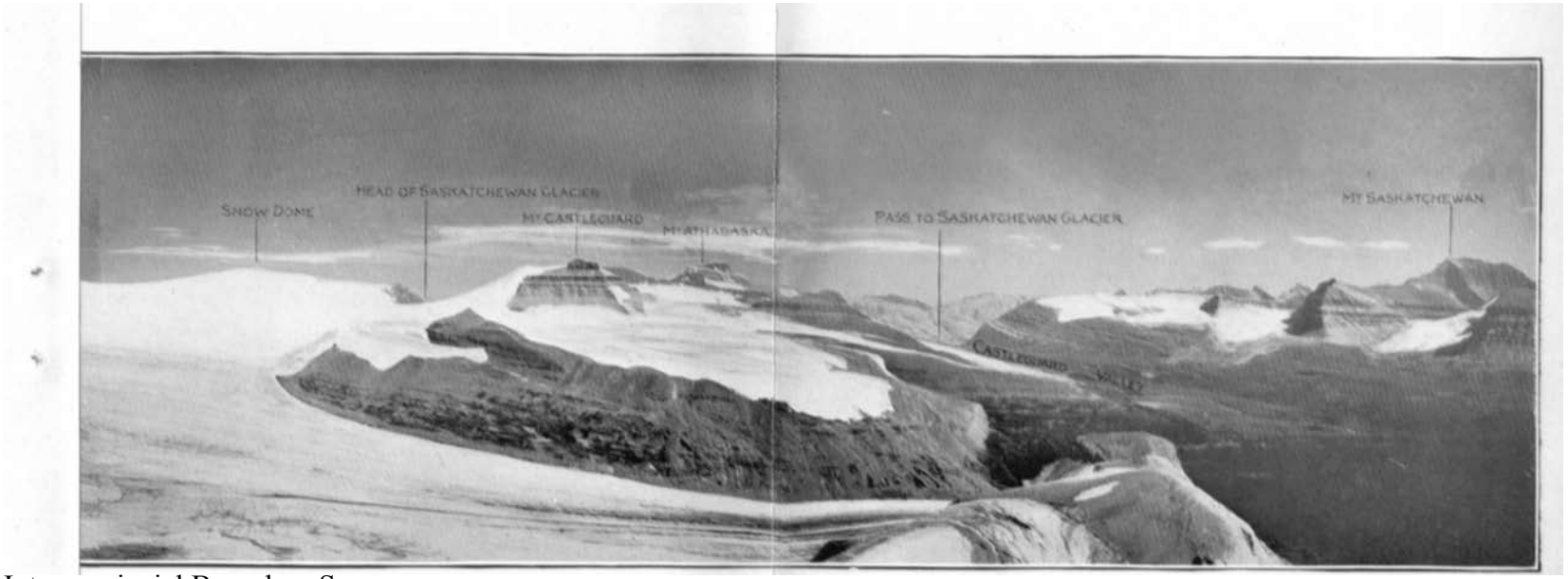
An oversized fold-out panoramic photograph entitled "The Columbia Icefield from Thompson Pass" was included in the hardcopy version of the 1924 Canadian Alpine Journal.

It is not included in this digital version due to size restrictions.



Interprovincial Boundary Survey

The Columbia Icefield from Thompson Pass (part 1)



Interprovincial Boundary Survey

The Columbia Icefield from Thompson Pass (part 2)

as Nigel Pass. Peyto Glacier affords an entrance point to peaks of the northern Waputiks; Mt. Patterson might be reached in this way; the mountain has two hanging glaciers which are unusual, spout-like cascades, well seen from the Mistaya Valley. One follows the river to camp on upper Wildfowl Lake, a better stopping place than Pyramid Slide although but a short hour distant therefrom. On the lake shore there are apt to be rabbits; harlequin duck and sandpiper are constantly diving and darting in the water. There are no fish in the lakes although they could easily be stocked. The northern Waputiks—Howse Pk., Mt. Chephren, Kaufmann Pks., and Mt. Sarbach—rise in a sheer stupendous wall of ice-hung cliff.

On the fourth day, Mistaya River is easily forded between the Wildfowl Lakes. Passing through the campground at Pyramid Slide, the trail rises above the river canyon, opposite Mt. Murchison, and follows the boiling torrent to its junction with the main river at the Forks. The rock tower of Mt, Murchison is certainly worthy of investigation; it looks difficult and is nearly as high as the loftiest point of the massif. Unfortunately, it will be necessary to ford Mistaya River in attacking and old-timers tell us that "Bear Creek" can be troublesome.

More attractive, perhaps, are the Kaufmann Pks., hitherto unclimbed. From Howse River they present rocky walls and are as alike as Tweedledee and Tweedledum. A glacial brook, crossing the Mistaya trail, descends from an eastern cirque between the two peaks; the northern summit is apparently the more difficult of the two, while the southern peak seems possible by way of its northern snow ridge.

The main Saskatchewan, at the Forks, finds exit from the main range through the portal between Mts. Murchison and Wilson, and is formed by the confluence of the North Fork, Howse and Mistaya Rivers. At high water the ford may be somewhat difficult, but, if one knows the way, from one island of gravel-flat to another, it is rarely that horses must swim or that packs be wet through. There is good campground on cither side of the river; that under Mt. Murchison being blessed with a large shallow pool, in the timber, which is quite warm enough for bathing. On the Mt. Wilson side, a timbered terrace with ancient trees is a picturesque setting for tents and a splendid view-point across the spread of river toward Mt. Forbes and peaks beyond Glacier Lake.

A journey of five hours, on the fifth day, leads up the North Fork trail, close under the cliffs of Mt. Wilson, through groves of fine old cedar and cottonwood trees, across flowering flats and meadows with twisting streamlets, to "Graveyard," the campground below Pinto Pass. One cannot but notice the unusual amount and the regularity of the summit ice-caps of the unclimbed group of Mts. Hooge, Monchy, and Willerval, flanking and filling in the angle between Arctomys Creek, North Fork, and Alexandra River. Mountaineers should examine these peaks— they do not look suitable for an afternoon's stroll.

"Graveyard" is directly opposite the Alexandra-North Fork junction, with Mt. Saskatchewan the towering show-piece of its northwest angle. Up Alexandra Valley the ridge of the Castelets is in view and the little snowy col adjacent to Terrace Mt. One should climb the trail to Pinto Pass—two hours suffice—and thence toward the river over high terraces and benches, where forget-me-nots bloom in the shadow of Mt. Coleman, for a view of the distant glaciers below Mt. Alexandra and the awe-inspiring precipices of Mt. Saskatchewan and its northern "Lighthouse" pinnacle. Southward, one can trace the river to Bow Pass, and on the foreground ridges in the late afternoon there are often sheep to be seen.

Four hours, a short sixth day, suffice to place camp within a quarter mile of the Alexandra glaciers and on the same side of the river. The easiest ford is at the bend, just below a tiny canyon where Castleguard River joins the stream from the old "Trident" glaciers. The lower glaciers are

easy to traverse, the western Alexandra possesses unusually fine dirt-bands. The mountaineering problems are many and the eastern Alexandra glacier is the doorway to most of them: Peak 3, the Continental Divide summit of Mt. Lyell; knife-edged Mt. Farbus, perhaps best reached from the Lyell-Farbus col; massive, gabled Mt. Oppy, cut off from below by cliff and icefall.

A little camp could be made in the northern Lyell basin, above the eastern Alexandra icefall, and, after one has solved these problems, there remains the ascent of Mt. Alexandra by the eastern face and of peaks continuing the Divide toward Thompson Pass.

Slightly more strenuous, because of the up-hill grade, five hours, on the seventh day bring the outfit past the junction of Watchman Creek with Castleguard River, whence a good, but somewhat hidden trail deviates to Thompson Pass. Close by is a lovely waterfall, irreverently known as '' Outram 's shower-bath,'' the site of old "Camp Columbia." A new trail, cut by the Survey, rises steeply to a high plateau of heather-covered meadow, with old trees and an arching cascade at the campground. And, after a week from Lake Louise, one is at the margin of that marvelous country of the Columbia Icefield.

Ascents.

Mt. Castleguard, 10,096 feet.—This fine little peak, rising above its glacier tongues, guards the southeastern margin of the Columbia field and is the threshold thereto. Used as a station by the Survey, its summit may be reached in a little over three hours from camp, by way of the central glaciers and the eastern shale ridge and snow slopes. Our entire party made the ascent, on July 6, spending more than two hours on the summit and then glissading down northern snow slopes to the icefield and walking nearly two miles toward Mt. Columbia before rounding back to camp. No crevasses of any moment are encountered, an immense advantage when making long climbs across the field. It is, of course, not necessary to traverse Castleguard summit if the field is the only objective; it is merely required that one skirt its northeastern slopes after leaving the shale ridge.

Castleguard dominates the Saskatchewan glacier; one looks down its entire length of ice and winding moraine. It is the belvedere par excellence of the icefield. Across Thompson Pass rises the Alexandra-Lyell range; Mt. Bryce is nearby, towering; across the vast stretches of shining snow, with cloud shadows wandering, Mt. Columbia and The Twins, with the Athabaska gorge between, lift their snow-tops into the sky. Then in fore-shortened perspective, with distances deceptive, the undulating slopes of Stutfield. Kitchener (Douglas), Snow Dome, and unnamed ridges rise to the crest of Mt. Athabaska and fall again to Saskatchewan glacier.

Terrace Mt., 9,570 feet.—The first ascent of this, the highest elevation between Castleguard and Terrace Valleys, was made on July 9, by its southern glacier and the snow col at its head. The glacier has some unusual windblown snow ridges and supports about a dozen icy lakelets interconnected by tunnels. Three hours suffice for the ascent; the view of the Columbia field is widespread and the overlook to Mt. Saskatchewan reveals the peak in all its grandeur.

North Twin, 12,085 feet.—On July 10, the climbing party left for the first ascent of the third triangulated elevation of the Canadian Rockies and the highest peak entirely in Alberta. Beaching Castleguard ridge in two hours (3:20-5:30) baggage was rearranged and a start made across the field. (6:00.) (Incidentally, we had packed clothing, provisions and a small tent to this point on July 7th, hoping to reach Mt. Columbia; bad weather and high wind made further progress impossible on that day.)

As the result of a storm during preceding days, we were confronted with soft snow as well as distance. North Twin is about twelve miles from Castleguard and appears much nearer. One

Howse Peak

J. Monroe Thorington

The Saskatchewan Valley, Looking Towards Bow Pass

From Slopes of Mt. Coleman

Mt. Castleguard

J. Monroe Thorington

The Saskatchwan Glacier

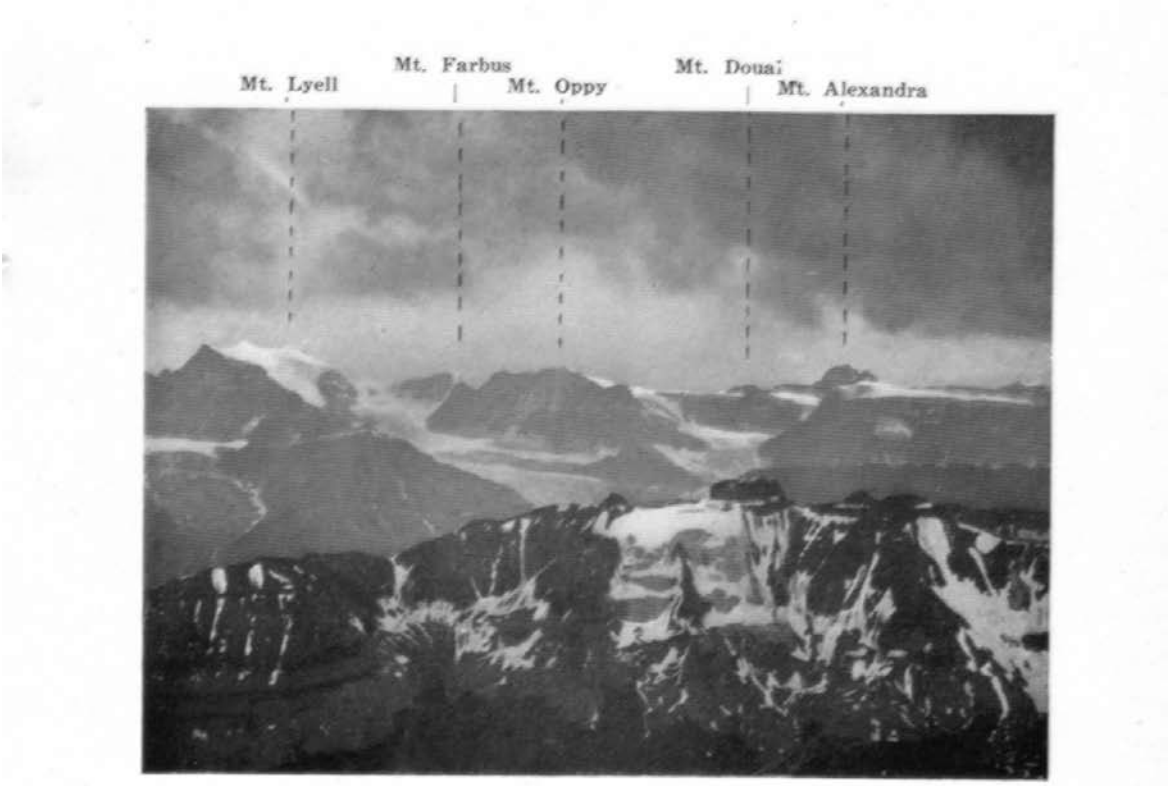
From Eastern Shoulder of Mt. Athabaska. The Glacier that horses were taken on.

descends 400 feet into the depression at the head of Saskatchewan glacier, a gradual rise thence toward the Snow Dome bringing one past the head of Athabaska glacier. And after hours taken to round the slopes of the Snow Dome, one is only half way to the objective. The peak looms, apparently close, but level snow hides many depressions; it is necessary to circle widely to avoid crevasses at the head of Columbia glacier, sloping to the Athabaska basin. The Twins are almost isolated from the icefield by icefall and cliff, North Twin alone being connected with the field by a snow col between the head of Habel Creek and the southern glacier descending from North Twin toward Mt. Columbia. Before crossing the col, in which operation nearly three hundred feet of altitude are lost, we made our first stop, for lunch (2:00-2:15). Mt. Columbia and Mt. King Edward rise across the cirque of banded Columbia glacier; pinnacled South Twin towers to a sharp peak, snowy and inaccessible from the icefield save by the connecting col to North Twin. Cliff-ringed Alberta, framed above the valley of Habel Creek leaves one in no doubt as to the difficulty of its unclimbed heights; but it should not be over-strenuous to attain 9,700 feet on its eastern neve, perhaps by way of Lynx Creek, whence a route up the final cliffs could be prospected. "They all look hard when they are far away."

The climb of North Twin from the col leads up 1,500 feet of snow which at times will be icy. Only a few steps were cut and the summit reached (4:20) just thirteen hours after leaving camp; fog was blowing over from the west and we had no view in that direction save fleeting glimpses of the river valleys. Through the mist we had a wild prospect across the icefield, and in the clear northeast a panorama embracing the Maligne group with Mt. Brazeau above the rest. After twenty minutes on top, we descended to the col (4:40-5:40), returning across the icefield.

Someone, following in our track, may one day realize the efforts of this journey; it will afford to the analytical mind some insight of the psychology of fatigue—the immensity of the field, the little blizzard obscuring our track and exhausting us; the clearing, at sunset, with crimson light banded against leaden storm clouds beyond the Twins; snow-banners wreathing from Columbia and catching up the light. Light fading; dark clouds beyond Athabaska, with flashes of lightning; stars above Mt. Bryce; night sky with all the glory of high altitudes; our pale lantern flickering and casting long stalking shadows on the snow. Burning thirst until the glacier tongue was reached ; the welcome murmur of water in the scree; the valley-quiet, and the long pull through the bush to the campfire embers, with morning light on the hills. Twenty-three hours; enough of a walk!

Mt. Saskatchewan, 10,964 feet.—No one save Conrad would have guessed that the shortest way to the top of Mt. Saskatchewan begins in Castleguard Valley; yet by that route, on July 12, the first ascent was made. From camp we reached the snow pass below Athabaska S. station (5:00-7:00) and crossed meadows at the head of Terrace Valley to the southwestern face of the mountain. A subsidiary ridge divides the face into an eastern and a western cirque. Entering the nearer, western cirque, we followed a little company of goat to the crest of the ridge, reaching it by way of a snow-filled couloir. Scrambling up scree to the first cliff-belt, it was easy to traverse eastward into the larger cirque in which the remainder of the climb was made. The first cliffs, about forty feet, were surmounted through slabby chimneys, the upper one wet and slippery; the point of attack is 250 feet east of the subsidiary ridge and was reached over bits of steep snow where care was required. There were no falling stones. Under the second cliff-belt, we traversed several hundred feet further eastward in the cirque, and again upward through chimneys to the top of a little buttress where a direction cairn was built. Up, over wet, down-tilted scree, we came to long snow slopes, certainly not permanent, leading to the summit arête. The cliffs were well covered, although the snow was soft and pitched steeply. On the arête (2:40) it at once became evident that the true summit lay to



J. Monroe Thorington

From Summit of Mt. Saskatchewan Across the "Bend" of Alexandra River

J. Monroe Thorington

Alexandra Glaciers and Trident Col

From Northern Slopes of Mt. Lyell

the east. With an eye to the cornices overhanging on the north, with a bit of good rock-scrambling we were on top (3:00).

The position is a commanding one; the northern precipice, with the Lighthouse almost under one, is a good test of personal equilibrium; the huge sparkling angle of the North Fork-Alexandra junction, Forbes and Lyell across the West Branch, and the far-flung view of the icefield, held us spell-bound. A storm was approaching as we began the descent (3:30); care on the steep snow made progress slow; the down-pour found us still on the cliffs. The sun reappeared as we reached the meadows (6:00), whence, after a bite to eat, we rounded the valley head, crossed the pass (7:40) and strolled down to camp in the afterglow. On arrival (9:00), we noted that only sixteen hours had been required to secure a peak that had for years excited our imaginations.

On the following morning we rode over to Thompson Pass, and spent most of a lazy day in the shadow of Mt. Bryce, watching the play of cloud beyond the Bush valley and the calm reflection of peak and precipice in the summit lakes.

Mt. Columbia, 12,294 feet.—The despotic white monarch of the icefield, on occasion—with oft-worn crown of cloud and mist removed—presents a benign, although always majestic, aspect; the second elevation of the Canadian Rocky mountains, it had been climbed, in 1902, by Sir James Outram and Christian Kaufmann.

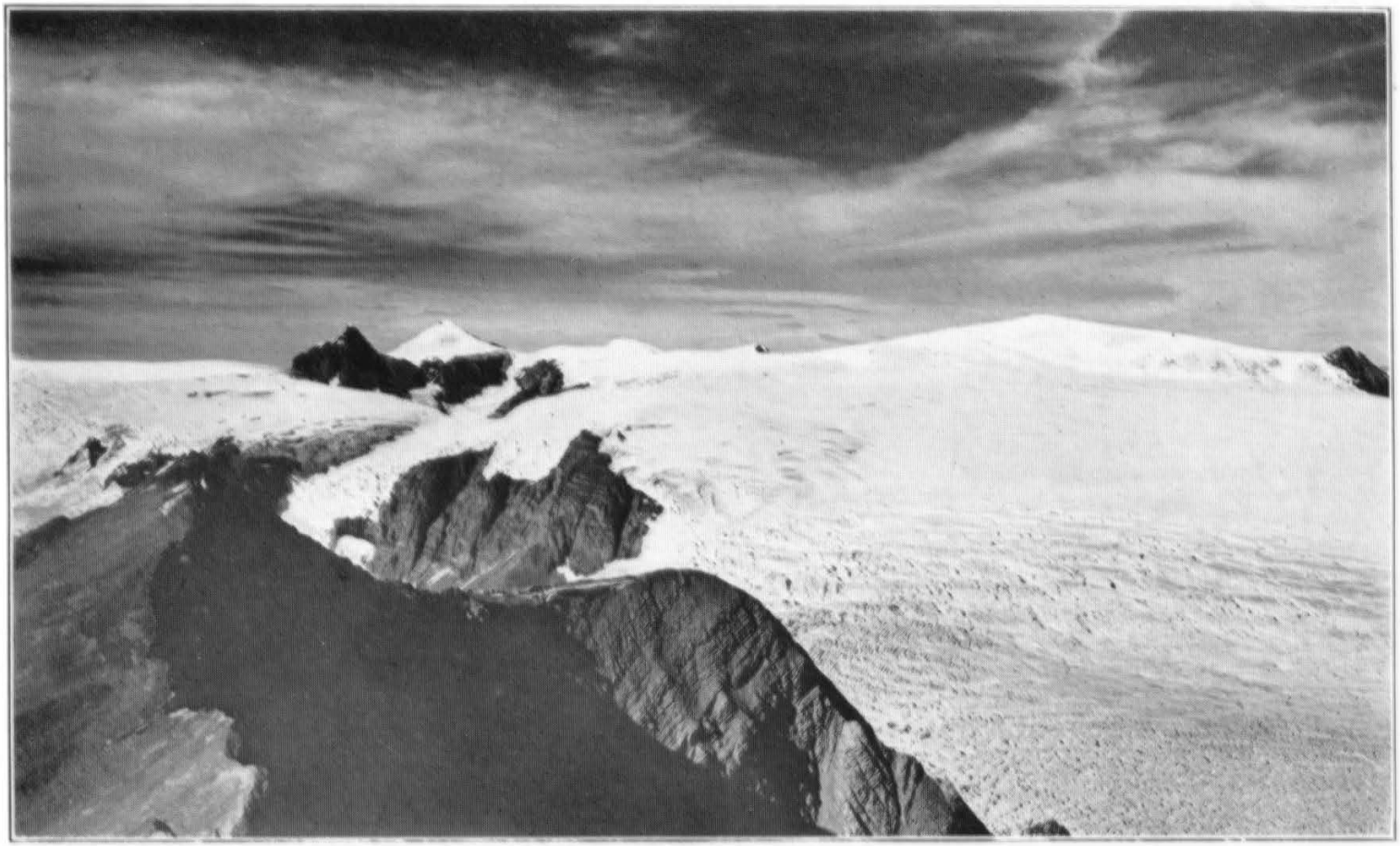
Our party, including Simpson, on July 14, accomplished the second ascent. Following our old track across Castleguard shoulder (3:50-5:30), we made rapid progress, over firm snow, toward the mountain, agleam in the ice-blue of a cloudless morning. Far out on the icefield, crossing many deep gaps and deceptive, crevassed hollows, we sat down for lunch (10:15) on flat snow above the head of Columbia glacier. In a little while we were at the bergschrund and up steeper snow beyond. Roping at 11,000 feet, we halted by a rocky outcrop where water trickled, the only water we ever saw on the icefield. With some danger of having goggles cracked by frozen snow crust, which an increasing wind was whirling into the air, we continued up the steepened pitch, cutting a few steps and treading the Continental Divide as we ascended the eastern face of the peak. Traversing slightly northward, under the lee of a cornice, and cutting up through a narrow bit, we reached the summit (1:30) with breath remaining for mutual congratulations.

Here was a panorama, cloudless, above immense stretches of icefield and above peaks and rivers; from mountains of the Bow to the receding altitudes of Yellow-head; from unknown ranges of the Columbia Loop to unnamed peaks on the Brazeau and Cline. Columbia, Saskatchewan, Athabaska, and Fraser River sources were within our vision. Beyond the Columbia glacier and the icefalls of The Twins—a Bottomless Pit—was the Athabaska Valley, with misty, low-toned coloring of distant river flats and meadows with pale, silvery lakes contrasting with the vivid blue and green of foreground crevasse. Above Mt. King Edward, the Wood River group and peaks of Jasper Park lifted in splendor undiminished by distance; toward Maligne Lake, jagged peaks were dazzling in new snow. Alberta, cliff-ringed and aloof in its cloud mantle, beyond The Twins; Bryce, in the south, a thing of primitive beauty, rising in snowy heights with avalanches falling from its savage northern face; Lyell, Forbes, Freshfield and a host of old friends towering gloriously.

Softened snow permitted of rapid descent, a final long glissade carrying us to the icefield. Returning to Castleguard shoulder (2:30-7:00) remains a happy memory; four of us, abreast and unroped over parts of the great snow expanse, wandering in the golden sheen, gazing at the last light filtering its rosy haze through the Se) kirks and lifting them to heights that are not of this earth. In a little while (8:30) we were back at the campfire.

Castleguard and Saskatchewan Passes.—On July 16 and 17, by a route quite unique,

Collie's Twins The Snow Dome



Interprovincial Boundary Survey

The Columbia Icefield From Shoulder of Mt. Bryce
Looking Northward

Simpson guided our outfit from the Thompson Pass area to the Athabaska tongue by way of Saskatchewan glacier. Castleguard River heads in a low divide, 7,600 feet—designated by us "Castleguard Pass"—which was crossed to the middle course of the Saskatchewan glacier, taking the horses on to the ice close to a marginal lakelet opposite Mt. Athabaska, The outfit on the ice made an unusual procession but was successfully taken down four miles of ice to camp below the tongue, on its southern side near a streaming waterfall. Next morning, without difficulty, we crossed the high meadowed shoulder northward, 7,200 feet, on the east shoulder of Mt. Athabaska—the name "Saskatchewan Pass" is suggested—and direct descent made to Sunwapta Pass, the Saskatchewan-Athabaska divide, whence trail was followed to the Athabaska glacier.

Mt. Athabaska, 11,452 feet.—Prom camp, not far from the Athabaska tongue, we made on July 19, the third ascent of Mt. Athabaska. Weather was bad, but our climb was rapid (8:00-1:30) and without difficulty. Prom the summit there was surprisingly little to indicate the presence of the Columbia Icefield, just an occasional glimpse of the Saskatchewan glacier as portions of it were revealed through holes in the fog. Descent was made by the northwest glacier to the Athabaska glacier, along the margin of a magnificent, toppling icefall, with glimpses of peaks beyond the Sunwapta canyon.

On July 20, camp was broken, and, in seven hours, we descended the "Big Hill" and on to Graveyard. On the following day return was made by the old route to Bow Lake.

By the Bow icefall, on July 24, we crossed the Waputik névé to Vulture Col, traversed Mt. Gordon and forced a way across swollen streams, to Takakkaw camp. It was journey's end.

Remaining Problems Of The Icefield

If one is in search for a first ascent, we venture the suggestion that South Twin[38] is a worthy objective; it will require a night out on the icefield, with a small tent or sleeping bags. In good weather, during July and August, low temperatures—of uncomfortable degree—will not be encountered; it seems perfectly feasible to remain overnight in the col at the head of Habel Creek or on a lower rock ledge if one can be found. From this point, under favorable conditions, it should be possible to ascend both of The Twins and return to Castleguard in the day; a grand course, calculated to impress any mountaineer with the magnificent vastness of the icefield.

Of things technically more difficult—Mt. Alberta; Mt. Columbia by the north face—these require an outfit in the Athabaska Valley; but the ascents will be made some day. It seemed to us that Alberta might be attacked from Lynx Creek and the eastern neve, on which a high level can be reached. Mt. Columbia will always be worth while because of its altitude and commanding position; the pitch of its upper snows is surprising.

Other first ascents on the icefield—Kitchener and Stutfield—are merely long walks over the snow. The second ascent of Bryce, and it should be made by a shorter route than the eastern arête, awaits the climber; the cliffs west of Thompson Pass do not look impossible. Mt. Athabaska from the Saskatchewan glacier, can probably be done in a day from Castleguard camp. The lovely,

38 During July, 1924, Messrs. W. O. Field, F. V. Field, L.T. Harris, with the guides, Edward Feuz and Joseph Biner, accomplished the first ascent of South Twin and the second ascent of North Twin in a continuous journey from Castleguard camp. The icefield was crossed during the night preceding the climbs. The same party made the third ascent of Mt. Columbia, the first time by the southwest arête; and also the first ascent of the unnamed peak between Mt. Athabaska and the icefield. Their outfit later followed our route down the Saskatchewan glacier, thence making a direct return to Graveyard instead of crossing northward to Sunwapta Pass.

Interprovincial Boundary Survey

Terrace Valley and S.W. Face of Mt. Saskatchewan
Showing Route of Ascent

unnamed snow summits[39] between Mt. Athabaska and the icefield are worth having and can best be attained from the head of Saskatchewan glacier.

Above all, one should visit the Canadian Northland with eye and mind alert to beauty; the artistry in all of Nature, from the broad technique of precipice and crag to the delicate perfection of a tiny flower. At the end of the trail you will still be dreaming of the Castleguard meadows —the heather carpet and flower banks; the spraying cascades and waterfalls; the cross-lights of sunset and camp-fire; the forest darkness, and peaks silhouetted on the incandescent background of the West. It will give rise to feelings strangely akin to those of a mountain traveller of years ago (Talfourd, 1845), who wrote of the vale of Chamonix, "A little onward we came to a small plain, a level ground, surrounded on three sides by green hills, and, on the fourth, looking through a thin belt of trees to the snowy mountains, which suggested a feeling of home, the wish to linger and live and die there, beyond any place I ever saw out of Britain." And of such places is the region of the Columbia Icefield.

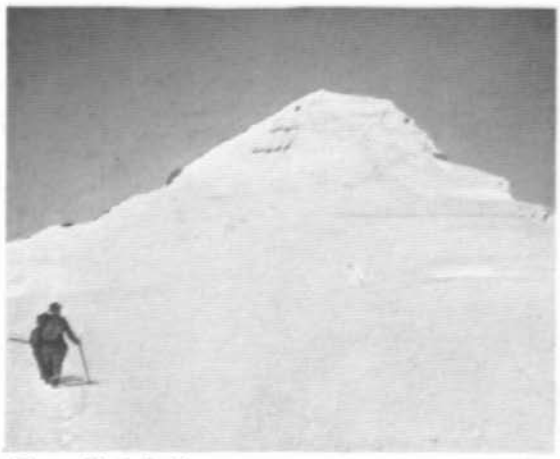
Summary Of 1923 Expedition.

June 27.—Lake Louise to Hector Slide.
28.—Bow Lake.
29.—Via Bow Pass to Upper Wildfowl Lake.
30.—Saskatchewan Forks crossed.
July 1.—Graveyard Camp. Ascent to Pinto Pass. Mt. Coleman to 7,500 feet.
2.—Last Grass Camp, head of Alexandra River. Visit to tongue of East Alexandra glacier.
3.—East and West Alexandra glaciers visited.
4.—East Alexandra glacier ascended to north basin of Mt. Lyell.
5.—Castleguard Camp. Head of Saskatchewan glacier visited.
6.—Traverse of Mt. Castleguard, with crossing of portion of Columbia Icefield.
7.—Emergency camp taken to Castleguard shoulder.
8.—Visit to head of Castelets Creek.
9.—Ascent of Terrace Mt.
10-11.—Crossing of Columbia Icefield and ascent of North Twin.
12.—Ascent of Mt. Saskatchewan.
13.—In camp.
14.—Ascent of Mt, Columbia.
15.—In camp.
16.—Castleguard Pass and descent of Saskatchewan glacier with horses.
17.—Saskatchewan Pass to Sunwapta.
18.—Visit to Athabaska glacier.
19.—Ascent of Mt. Athabaska.
20.—Graveyard Camp.
21.—Saskatchewan Forks crossed. Murchison Camp.
22.—Upper Wildfowl Lake.
23.—Bow Pass. Visit to Peyto glacier. Bow Lake.
24.—Waputik Icefield. Traverse of Mt. Gordon, via Vulture Col. Descent to Balfour Pass, Yoho glacier and Takakkaw Camp.
25.—Lake Louise.

39 Ibid

1.

2.



3.

W.S. Ladd

1. Mt. Saskatchewan (10,964 ft.) from Head of Terrace Valley
2. The Twins From Base of Mt. Columbia
3. Approaching Mt. Columbia, Three Miles Distant

Interprovincial Boundary Survey

Columbia Glacier and Mt. Columbia (12,294 ft.)

From the Athabaska Valley.

J. Monroe Thorington

Mt. Columbia and Columbia Glacier Basin

From Slopes of the North Twin

The Ascent Of Mt. Neptuak

By D.R. Sharpe

Probably the most interesting climb of the 1923 Camp was the ascent of Mt. Neptuak (Peak No. 9 in the Group of the Ten Peaks) under the leadership of Christian Hasler. Several things conspired to make it so. There was the route chosen, a most unusual variety of weather conditions, and there was the mountain itself which must always delight the hearts of those who seek to scale its heights.

We set out from Camp at an early hour and with Christian in the lead we reached the top of Wenkchemna Pass in record time. The morning was cold with great masses of cloud moving around. Mr. Wheeler's prediction '' that it would rain before night but we would be able to make the climb" proved to be an exact forecast, only it rained too soon and, not being satisfied with rain, the weatherman supplied us with every other kind of objectionable weather. In spite of it all we had a good trip. At the top of Wenkchemna Pass we roped. Christian Hasler, Jr., with Harold Thomson, T. 0. A. West and Henry Spoerry on the leading rope, with D. E. Sharpe. Dr. A. N. Hardy and W. Gillespie on the second one.

From Wenkchemna Pass we went toward the ridge leading to the mountain, but quickly discovered the ridge to be over-hanging, and so, in order to save time, we took to the little glacier on the east face. This we traversed for about 100 yards, then we turned up the ice and by step cutting reached the foot of the cliff. Here we found conditions change surprisingly. At the top of the glacier the mountain presented an almost vertical wall of rock running for a great distance along its side and about fifty feet high immediately before us. It looked as though the route was an impossible one, but we discovered a great rock slab standing on end about a foot away from the wall and about fifteen feet high. Our advance became slow and difficult. Only one man moved at a time. Above the slab the wall was very steep and smooth. The handholds were very scarce and consisted of little narrow ledges slanting the wrong way.

With patience and care we reached the ridge, but not until we had experienced a bit of real stiff work. From above the route traversed looked utterly impossible. After this we had easy going on the ridge for about one hour, then we turned off to the right on Prospectors Valley side of the mountain, turned around a big bluff and sealed some steep rock. This brought us to the foot of the '' Yellow '' cliff which gave us another difficult task. The '' Yellow" wall rises about 50 feet and is nearly perpendicular in spots, but, unlike our first wall, we had good handholds.

This brought us out on a little shale slope which led to the ''Green'' cliff. Here we encountered a lively task in scaling this 70-foot wall, with rotten rock, and with few and poor holds. In. the words of our chief "It was very nasty." Above the "Green" cliff we found more shale which led up to the "Black" cliff. Here we found a dandy narrow couloir. We followed up this couloir and found ourselves on top of the main ridge, over which we passed, and on to the summit.

We tarried for a brief period on the top, for although the sun was shining brightly yet we could hear the peal of distant thunder as the black storm clouds gathered over Mt. Biddle. Words are inadequate to express the beauty which we beheld as, we watched this storm approach from the westward over Mt. Biddle, while at the same time another came rolling up from Prospectors Valley and still another down the Valley of the Ten Peaks. As this sea of mist and cloud came rolling towards us and gradually crept up the mountain side, everything below us was blotted out leaving only the sunlight tops of majestic Alpine Peaks.

One thought of Goldsmith's words:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, Though rounds its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

In this instance, however, the sunshine did not long remain, for the storm from, over Mt. Biddle blotted out the sun and for a little time our happiness too.

The descent was taken between the highest and second peaks down a couloir; on Prospectors Valley side we turned to the right and came out just above a great cliff. This brought us out on the route taken during the ascent between the "Green" and "Yellow" cliffs.

The storm coining up Prospectors Valley caught us just as we were getting down the steep rocks of the "Yellow" cliff. We followed down the old route in the face of hail and snow, with the electricity from the storm clouds stinging our heads and snapping on our axes.

As we reached that difficult spot above the glacier all three storms met in one great snow-hail-rain-fog-electric storm. This made our work exacting and difficult, for those little slanting-the-wrong-way ledges were wet and our hands were cold.

The writer, who was the last to leave the top, was unable to see any other member of the party below, so dense was the mist. He could hear Dr. Hardy saying, as he repeated the guide's orders, "Be careful, stick to the ledges," and all the while I kept saying "Man alive, there are no ledges," and to this day I believe that some member of that party carried those ledges away with him.

We easily retraced our course down the glacier, using the steps cut earlier in the day, and then on to camp in a downpour of rain. The Marathon to camp ended with Christian in first place.

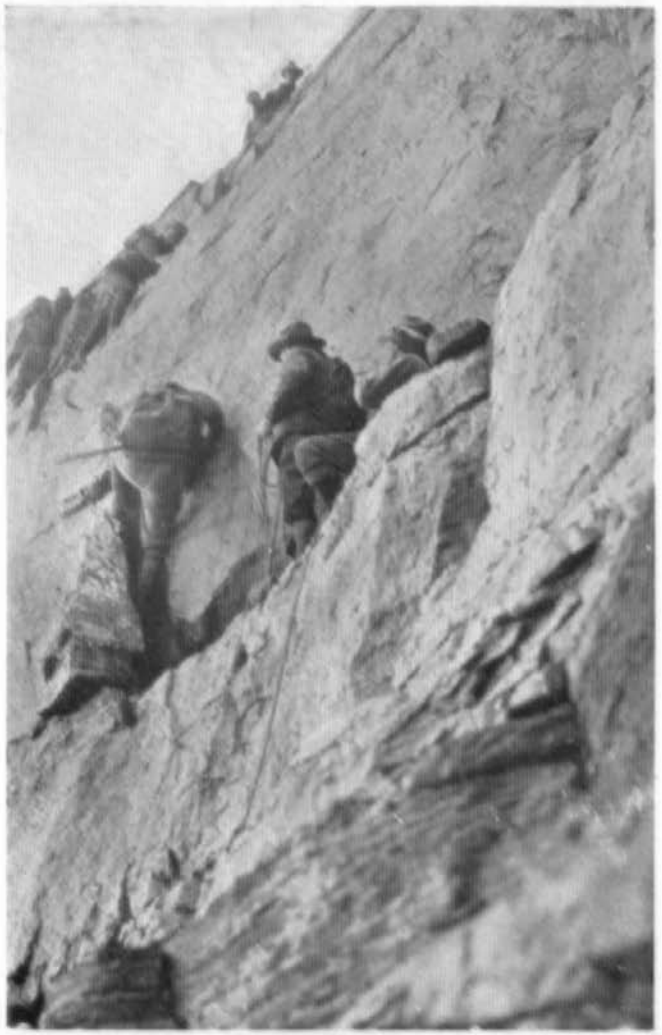
Neptuak is a real mountain, and for those who seek a climb of first importance, with lots of excitement and genuine Alpine sport of the first order, we heartily recommend this route, and especially under similar weather conditions.

Climbs In The Pyrenees And Dauphiné Alps

By G.A. Gambs

The alpine region of the Pyrenees, worthy of a visit by any mountaineer, is located in the central chain and extends for thirty miles from the massif of the Mont Perdu across the one of the Posets to the massif of the Maladeta, which contains the highest summit of the Pyrenees, the Pic de Néthou or d'Aneto, 11,170 feet. Timberline is found at about 7,000 feet and the snowline at about 8,500 feet. The Néthou glacier, perhaps the largest of the range, does not exceed one and one-half miles square. The three massifs are on Spanish territory; but, due to easy approaches, reliable quarters and guides, most of the ascents are made from France. The hamlet of Gavarnie, 4,430 feet, is the climbing centre for Mont Perdu and the watering place of Luchon, 2,065 feet, for the two other massifs.

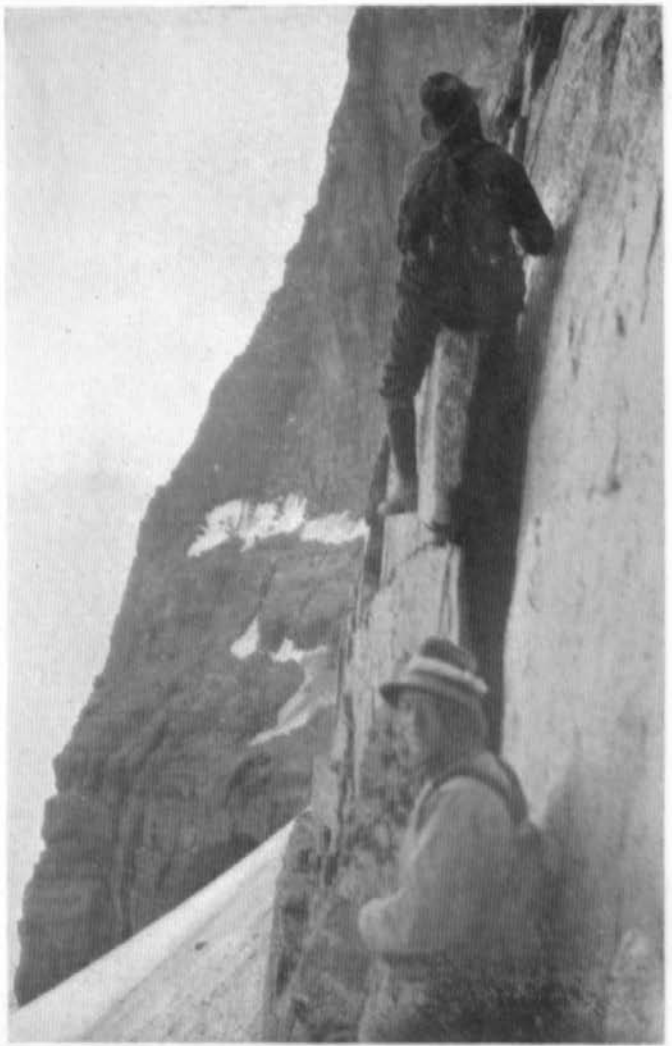
On July 16, 1923, I climbed Mont Perdu. 11,045 feet, from Gavarnie with a guide by way of the Tuquerouye hut and Lake Glacé, spent the night at the primitive Cabane de Gaulis, and returned on the second day by the Brèche de Roland to Gavarnie. Three days later I left Luchon at noon, hired a guide at Hospice de France, 4,460 feet, passed the frontier at the Port de Venasque, 7,930 feet, and arrived at the Rencluse, 6,970 feet, at 8:00 p.m. At this large, model inn, built and run by the Centra Excursionista de Catalunya of Barcelona, we passed the night and left next morning at 5:30 a.m. for the Pic de Néthou. Ninety minutes of rock scramble brought us to the



D.R. Sharpe

On the Way Up Mt. Neptuak

Hard going



D.R. Sharpe

The Wall Above the Glacier, Mt. Neptuak

A difficult spot

foot of the Néthou glacier; and, crossing it, we reached Col Coronè, 10,475 feet, two hours later. From here upwards we found hard snow, then rock; soon we struck a short, exposed, narrow ridge with good holds; and at 10 :00 a.m. we stood on the summit, where we enjoyed the view for two hours. This ridge is called Pont de Mahomet in memory of the ancient Arabian culture in Spain. At the steepest place of this ‘’ bridge’’ the climber meets an iron crucifix and an inscription exhorting him to stop and pray for the soul of the tourist who fell to his death, struck in a static storm at this place about ten years ago. We returned to Luchon the same way we had come, and reached it at 9:00 p.m. of the same day.

In the Pyrenees when a mauvais pas comes along the guide will say, invariably, “Go on, sir, don’t be afraid, I am following you. If you fall, I will catch you.” The high Pyrenees are no place for a novice, because the guide does not pretend to pull you up or let you down on a good strong rope; he will just show you the route and you will look out for your own safety. Of course, this is always a good policy.

In July and August there is now a daily motor car service between Grenoble, 695 feet, and the hamlet, La Berarde, 5,625 feet. Here excellent guides are found to climb the peaks of the Pelvoux and other Dauphiné groups. The Meije, or Meidje, 13,065 feet, the terror of the Maritime Alps, was first climbed by E. Boileau de Castelnau, in 1877. The continuity of exposed and strenuous places is so taxing to guide and amateur that no local guide will persist in the ascent if the weather breaks or if gales sweep the walls or tops. The traverse of the Meije from La Berarde to La Grave includes a stiff rock ascent on the south side and a rocky ridge ride full of thrills, while interesting ice work marks the north descent.

On July 26, 1923, I left La Berarde at 2:45 p.m. with the guide, Maximien Rodier, and his brother, Camille, as porter, and arrived at the hut, Promontoire, 10,335 feet, at 7:15 p.m. Next morning we roped and left at 5:00 a.m., reaching the westerly peak, 13,065 feet, at 9:55 a.m. We roped off the northeast precipice and followed the indented arête to Meije Centrale, or Doigt de Dieu, 13,040 feet (1:40 p.m.), a hair-raising climb. Leaving at 2:00 p.m. we roped off the north ice wall and passed the Refuge de l’Aigle, 11,315 feet, at 4:10 p.m. By the Glacier de Tabuchet we reached the village, La Grave, at 8:00 p.m. The guide said most of the tourists needed a new pair of trousers after this traverse.

The Geikie Valley In 1923

By C.G. Wates

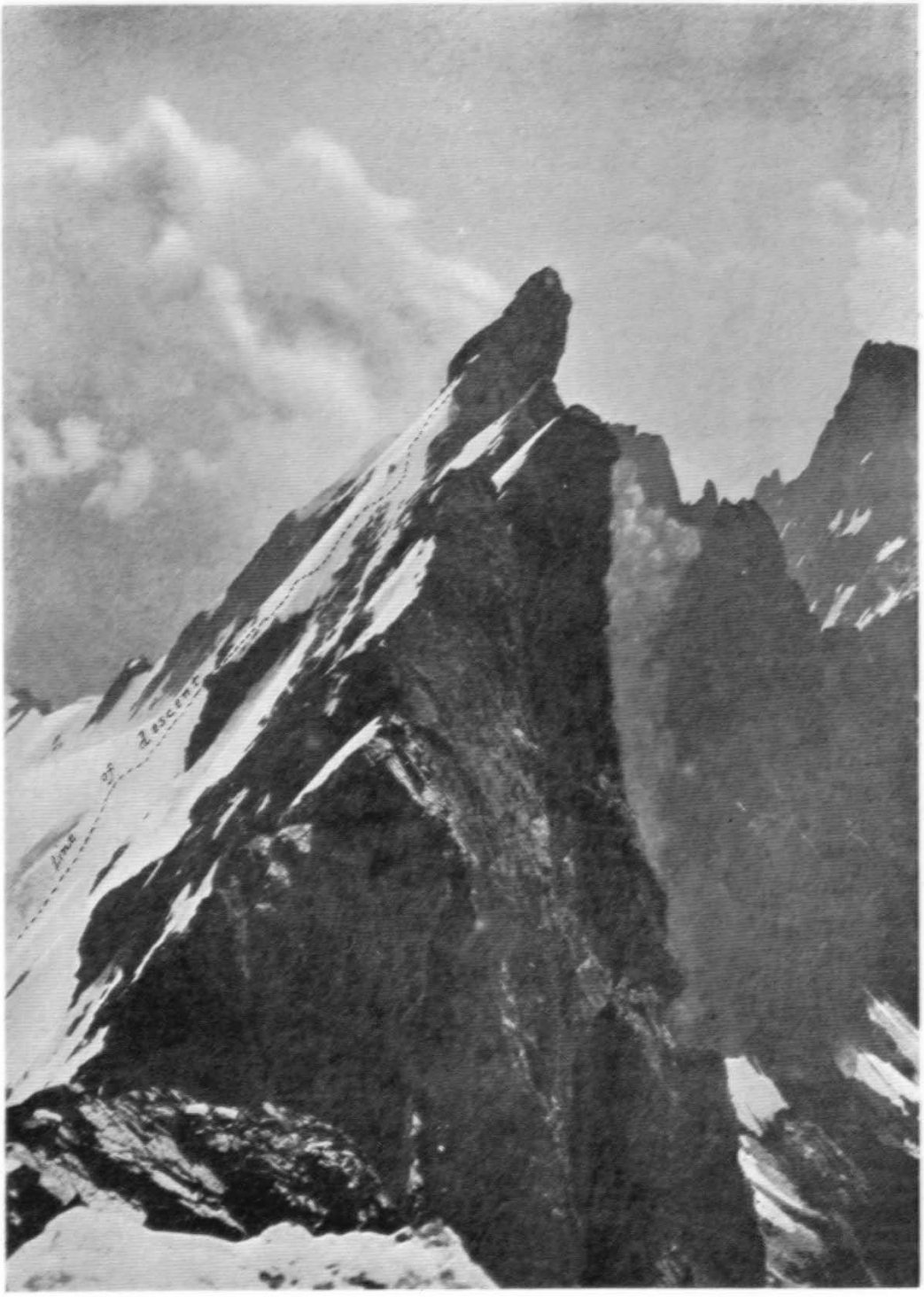
There is as great a difference between the Call of the Mountains and the Call of A Mountain, as there is between being “fond of the ladies” and being in love. That, at least, is the writer’s experience during the past year. When Dr. H. E. Bulyea and I retired from our siege of Mount Geikie in 1922, to admit defeat was far from the thoughts of either, but various reasons led us to decide on postponing our second attack until 1924. When the summer days came again, however, the call was too strong to be denied; our prudent decisions disappeared like a summer snowfall in Larch Valley and the morning of July 15th, 1923, found us leaving Major Fred Brewster’s corral at Jasper on the first lap of our journey to the Ramparts.

We were a party of three, our companion being the packer, Jimmy Lamb, whose unfailing good nature and willing co-operation did much to add to the pleasure of the trip.

It is unnecessary to go into details with regard to the three-days’ journey to our camping

G. Oddoux

The Three Meijes



G. Oddoux

The Meije Centrale (Doigt de Dieu)
From the Mieje Orientle

ground on "Geikie Meadows." We followed the same route as in the previous year, and a full description will be found in Dr. Bulyea's article in last year's Canadian Alpine Journal. One great difference, however, marked the outward journey, and in fact the entire trip, whereas photography in 1922 was hopeless on account of the dense smoke of forest fires, photographic conditions were almost ideal in 1923, and we returned with a full bag of exposures.

We camped for the first night at the head of Whistler Creek and reached Amethyst Lakes in the Tonquin Valley about 4 o'clock the following afternoon. Here we found the members of the Berges-Landry party, who were engaged in taking motion pictures of this region. After a pleasant half-hour in their roomy teepee, spent in examining their splendid photographic equipment and comparing notes on the Alps and the Rockies, we pressed on to Moat Lake and camped exactly on the divide, about a hundred yards from the boundary monument.

On July 17th we followed the course of Tonquin Creek past the north face of Mount Geikie, the great 4,000-foot cliff looming up even more forbidding than before, in the clear atmosphere. Finding our blazes of the previous year, we reached "Barbican Pass" without difficulty. Just at the summit of the pass is a small snow slope over which we had led our horses in 1922. In 1923 this slope was mostly ice, and after Jimmy's saddle horse had given an exhibition of equine glissading, we were obliged to spend an hour cutting a pathway for the pack train. We crossed the summit in a blinding hailstorm and two hours later reached '' Geikie Meadows," to pitch camp in a drizzling rain.

We were in camp for six days, during which time we made two attempts on the west face of Mount Geikie, which rises directly above the camping ground. It will be remembered that our first attempt in 1922 was made up a couloir on the southeast side of the peak, an attempt which I now have reason to believe brought us nearer to the summit than any other. When we abandoned this route it was not because we were unable to make further progress, but because advance would involve a long descent, without definite assurance that it would get us anywhere. The hour being 6 p.m., and the weather threatening, we did not feel justified in continuing the attack.

We should have made a second attempt by this route this year but for one fact, that we were agreed that the east arête was most decidedly not a two-man route. The chances of satisfactory anchorage are so meagre that we did not feel justified in repeating this climb without a stronger party. We therefore confined our attention solely to the west face, which is a rock climb pure and simple, with firm anchorage on most of the steep pitches.

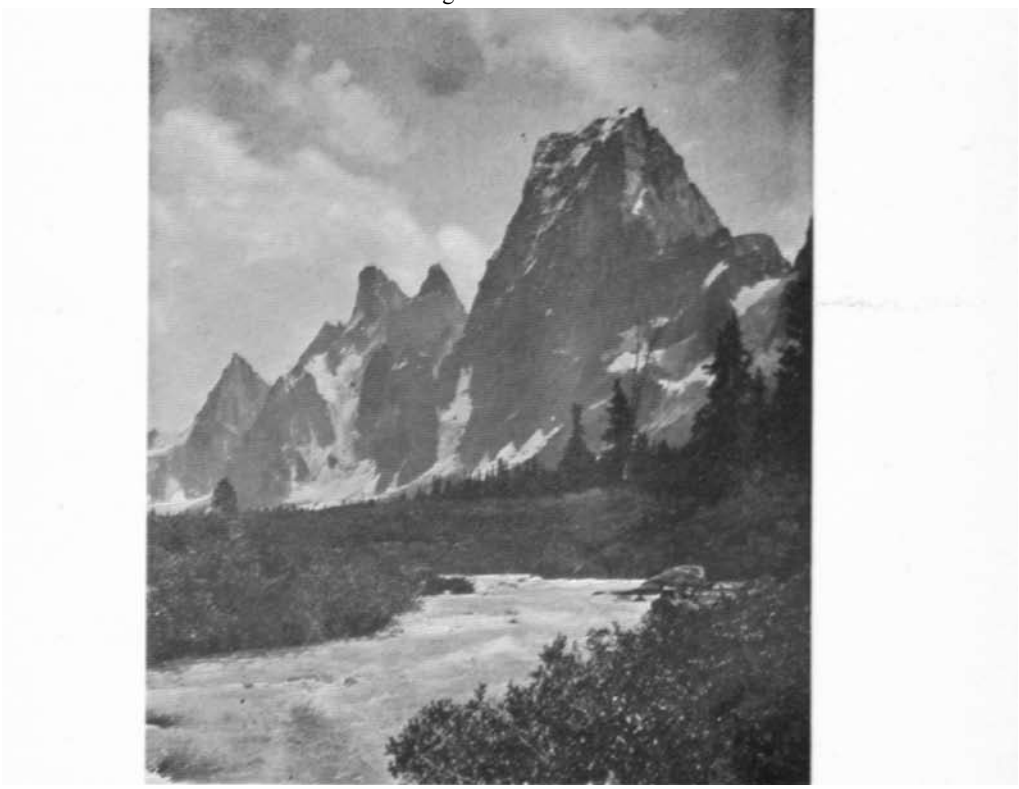
We were blessed with fine weather during the greater part of our stay, but we were unfortunate in having a very rainy day for our first attempt, with the result that we were obliged to turn back at very little more than 9,500 feet, the slippery rocks being very nasty even in the comparatively easy chimneys on the northwest buttress.

The ascent of the buttress, which is a necessary preliminary to any attempt on. the west face, consumed so much time that we decided before making our fourth attempt to place a bivouac on its summit. With this end in view we left camp at about 3:30 in the afternoon of the first fine day, carrying blankets, food, firewood and two small squares of canvas. This equipment was made up in two packs and Jimmy Lamb accompanied us the greater part of the way to the col between Geikie and Barbican, carrying each of our heavy loads in turn—a great help on the steep scree slopes.

Jimmy started back for camp and we attacked the now familiar buttress. Much time was consumed in slinging our bundles across the ice and hauling them up the seven chimneys, but we finally emerged on the flat summit at about 6:30, and started to make camp. Our first care was to

C. G. Wates

Mts. Bastion, Turret, Geikie and Barbican
Left to Right from Maccarib Pass



C. G. Wates

Mts. Bastion, Turret and Geikie
Left to Right from Tonquin Creek

select a sleeping place and protect it from the wind. A flat spot was found with a large rock making a natural wall on one side, and we then proceeded to complete our house by enclosing the other three sides with a parapet about two feet high, over which we fastened one of our canvas squares, propping the centre with one of the axes. We were especially lucky in finding large quantities of moss with which we constructed a mattress so soft that it would be ridiculous to speak of the hardships of our lofty bivouac. Supper eaten, snow melted for breakfast, we spread our other canvas over the moss and slept in delicious luxury, with the comforting knowledge that for one night at least we were higher than anyone else in Canada.

Our attempt failed, and yet I would not exchange the memory of that bivouac for—almost I said, the first ascent of Geikie! It was an unforgettable experience to crawl out of our blankets at 3:30 and stand as if on the summit of a lighthouse, surrounded by a sea of purple gloom in which the distant peaks seemed to float, while the nearer valleys were still full of night, as though the darkness had drained away into some mysterious reservoir beyond the western horizon, leaving pools here and there in forgotten recesses of the hills, and then, with dramatic suddenness, far away to the northwest that purple sea was cloven by a naming sword of pure gold, like the Excalibur of Arthurian legend, rising from the waves. It was Mt. Robson thrusting up his icy wedge into the first rays of the morning sun.

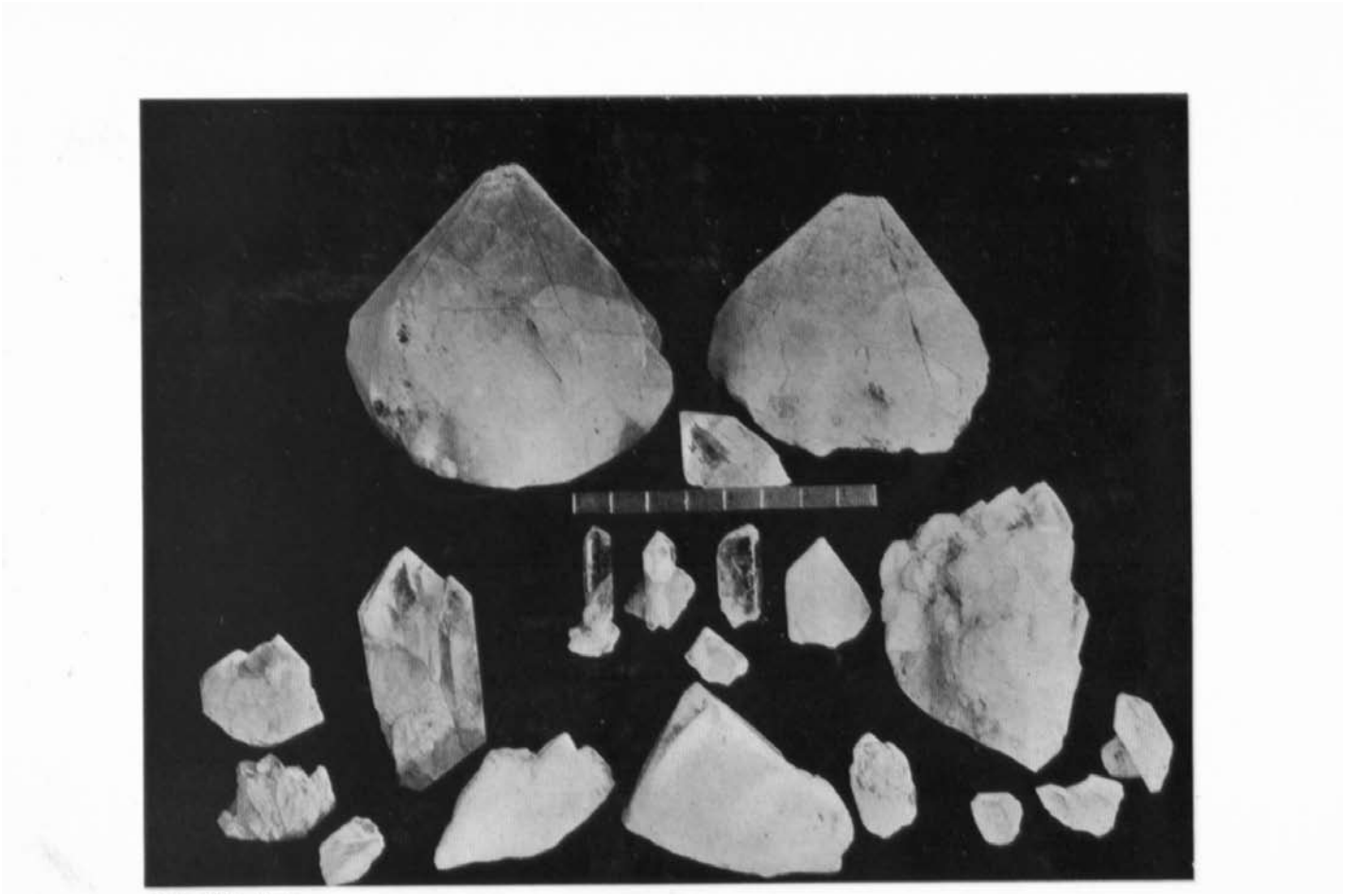
From purple seas to oxtail soup is rather an anticlimax, but a steaming cup of that nourishing liquid, which our handful of firewood enabled us to enjoy, effectively removed the chill of early morning from our bodies and sent us on our way rejoicing at 4 a.m. As before, we traversed the top of the great cliffs above the meadows, passing on the way the Crystal Beds, where we noticed our huge rock crystals, unearthed the previous year, still reposing where we had left them.

Our plan of attack was as follows: first to try the gully west of the arête, which formed the route of our second attempt of 1922; then if the upper part of this gully proved too steep for us to reach the col, to cross the arête and try the face of the mountain on the east side of it. Finally, if both these routes were impracticable, to attempt the west arête again, hoping to overcome the tower which had baffled us last year.

Reaching the "snow patch," we started up the broad gully, but after ascending this for a few hundred feet it became obvious that we could not reach the col, for the upper rocks are smooth and water-worn. We therefore traversed the arête, which we were able to do without much difficulty at this point, and emerged upon the face to the east, just where a small snow slope forms the connecting link between two steep cliffs. In spite of the early hour this snow was very mushy, and the traverse of it, with the unpleasant proximity of the cliff below us was, to say the least, not enjoyable.

Further on, the sheer face above us merged into a steep gully running up on the right side of the arête. We reached the gully over some very precarious, snow-covered ledges and, with the Doctor in the lead, started the ascent. This gully cost us some of the hardest work we had encountered on any of our climbs, as the rocks were exceedingly steep with few holds, plentifully iced. But the Doctor seemed equal to any difficulty and made rapid progress, until sheer faces rising abruptly to the summit about 400 feet above, forced us to traverse to the left again, so that we regained the arête at a point above the tower which had baffled us last year, only to find ourselves faced with another tower even higher and steeper than the other and overhanging at the top in a terrifying manner.

We sadly built a little cairn, threw away our useless dubbin tin, ate some lunch and turned to the descent. We knew it was our last attempt, for time would not permit of another, even had



C. G. Wates

Quartz Crystals

Found by H.E. Bulyea and C.G.Wates on West face of Mt. Geikie, near the Great Gendarmes.
Found in 1922 and brought down in 1923. Scale of inches shows size of crystals.

we had any hope of success on this face. Having in mind the hard work which the Doctor had put in during the ascent, I suggested that we should descend the arête, offering to come down last and using my piton to rope off the big tower below. But my companion intimated that he had brought us up the gully and he would take us down, so we retraced our route, to find the iced rocks now running with water. I had many anxious moments watching from below the Doctor's slow but sure descent of the bad pitches, and in the worst place a piton was used for roping off.

At last we regained the snow patch and traversed the ledges to our bivouac on the buttress. On the way we picked up the crystals, and having packed these in our blankets and indulged in a short nap, started down the chimneys of the buttress about 8 o'clock. So much time was spent in lowering our very heavy loads that it was dark when we had crossed the ice couloir and reached the col. The prospect of stumbling down 2,000 feet of scree in darkness was so unpleasant that we decided to stay where we were until dawn, but a combination of cold, hunger and an inquisitive Pika, caused us to reverse our decision, and, leaving our packs under a rock, we started down, reaching camp about 2:30 a.m.

We rose about noon, and our bread supply having run short, tossed to see who should make biscuits. I won the toss and spent the afternoon in an atmosphere of flour and baking powder, while the others returned to the col for the packs. Here the Doctor found that our friend the Pika had made exceedingly free with his rucksack and my camera case, both of which had been turned into first-class imitations of sieves.

Our one remaining day was rainy, and climbing out of the question, but we spent it very enjoyably in an expedition to the Bennington Glacier, hitherto, I believe, un-visited. This glacier, which is the finest in the vicinity, occupies the head of the Geikie Valley, descending from the great névé fields of the Fraser Group and flowing for about three miles between the Ramparts and Mounts Casemate and Postern. It is exceptionally rich in certain types of glacial phenomena. Sand cones (really cones of ice with a veneer of gravel) are found in abundance and of good size. One huge glacier table was visible from the adjacent slopes for miles, having a length of over thirty feet. At another point we found a great boulder, supported at an angle of forty-five degrees by a slim, conical peg of ice, and, as if this were not sufficiently unstable equilibrium, a moulin had formed directly underneath it, so that it was touching the ice at only three points, straddling the great crevasse into whose indigo depths we could hear the water plunging far out of sight.

At the head of the dry glacier beautiful twin icefalls descend from the névé. We were fortunate in seeing these cascades of shattered crystal under ideal conditions, the rays of the noonday sun glistening upon a million facets, while shadows of passing clouds gave a semblance of actual motion to the whole mass.

This was the end of our time, and the following morning we broke camp and returned to Jasper. While our trip was rather a fizzle from the mountaineering standpoint, we had a most delightful holiday, and I am sure that neither of us regretted having taken it. It certainly served to impress two things upon us—the attractiveness of the scenery in the Geikie Valley and the cordial hospitality of our genial outfitter and his wife, Major and Mrs. Fred Brewster.

Mount Geikie remains unconquered, but there is another summer coming, and perhaps there is luck in odd numbers.

C. G. Wates

1. Simon Peak on Mt. Fraser From Geikie Meadows
2. Postern Mountain and Simon Peak

First Ascents Of Mt. Barbican 10,100 Feet And Of Mt. Geikie, 10,854 Feet

By Val A. Fynn

On July 9th, 1924, I met C. G. Wates and M. D. Geddes, both members of the A.C.C. and F. H. Slark at Jasper (Alberta) and we proceeded on the morning train to Geikie Station, some eight miles west of Jasper, where we joined our pack-train of nine horses in charge of W. Digby Harris of Jasper. Leaving the railway at about noon we made the new Ranger's cabin on Maccarib Creek near Tonquin Valley via the Meadow Creek trail in about seven hours. The next day took us over the divide into British Columbia and over a pass west of Barbican to the Geikie Creek on the south side of the Ramparts. There is no trail over this pass and considerable time was lost and unnecessary effort expended because we went too far west of the divide and crossed the ridge considerably west of its lowest depression. The camp site was reached in twelve hours, at about 11 p.m. with all members of the party dead tired. All slept in the open.

The Ramparts are formed by a series of peaks running about east and west. Beginning at the west end the summits are: Barbican, Geikie, Turret, Bastion, Redoubt and Dungeon. None of these had been climbed at the time we reached Geikie Creek. I had no opportunity to closely study the last two, but of the first four Turret is clearly the most difficult, with Geikie second, Bastion third and Barbican fourth.

July 11th was devoted to setting up tents, arranging supplies and reconnoitering Mt. Geikie. On July 12th a training and "get together" trip was undertaken up Mt. Barbican. Crossing the shale slopes of the south face from east to west and close under more or less high cliffs a well marked col on the southwest arête was reached in five hours, a further three and a half hours sufficing to land the party on the summit. The southwest arête was followed without difficulty to an 8-foot gap, the crossing of which required the use of the rope. Soon after, the summit buttress was reached and as the southwest arête now became very step and smooth, the south face was traversed east in an ascending line to a point which gave easy access to the summit. The rope was not used after the gap above referred to although the party included Mr. Slark who had never before attempted a climb. The rope was, however, put on for the descent and following a somewhat different route down a couloir on the south face of the mountain and close to the southwest ridge, camp was regained in five hours and forty-five minutes.

July 12th was again a day of rest, partly devoted to the study of Mt. Geikie. A well marked but very broken ridge descends from its summit to Geikie Creek, dividing this side of the mountain into two parts, one of which faces southwest and the other south-southeast. The south ridge offers no hope of success; the southwest face presents the firmer rock but it is very steep and is likely to offer considerable difficulties to the climber; the south-southeast face is cut by a deep and not excessively steep snow couloir which gives easy but not always safe access to the east ridge. It also gives access to that part of the south-southeast face which lies somewhat east of the summit and which is no doubt much easier than the southwest face.

Mr. Wates was the only one of our party who had ever been in the district, and he had made at least three prior attempts to reach the summit of Mt. Geikie. His earlier parties had first tried the snow couloir in the south-southeast face and the east ridge but had given up this route and devoted their more recent efforts to the southwest face. My companions insisted very kindly on leaving the choice of the route in my hands and after a careful survey of the peak and with an eye to the strength of our party I decided that the aforesaid couloir and the east arête offered the

easiest and most promising route. It is true that one of the steps on this ridge appeared impossible but a ledge on the south face promised a means of circumventing the difficulty. This step is some 600 feet below the summit and easily seen from a small lake, the Blue Inkwell, on the east side of the south arête.

Leaving camp at 2:50 a.m. Wates, Geddes and I traversed to the Blue Inkwell, reaching same at 4:25 and the foot of the snow couloir at 5:05. Following the snow as long as possible and at last taking to the very rotten rocks on the west, the east ridge was reached at 10:15. The rope was put on at 7:40 and retained for the rest of the climb. From the top of this couloir the east ridge rises in an unclimbable step but a steep rib descends from the summit of the step in a northerly direction and makes it possible to circumvent the difficulty. This rib is short and soon drops, apparently almost perpendicularly, into Tonquin Creek. Anxious to profit by his previous experience, we questioned Mr. Wates as to the line followed by his earlier party but he could not recollect the course taken and this part of the problem had to be solved afresh. An attempt to circle the north rib was at once frustrated, which called for a closer study of the obstacle. The foot of any part of the east face of this rib is easily accessible from the top of the couloir over horizontal ledges covered with debris. Near the northern end of the rib is a clearly visible sky-line cleft from which descends a steep and difficult chimney. The ascent was continued by an easy chimney immediately to the north of the obviously difficult one and by a convenient tunnel-like cleft running south through the rib itself and parallel to it. A number of large stones wedged between the walls of this tunnel facilitate the ascent and the tunnel lands the climber into the skyline cleft already referred to. It is now necessary to traverse along the extremely steep west face of the north rib to a steep snow-filled chimney which leads to the summit of the rib. The rib is then followed until it rises very steeply and merges into the north face of the east ridge. At this point a traverse along the north face of the east ridge becomes necessary in order to reach a point from which the crest of this arête can be attained over steep snow slopes. This traverse includes the climbing of a steep and very narrow crack, best accomplished by wedging stones into it at convenient intervals. Following the crest of the east ridge without difficulty one soon comes in sight of the obviously difficult step previously referred to and characterized by black and wet rocks. Leaving the crest we took to easy ledges on the south side and thus readily turned the black rocks. The ledge which leads around the wet black step itself is characterized by a very large rock of a bright red-yellow colour which partly obstructs this, ledge and has evidently been broken away from the wall just above it. Climbing in a diagonally ascending direction along the here easy south side of the east ridge a secondary summit is soon reached without trouble. This is separated from the main summit by a wide depression which does not present any difficulty and the main summit was ours at 3:45 p.m. Leaving at 4:15 the route described was retraced, the top of the couloir being reached at 7:10 p.m. After a struggle with the rotten rocks in the upper part of this couloir the party took to the snow before dark and continued down very slowly, reaching the foot of the couloir and taking off the rope at 1:10 a.m. on July 15th. A weary trudge to camp in semi-darkness brought the ascent to a close at 4:50 a.m.

The route followed is perhaps somewhat complicated and will not always be found safe, but does not present any serious difficulties and there are always plenty of good stances. It must be conceded that there are many more difficult mountains in Canada. Among them is Mount Louis near Banff. Mt. Geikie cannot be compared to Mt. Louis in point of difficulty and does not present more serious obstacles than The Mitre, but is, of course, a much longer climb than the latter. In the case of Geikie, it was only necessary to determine the best route and follow it aggressively and efficiently. This our party successfully accomplished at the first attempt,

F. H. Slark

No. 4 - Mt. Barbican from the South

F. H. Slark

No. 1 - The Southwest (nearly west) Face of Mt. Geikie

The camp is seen in trees at left

But the route we followed is not the only possible one. There are at least two other possibilities. The couloir by means of which the east arête was reached turns slightly east after running about half its course. At this point it is possible to leave it and reach the upper and easy reaches of the south-southeast face of the peak by climbing the rocks on the west side of the couloir to the highest visible ledge leading into the said face. The rocks in question do not appear to be quite easy. The ledge referred to must be followed around a corner and in a westerly direction.

Another possible route is by way of the col between Barbican and Geikie and the west arête. There are four distinct steps on this arête including the summit buttress. The lower three-quarters of the second one must be turned by means of a traverse into the southwest face. This traverse will form the more difficult part of this line of access. This line of attack is the safest but also the most difficult of the three routes here outlined. It should not present excessive difficulties to a party composed of good amateurs who are accustomed to work together or to a strong party led by a competent mountaineer. Closer examination may show that at least part of the lower three-quarters of the second buttress may be better overcome by utilizing a steep snow-filled couloir on the north side of this part of the west arête and the broken rocks south of this couloir. (See photograph 4,300; the couloir in question is marked with a cross X-)

Turret is without doubt the most difficult peak in this range, and I could see but one promising approach, i.e., from the southwest.

Bastion can be reached from the north or the south without any particular difficulty.

The party rested on July 15th. The next day we went back to the Maccarib cabin following a much better line and covering the distance in half the time. Jasper was reached on the 16th via Meadow Creek trail.

All three climbers were quite out of training which accounts for the slowness of our progress. There is no reason why nine hours should not be amply sufficient to take a party of three from our camp to the summit of Geikie and six to seven hours should be more than enough for the return journey. A party of two may even improve on this schedule.

NOTE: The photograph marked No. 1 shows the southwest (nearly west) face of Mt. Geikie, together with our camp. I have stated above that I thought the mountain was climbable from this side. There is no difficulty in reaching point 1, which is the col between Mts. Barbican and Geikie, nor is there any difficulty in reaching point 2 on the main ridge, which here runs slightly north of west. There is some difficulty between points 2 and 3, and whether this stretch is best overcome on the north or on the south side of the ridge a closer inspection must show. There are possibilities on both sides. The north side is shown on my photograph No. 4300 and the south side is shown in photograph No. 1 and is fairly broken. There is no difficulty at all from point 3 to point 4 which is the summit.

Photograph No. 2 shows the southeast face of Mt. Geikie. Our route up the long couloir is indicated by the dotted line and arrow. At point 2 the couloir bends east and runs up to the main east ridge at a point which is entirely masked by the very high tower

7. From the point where this couloir reaches the east ridge we took to the north side because of an excessively steep pitch in the east ridge and came back to the east ridge at point 3. From 3 to 4 we traversed on the south side of the east ridge and from 4 to 5, which is the summit, we followed the main ridge without any difficulty. The difficult black, wet pitch on the west ridge of which I speak is at

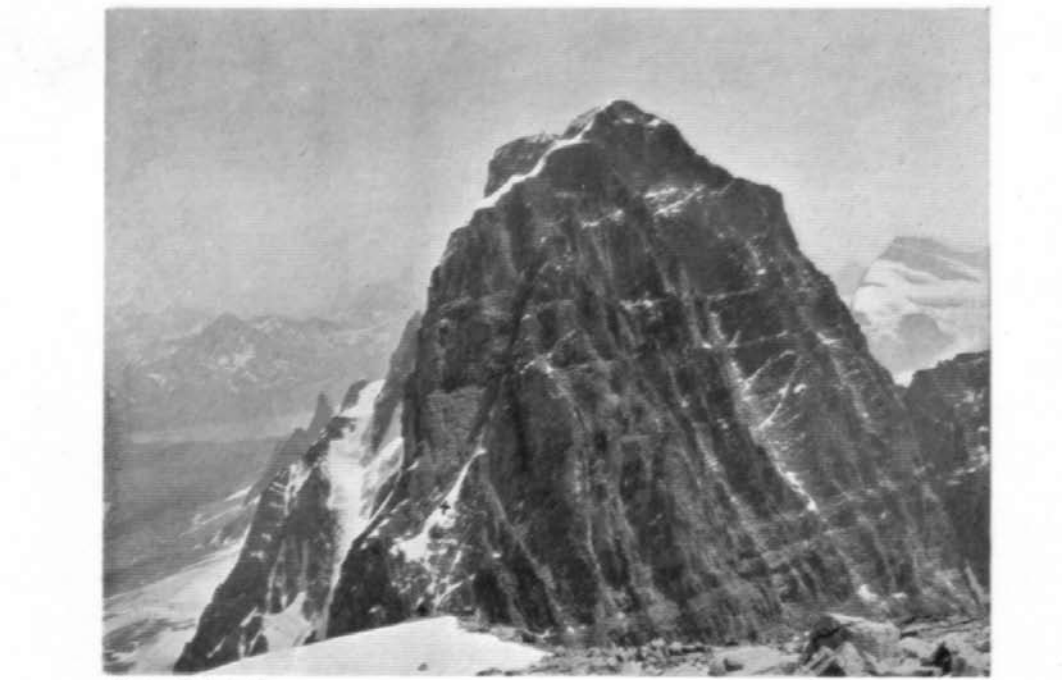
8. and this was circumvented by the traverse indicated on photograph No. 2 along the ledge

F. H. Slark

No. 2 - The Southeast Face of Mt. Geikie

F. H. Slark

No. 3 - Turret Mt. From the Southwest



Val. A. Fynn

Northwest Ridge and Southwest Face of Mt. Geikie
(10,854 ft.)

Val. A. Fynn

C.P.R. Cabin at Summit of Abbot Pass

characterized by the large yellow red blocks.

The other possible route to which I refer starts from point 2 and goes to point 6 as indicated by the dotted line. From 6 to 5 there is quite a choice of routes up the wide gully, and apparently no difficulties at all. Between point 2 and the ledge which leads around to point 6 there is probably some good, but apparently, not very difficult climbing.

Photograph No. 3 shows Turret Mt. from the southwest. I have seen all but the east face of this mountain and the southwest appears to offer the best line of approach. My guess is that the east side is very steep. Turret Mt. is undoubtedly much more difficult than Mts. Geikie, Bastion or Barbican, and is the king pin of that group.

Photograph No. 4 shows Mt. Barbican from the south. Our line of ascent was from point 1 to the gap 2, then along the southwest ridge to point 3. From there we traversed the south face more or less along the snow covered ledges, well seen in the photograph, and then climbed to the cross (X). From the cross, ascending slightly to the left, we reached the summit ridge at point 4.

Val. A. Fynn.

The Second Ascent Of Sir Donald By West Face

By Val A. Fynn

On August 10, 1924, Christian Häsler and the writer reached the foot of the west face of Sir Donald in four hours from Glacier House. Leaving the nailed boots behind at this point and putting on scarpetti, the summit was reached in two hours, ten minutes. The line of ascent is indicated on the accompanying photograph, it starts at a point immediately below the summit and ascends first to the right and then to the left. The lower part of the climb is practically devoid of hand holds and one is obliged to rely on the friction of the scarpetti on the somewhat smooth, slabby rocks. The face is divided by a more or less horizontal belt of perpendicular cliffs which are, however, easily overcome towards the right by means of a convenient chimney. Thereafter the inclination diminishes and there are no more difficulties. Descending, we followed the N.N.W. ridge, but turned back into the west face before reaching the col between Sir Donald and Uto peak. We did this so as to avoid the scree and snow between the col and the point at which we had left our boots. This traverse required care at first but otherwise was not found difficult, and we reached our boots in two and one half hours from the summit. I had made what I thought was the second ascent of Sir Donald by the N.N.W. ridge with A. M. Bartleet in 1909, but had not been on this ridge since, whereas Christian had climbed it a number of times more recently. In consequence, he suggested that he go down first and this plan worked out very well and saved considerable time.

I now understand that the first party which climbed Sir Donald from the col between it and Uto followed the ridge for about two-thirds of its length and then turned off to the right into the west face, here easy, and completed

the ascent in this way, so that as a matter of fact, Bartleet and I were the first to follow the N.N.W. ridge throughout.

The route up the west face of Sir Donald was inaugurated by Mr. Paul McIntyre with Ernest Feuz on September 4, 1923. Mr. McIntyre was about eighteen at the time and is to be sincerely congratulated on opening up this very interesting way of access to this fine peak. This route cannot be followed safely until all the snow has disappeared from the west face, but without snow, the climb is quite safe and very enjoyable.

The West Face of Mt. Sir Donald
Showing Route of Ascent and Descent

First Ascent Of Mt. Robson By Lady Members

By Phyllis Munday

The return from a climb is hardly the time one expects a grand surprise. This was my experience on returning from Mt. Mumm, when Mr. Wheeler told my husband to be prepared to go to the high camp on Mt. Robson next morning and, in spite of the prevailing impression that no women would be allowed to attempt the "big climb," I found I was to go also.

Our companions were to be, Mr. Lambart whose company we had enjoyed on one climb already, and Mr. Drinnan. Shortly before starting we found our number increased by Miss A. E. Buck and Mr. Porter, Joe Saladana, a guide employed by Donald Phillips, completed the party.

I found the heat and the choking dust of the long nine miles down to Lake Kinney nearly the most trying part to the whole trip. Our lengthy rest there after lunch seemed merely to give the slope of Robson added time to heat with the afternoon sun. On the steep climb of 3,500 feet to High Camp not a drop of water was to be found. This was extremely trying with heavy packs, as we had to take up food from the cache at Lake Kinney. Having seen my lady companion's pack lightened, unbeknown to her, of the supplies she was going to carry, led me to guard mine closely. The upper part of the climb was mostly on rocks and in one place a fixed rope saved time and effort up shelving ledges.

High Camp, in charge of Herbert Newcomb, was surprisingly spacious and comfortable, consisting of three tents, one provided with a stove, plenty of cooking utensils and bedding. This wooded shelf was practically at timber-line on this slope.

The first climbing party of the year had not returned when we arrived at 8 p.m. Herbert served us the excellent soup intended for them, but before it was cool enough to drink we heard a shout from the cliffs above, so poured it back in the pot and impatiently awaited their arrival. On seeing only two weary men out of six return we had visions of disaster. The two had turned back at 11,000 feet. The last they had seen of Conrad Kain, Mr. Moffat, Mr. Geddes and Mr. Pollard, was close up under the peak at 5 p.m. still ascending. Therefore the hope of their returning that night was slight, which meant we could not climb on the morrow.

We were awakened about 4 a.m. next morning by Conrad's well-known yodel, and had time to prepare their breakfast before they arrived, tired, hungry but radiantly victorious.

We had to resign ourselves to a precious, perfect climbing day—rare enough on Mt. Robson—in camp, and so a quarter of a mile of trail was built to a tributary of the Grand Couloir, the nearest water supply. Bathing parties then proved popular. We were fortunate in seeing the whole front of the Whitehorn Glacier break off, yet the great ice cap on Mt. Robson, visible five thousand feet above us, seemed strangely silent although the night before we had listened to an almost terrifying description of ice avalanching across the route of ascent.

Three times during the night we were roused instantly by the ominous patter of rain on the tents. When Conrad woke us at 2:30 a.m. our section of the sky was cloudless, much to our joy. At 3:30 a.m. we were on our way. For a thousand feet the shelving ledges were about as steep as one could stand on; then came a wall seemingly without a break, which Conrad had not wished to attempt to descend in the dark on the previous trip. On surmounting this we had a chance to study the immense cliffs dipping to the shore of Lake Kinney—Mt. Robson is one mountain which loses nothing by close approach. We reached the crest of the ridge just in time to see a great slice of the ice front tip slowly outward and crash down toward the valley of the Little Fork. (This glacier

should be named.) Mounting the rocks beside the glacier we soon came to the point where it breaks over the crest of the ridge, and overhangs the top of the couloir which supplies High Camp with water. The rock was sound and the ledges good so we crossed rapidly under the menacing ice without having to rope up.

The shattered nature of the ridge called for constant care to avoid knocking rocks on those below. Conrad's running fire of excruciatingly funny anecdotes sometimes threatened to interfere with our showing as climbers, in spite of the Director's parting injunction that we were engaged in a serious undertaking.

At 9:30 we lunched on the rocks, about 10,500 feet, in sight of the great ice wall about three hundred feet in height, which cuts completely across the glacier and caps the ridge diagonally upwards until it meets the Wish-bone Arête, this wall furnishing the chief danger point of the route. For the greater part of the climb so far the peak had been in plain view, a gleaming horn of ice against a blue-black sky—incredibly far away if we believed Conrad's estimate of the time to reach it.

At the edge of the glacier above this point we roped up for the first time; following along the crest of the ridge to the ledges under the ice-wall. Here Conrad paused to give us all demonstrated instructions regarding the special handling of the rope in such a dangerous situation. The huge hundred and fifty foot wall towering its threatening overhanging ice above us was most impressive. It was silent—too silent! I could almost imagine I heard it creaking ready to give way when we started. '' Are you ready?" Conrad asked. As we answered, he said "go," and we went. Never before had I travelled so fast under such circumstances. The ledges being from one to four feet wide and good travelling, barring the remains of recent avalanches, we lost no time in getting across. Waiting on the ledge to watch the second rope traverse under the wall, I had time to realize that it was about two hundred yards we had travelled on this horseshoe ledge, with an 8,000 ft. precipice below. The second rope followed in safety. It was a relief to us all, and I'm sure more so to Conrad, for he felt the added responsibility of the second rope.

All together again, we climbed from ledge to ledge and up small cliffs to a place in the wall where the ice had broken away. Leaving the second rope on the rocks till wo reached a place of comparative safety, Conrad cut steps to a ledge in the wall where we were able to stand together. From here a narrow shelf in the ice traversed out and over the big white wall. He cut the steps along it with one hand, steadying himself by handholds cut in the wall with the other. Surmounting this we were at last on the glacier above the huge ice wall. Conditions were heavy for the leader, the snow being very soft. To relieve Conrad, Joe took the lead for a while, following the tracks of the former party. Nearly an hour was lost rescuing Joe's ice axe from a crevasse when a treacherous ice bridge gave way under his weight, in spite of his careful testing. Additional time was lost finding another place where the crevasse could be crossed—there was no way round.

Once across, we soon reached the top of the long ridge running out toward Mt, Resplendent, whence the icy summit looked so near, and yet so far, the huge ice terraces of the final slope appearing like monster breakers on a rough sea. This formation was beautiful in the extreme. Under the graceful folds of each of these "breakers," were fantastic, glistening icicles which shattered the sunlight into every colour of the rainbow. It was very interesting travelling under, round and on top of the "breakers." The snow was inclined to avalanche, and masked crevasses, often rendering them troublesome. Some of them we crossed by lying down and wriggling over.

It was now 4:30 p.m. While we mounted the last lap, which was none too easy, we left the second rope waiting under the summit cornice—as there was not room for more than one rope on

1.

2.

Mrs. Don Munday

1. Final Slope of Mt. Robson, From Shoulder
2. At 11,000 Feet on the Ice Cap

the top at a time. The face was very steep and brittle with an awkward crevasse to negotiate. It was a slow job as only one could move at a time. Surmounting the shoulder of crumbling ice the last fifty feet was somewhat spectacular, as the narrow summit ridge was broken ice covered with snow.

"Conrad's on top, thank Heaven!" I thought, for he was gathering up my slack fast. As I stepped up beside him he held my rope and said in a very satisfying tone, ''There! Lady! You are the first woman on the top of Mr. Robson.''

I said out loud ''Thank Heaven!'', for it was a four-year-old ambition at last achieved.

No permanent record can be left on the summit, but we found the film pack tab from Mr. Pollard's camera stuck in the snow on top. The view in some respects was disappointing, although I might have expected it as I have been on high mountains before. Everything else was dwarfed as we were 2,000 feet above the next highest mountain. The névé of the Tumbling Glacier seemed at our very feet. The Helmet, which looks so impressive from Berg Lake, appeared flattened out, so all sides of it were visible. The wee white specks of the tents of the Main Camp on Robson Pass made "home" and comfort look a long way off. Range upon range of mountains were spread out beneath us, beckoning and tempting.

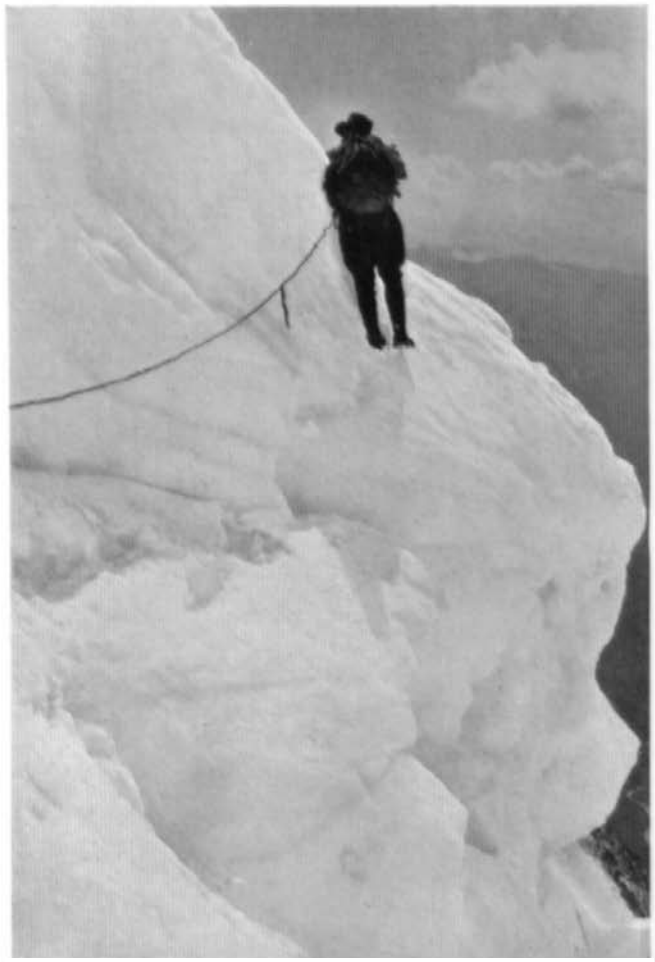
The hour now being very late and the atmosphere frosty we took a last good look at the magnificent surroundings and said au revoir to the summit.

We passed the second rope and kept on down while they continued the ascent. Fortunately the frost had greatly lessened the dangers, by freezing our footsteps more solidly, making the descent easier than I had expected. No particular difficulty was encountered crossing the big broken crevasse although extreme care had to be taken. On the glacier below we found our tracks all obliterated by heavy avalanche snow. The ice wall reached again, I felt somewhat like a spider as I turned with a twist and lowered myself slowly over the edge to feel for the first foothold—not such an easy task when backing down. Both ropes passed under the ice wall again in perfect safety. This made one feel as if all troubles were over. Not so for us, though, as we later found.

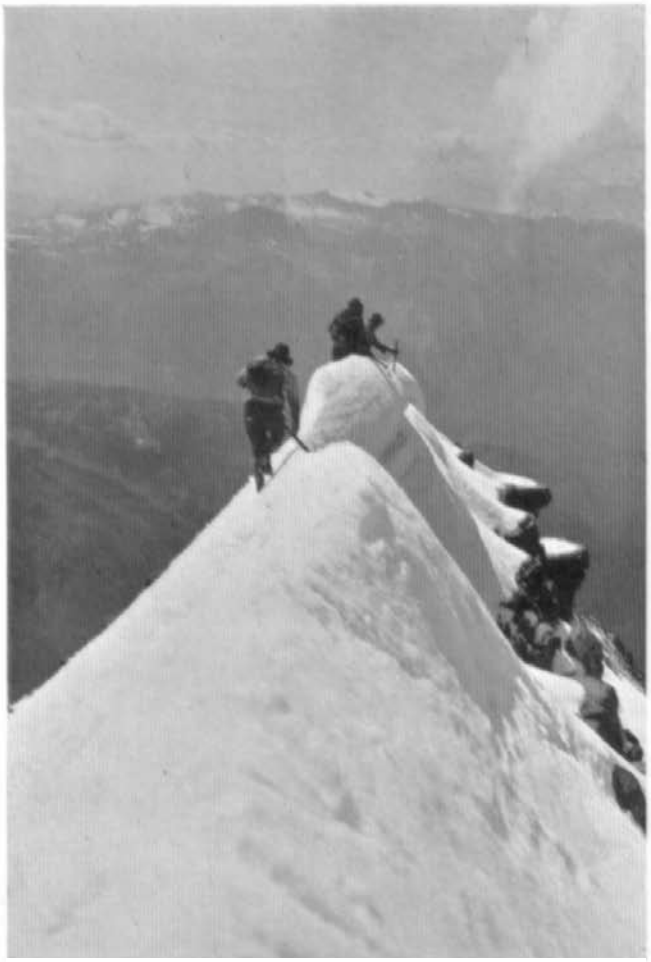
At the edge of the glacier we unroped and started down the rocks. In the dusk it was slow work and not easy with such a large party. With the gathering smoke from a bush fire and a thunder storm in the west, darkness was approaching faster than usual, so Conrad decided to take to the glacier again. He left us at the edge of the rocks to rope up again in readiness while he cut steps with wonderful speed, then returned and we were all soon on the lower glacier. For my part I was very glad as we could travel so much farther down by the reflected light from the snow and ice. I had noticed in the morning that this glacier couldn't be badly crevassed, as it was really nothing but an avalanche chute of the ice-cap above, so all big crevasses would be filled up.

The most thrilling part was getting off the glacier— just above the lower ice wall, back to the rocks again. Conrad unroped and found the only possible way, I believe, then came back for us. It was necessary to cross a six-inch wide bridge. A few feet further was a black hole to be crossed by a leap to an unseen foothold in the higher opposite wall. The grunting and the vibration of the ice around us was all too unpleasant in the darkness. Conrad personally assisted the crossing of each person. All this was on the very brink of the lower ice wall. Steps were cut down again to a rock ledge where we decided to stay for the rest of the night, an elevation of 9,500 feet. It was now about 10:30 p.m. We finished the rest of our food, changed into dry socks, and tried to sleep in spasms between the rolling echoes of falling ice from the glacier wall we had so recently outflanked.

We were mighty thankful there was no rain or snow, as clouds were down on the glacier



H. Pollard
Conrad Kain Inspects a Corner on the Ice Knob



H. Pollard
The Arete Below Great Ice Wall of Mt. Robson

H. Pollard

Club Members Who Made the Ascent of Mt. Robson from the 1924 Camp

Top Row - Geddes, Moffat, Lambart, Drinnan, Porter. Bottom Row - Saladana (porter), Munday, Mrs. Munday, MacCarthy (ascent 1913), Miss Anette Buck, Pollard, with Guide Conrad Kain. Not shown in group - Foster (ascent 1913), Miss Gold, Miss H. Buck, Lindsay, Montgomery, Sharpe, Watchler, with Guide Conrad Kain. Ascent after camp closed - Dr. Cora Best, Mrs. A. Shippam, Slark, Coolidge, Higginson, Johnson, with Guides Alf Streich and Hans Kohler

and all the shoulders and cliffs of the mountain were hidden. Groans were heard from nearly every member of the party as we started our cold, stiffened limbs into action at about 3:30 a.m. After all we had experienced the passage under the lower ice wall made little impression on us although the ledges were covered with newly-fallen ice. On arriving in camp at 5 a.m. we found the ever faithful Herbert Newcomb and the next climbing party (Miss Gold, Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Montgomery) had prepared a delightful breakfast for us.

Knowing if we stayed in High Camp any length of time we should require another meal, and not wishing to deplete the precious provisions, we left about seven and reached Lake Kinney Camp a little after eight, where we prepared a good second breakfast. Shortly after we started the long, long trail to Main Camp which we reached about 2 p.m., having been on the go almost thirty-five hours since 3:30 a.m. the previous day, with the exception of the five hours rest (?) on the rocks the night before.

We were touched by the warmth and sincerity of the welcome received from all those in camp.

One is denied opportunity of studying the many interesting details of such a magnificent mountain when roped together, so that my ambition was then, and still is, to climb Mt. Robson again.

SCIENTIFIC SECTION

Controlling Mosquito Pests In Mountain Resorts

By Eric Hearle

Assistant in Charge of Mosquito Investigations, Dominion Entomological Branch.

Thousands of people look forward each year to their vacation—to the time which is their own; in which they can forget the worries of their usual daily routine. To some the sea exerts an appeal that cannot be gainsaid, others prefer the pleasures and excitements of the larger cities, but to many a vacation would not be a real holiday unless it was spent among the mountains. Nowhere perhaps are the beauties of mountain scenery more lavishly displayed than in the National Parks of the Canadian Rockies. The abundant wild life, unafraid through protection; the diversity in form and colouring of stately mountain masses; the more delicate beauties of woodland trail and snow fed stream: all may remain as treasured memories for those whose vacation is spent in the favoured localities. Sometimes, however, pleasant memories are blurred and spoilt by the remembrance of the tiny winged pests that can do more than all else to prevent the full enjoyment of nature's charms. Who can properly appreciate the placid beauty of a mountain lake when the silence is broken by the vicious hum of hundreds of mosquitoes— each one bent on adding its quota of discomfort.

By the expenditure of many thousands of dollars our National Parks and mountain resorts have been made accessible and more enjoyable to all seeking a vacation in them. Good auto roads have been built; pony trails have been cut to give access to many beauty spots, fine camp grounds have been provided and no expense or trouble has been spared in making the national playgrounds as attractive as possible. Mosquitoes, however, are not respecters of governments or individuals and in some sections their unabated annoyance has offset the value of much expenditure.

The feasibility of mosquito control has long been recognized—so much so that the classic examples of Panama and New Jersey have become almost hackneyed by their constant re-iteration. No mosquito control project has been successful; however, until a thorough knowledge of the

species causing the trouble has given the key to suitable control measures. With the object of compiling the information necessary for controlling the mosquitoes in the vicinity of Banff, the late Dr. E. C. Hewitt undertook a preliminary survey in 1916; and from 1922 on the writer has been stationed at Banff by Mr. Arthur Gibson, the Dominion Entomologist, in order to carry out a more detailed investigation.

The Banff Mosquito Pest.

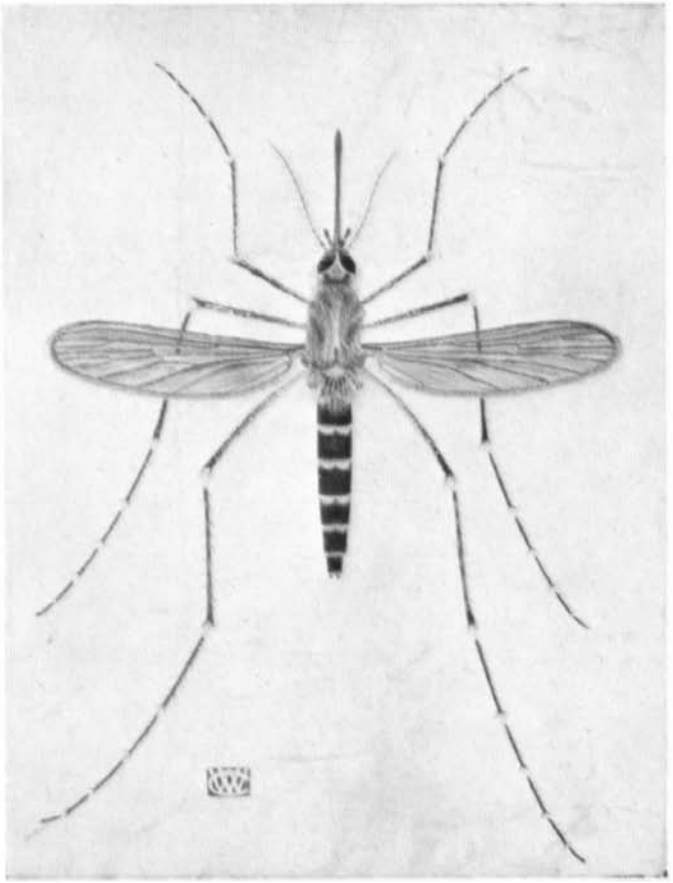
Complete data are not yet available regarding some of the details in the life of the more important mosquitoes in the Banff district but sufficient information has been compiled to place control efforts on a fairly secure footing. Collections of mosquito larvae have been made from every type of breeding place in the district and these have been bred through to the adult stage in the laboratory; careful notes have also been kept of the time needed for development to the adult under field conditions. Many hundreds of adults have been collected at various points in the district to ascertain which species constitute the main pest; which species enter houses; which species migrate from their breeding places, etc.

The district has a fairly large mosquito fauna, twenty-three different species having been found so far. This is about one-third of the known Canadian species, and is two less than the total mosquito fauna of Great Britain. Each member of the Banff fauna has its own distinctive appearance, habits, range of flight and preference for a certain type of breeding area. Some species have proved to be of little importance, as they devote most of their unwelcome attentions to the large mammals; one species never attacks man but satisfies its cravings on the blood of frogs; one species has never before been taken except in California; while another, inhabiting high mountain basins, has only previously been found at one or two points in Arctic Europe and at some of the Canadian Arctic Expedition bases in Alaska and the Yukon. One example also occurs of the malaria carrying Anopheles. The four species that occur in really large numbers in the district are known as Aedes catapnylla, Aedes intrudens, Aedes vexans, and Aedes lazarensis. The mosquito nuisance is caused mainly by the first two, but the third is also fairly important at times. The fourth, while very abundant and reported as a bad biter, has not proved to be of very much importance in the Banff district.

Permanent bodies of water cause very little trouble in this section and most of the mosquitoes come from the temporary snow and rain pools and from flooded areas caused by the river freshet—these latter breeding places are the real source of serious mosquito outbreaks. Aedes cataphiylla, which is a small, dark species with a frosted grey thorax, is the dominant species in the district and breeds in willow brush areas, in snow, rain or freshet pools. Aedes intrudens, a small mosquito with a bronze brown thorax, is the species that comes next in importance, not so much on account of its numbers as because of its propensity for entering houses—it appears to breed in similar places to the above. Aedes vexans, the third most important species, has a thorax similar to intrudens but it is characterized by having small white bands on the legs and having each white abdominal band constricted to form a pair of lunules. This species breeds by preference in flooded open meadow areas.

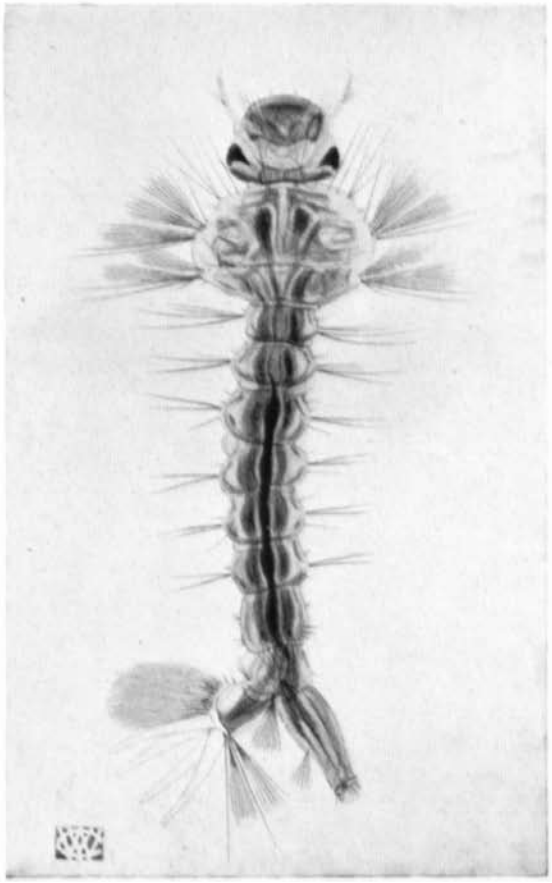
A Mosquito Life History.

The life history of the dominant mosquito (which is very similar to that of most of the other species) is as follows:—The winter is passed in the egg stage—the eggs lying in depressions in the willow brush areas. Some of these depressions become filled by the melting snow and the adults



C.W. Young

An Adult Female Mosquito (Aedes vexans)



C.W. Young

A Mosquito Larvae

Mosquito larvae are to be found as soon as the snow melts

Bow Valley from Tunnel Mountain at height of big flood, 1923

from the larvae occurring in these pools commence to fly from about the middle of May on. The majority of eggs, however, do not appear to hatch until the depressions become filled at freshet time by the flood water, usually early in June. The minute larvae hatching from the eggs develop fairly rapidly through the four larval stages, and change to comma-like pupae. These in turn give rise to the adult winged mosquitoes, the whole development from egg to adult being completed in from three to four weeks. The adult females from the flood pools commence to bite during the first week in July. The life of the adult female is about six weeks and it is between July 1st and the middle of August, that mosquitoes are most noticeable in the mountains. Mating swarms occur early after emergence and eggs are laid when the adults are from two to three weeks old; some one hundred and twenty-five eggs are laid by each female, these being placed separately in one batch, either on the mud of partly dried-up depressions or on the water surface. The eggs are ovoid, jet black, and, of course, very minute.

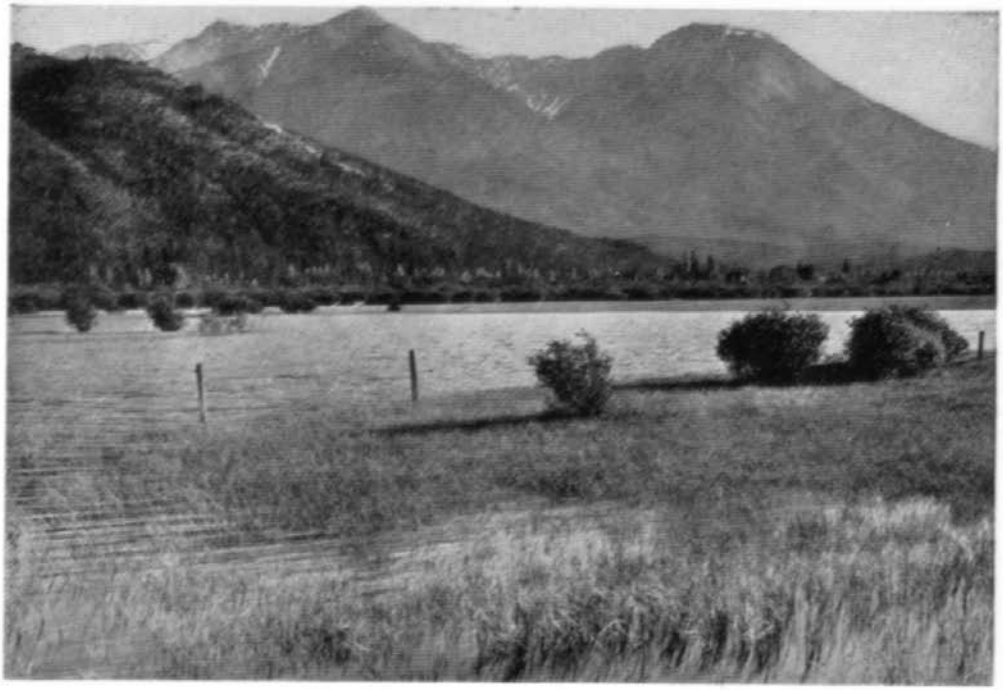
There are a few mosquitoes in the district with a somewhat different life-history. In these the winter is passed in the adult stage and the adults emerge from hibernation quarters very early in the season—some of these—the very large "snow" mosquitoes, may be seen in early April. These lay floating egg rafts containing several hundred eggs. In the case of the one, Anopheles, the eggs float, but are laid singly. From here on the life history is much as in other groups described save that the latter are single brooded whereas in the hibernating forms there are a number of broods throughout the season.

Control of the Banff Mosquito Pest.

A study of local conditions indicates that little can be done here at present in the way of control by reclamation; dyking and pumping to prevent the encroachment of river floods at freshet time usually constitutes the most efficient control and is to be recommended where the increased value of the land will pay for such work. This is hardly the case, however, in the Bow Valley west of Banff, and we are obliged to resort to control measures of a seasonal nature. Each year an oiling gang works over practically the entire valley from the village of Banff to some four miles west. Oiling commences when pools are formed in the early spring by the melting snow and is continued until the flood pools left by the freshet are all dealt with. Usually a seasonal squad of six men is employed, and extra men are taken on as needed during the more critical periods, or when exceptional flooding occurs. The breeding areas have all been mapped out and the valley has been divided off into a number of oiling districts. Oil is distributed to central stations in these districts and the oilers work from these and endeavour to cover all pools and flood areas with a thin film of oil. One hundred per cent, control is, of course, not humanly possible, as owing to the difficult nature of the country, a few pools must of necessity be missed; however, really good practical results can be obtained and almost complete freedom from mosquitoes can be assured except perhaps when flood conditions of the most abnormal nature occur and call for control work in excess of what the appropriations will permit. In order to facilitate oiling an extensive system of trails has been cut in the denser willow areas. A flat-bottomed boat and canoes save much trouble when oiling the deeper flood areas.

In addition to the above mosquito control operations, studies have been made of the various control factors that might prove of value. Tests have been made of a large number of oils and larvacides and the efficiency of oiling has been greatly improved by the use of a special mosquito oil that is far superior to the kerosene formerly employed. An interesting test was made with dynamite to ascertain if concussion would kill mosquito larvae, but unfortunately no adverse effect

Flood Pools and Oiling Trail in Dense Willow Bush
Pools Breeding A. cataphylla



A Flooded Hay MeadowWhere Mosquito Larvae averaged 150 to the Square Foot.

was observed even to larvae close to a heavy charge. A brief study of local nature control factors has been undertaken and it has been found that much benefit is derived from predators such as salamanders, the larvae of certain water beetles, fish fry, minnows, etc. An attempt was made in 1924 to introduce into the district a special mosquito-eating minnow known as Gambusia affinis. The natural home of this tiny fish is in Florida, but because of its wonderful efficiency in killing mosquito larvae it has been artificially introduced into many places far beyond its natural range. No attempt has been previously made to introduce it to a locality so far north as this and we do not yet know if it will survive the rigors of the winter temperatures. If it does become permanently established it will undoubtedly prove a useful ally against the mosquito swarms and will be an important adjunct to control by oiling.

Banff is the first district in the National Parks of America where mosquito control has been attempted; and, owing to the width of the valley and the extent of land subject to flood at this point, it is one of the most difficult of the mountain mosquito problems to cope with. The results of the last three years work have proved that the mosquito pest can be effectively dealt with here at very small cost. In 1922 and 1924 the pest was reduced to such an extent that mosquitoes were absolutely negligible. In 1923 the record breaking floods and abnormal rains resulted in conditions that were very difficult to cope with, and a number of mosquitoes developed in spite of everything that the oiling gang could do. There is no doubt however that a really serious outbreak was successfully averted. Enormous numbers of larvae occurred and in the most extensive breeding area, counts showed an average of one hundred and fifty mosquito larvae per square foot of flood water.

In the majority of mountain resorts there is no wide river valley to complicate matters, (as there is at Banff) and small snow pools and moose pastures are the main source of mosquito trouble. Mosquito control is therefore a comparatively simple matter once the various breeding places have been located and mapped. Dr. Dyar has made mosquito surveys in several of the U. S. National Parks; and in the Yellowstone Park the U. S. Public Health Service has carried out control work during the last couple of years. This appears to have been very successful and Dr. Dyar states that—"These mountain mosquitoes are so easy to destroy that it seems almost like taking an undue advantage of nature." As Dr. Dyar probably knows more about mosquitoes than any other living man this is a very encouraging statement to those who would see the mosquito nuisance eliminated from their favourite mountain resorts.

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

The Canadian Rocky Mountains A Quarter Of A Century Ago

By J. N. Collie

When one looks back thirty years, and compares what now we know about the Canadian Rocky Mountains, and what was known in the nineties of last century, one recognizes how full of life and vitality mountaineering in Western Canada is at the present time. Thirty years ago not many more than twenty mountains had been climbed by the pioneers of those days. Now the number is well over two hundred, and there remains hardly one important summit unconquered.

It will soon, however, be the time to hold a centenary celebration. For, in 1827, the first peak on the Continental Divide of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, Mt. Brown, was ascended by

A Mosquito Oiler at Work

Oiling With Spray Pump at Edge of Vermillion Lakes

W. Douglas. Seventy years were to pass before the next, Mt. Lefroy, was added to the list. During those seventy years that "Great Lone Land" was visited only by few, except the hunters for fur, who have left their mark in the names of old forts and passes over the Divide, but unfortunately scant information about their wanderings. Fortunately, Dr. Hector of the Palliser expedition is notable exception. He discovered and mapped a considerable portion of the Rockies from Jasper House to south of the Kicking Horse Pass, and named many of the peaks, for instance, Mts. Ball, Balfour, Murchison and Forbes. The true pioneers of mountaineering in the Canadian Rockies were McArthur, who climbed Mt. Stephen in 1887, Allen and Wilcox who climbed Mt. Temple in 1894, and some members of the Appalachian Club, led by Professor Fay, who climbed Mt. Hector in 1896 and Mts. Lefroy and Victoria in 1897. In those days to the north of Laggan lay a more or less unknown land. Hector's map was almost impossible to get. The trails were non-existent. No one knew how the valleys ran, or how to get anywhere. All had to be found out.

Those were glorious days for the explorer—the ''Great Lone Land" was waiting for the first footsteps; there was the fascination of the unknown; one never knew what the morrow might bring forth; there was:

"Something hidden. Go and find it.
Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges.
Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So in 1897 we went exploring. From Mt. Gordon we had seen a high peak to the north. Perhaps it might be Hector's Mt. Forbes, but we did not know. Seeing a high peak, however, and getting to its base were two very different things. From the valleys the high peaks are often hid, and we could not tell which side valley might lead to where we wished to get. We had seen Mt. Balfour from the top of Mt. Lefroy, but in trying to get to it from the Bow Valley, we went too far north and so missed our peak. Ultimately we found Mt. Forbes, but had not time to win to the summit, but we were high enough upon the slopes of Mt. Freshfield to see more high mountains far away to the north. They next year (1898) were the "something lost behind the ranges" that we sought. Nor were we disappointed. On a glorious afternoon we stepped on to the summit of Mt. Athabaska, after having battled for three weeks with the swollen rivers and the burnt timber in the valleys, suddenly the giants along the main range came into view. It was a sight that does not come often to modern mountaineers. An entirely new world was spread at our feet. Unknown peaks without number, undiscovered valleys, a new land in which to wander. At our feet a vast snowfield stretched for miles, and rising out of it on the further side, the great peak of Mt. Columbia. It was the mountain we had seen from the slopes of Mt. Fresh-field the year before. The great snowfield lay lit up by the afternoon sun, and we were the first to view that silent land. The source of the three great rivers of Western Canada: the mighty Athabaska whose waters ultimately reach the frozen Arctic Ocean; the Saskatchewan, that great river of the prairies ending in the waters of Hudson's Bay, and probably also the true source of the Columbia in. the old days before it broke back below Donald and stole the headwaters of the Kootenay. But again we had to rest content to find our mountains, and had to leave Mt. Columbia unclimbed to wait till our next visit.

In those years most of our time was spent in finding a way to the peaks. The things that stand out most clearly, now one looks backward, are the battles we had with the muskegs, the rivers, and the fallen timber. We were "Tenderfeet" learning our job. We often tried to take, the

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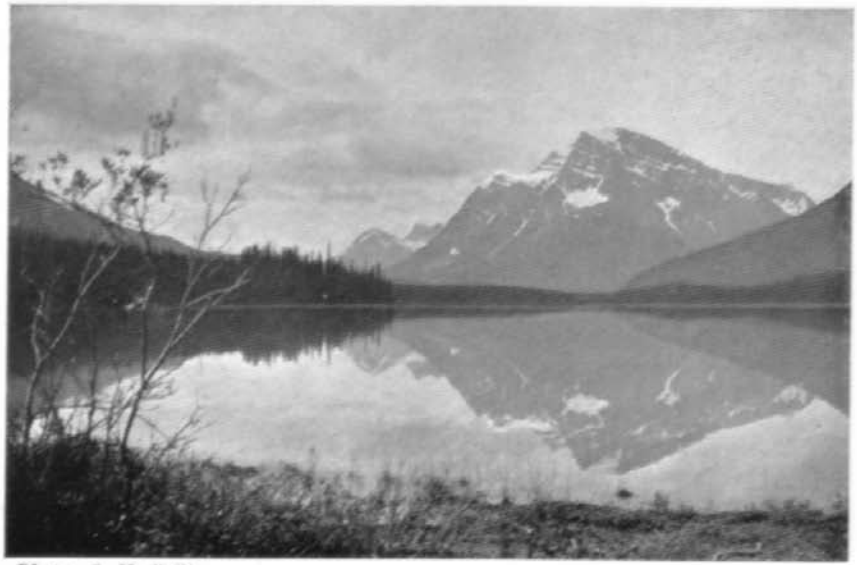


2.

J.N. Collie

No. 1 - Mt. Deltaform (No.8) Valley of Ten Peaks
No. 2 - Waterfowl Lake, Mistaya River Valley

cayuses through muskegs and rivers that were much better left alone.

In 1897 in the Bow Valley we had been left behind by Peyto with one animal very heavily laden, we missed the trail, and tried to cross over the middle of what we ought to have known was a quite impossible muskeg, one of the worst in the whole valley. The wretched horse finally sank with not much more than its head above water and nothing below but mud. Ultimately we got an alpine rope down far enough to go under his tail, and by our united efforts got him onto a small island of firm ground, where we remained till Peyto rescued us with a lantern, and produced some very fine sarcasm about blank fools and muskegs. How the beast ever got back onto firm ground we never made out, for we were sent to camp in disgrace, and Peyto and the poor beast arrived about midnight. Another thing one remembers about the upper Bow Valley were the nests of yellow jackets. The first time we came across them, one could not understand why the first two horses went calmly on, and the rest seemed suddenly to be possessed of many devils, but one was not long in finding out the reason.

Then there were the rivers that add such charm to the scenery of the wooded valleys, with their cataracts, and long lazy pools where the trout lie. But when flooded, bank high, with melted snow, they are often unfordable, and the best trail always seems to be on the opposite side.

In 1900, when in the Bush Valley, we were on the wrong side of the Bush River, and it cost us about ten days to do eight miles. We could not cross for the river was too swift and deep. At last Fred Stephens and another of the party, despairing of making a way along the southern bank, tried to swim the river. He, in crossing, was swept down to a point where there was no landing, and his horse, in trying to mount the slippery bank out of water at least ten feet deep, fell back with Fred, who, although he had his feet out of the stirrups, got one foot caught in the leather above the stirrup. Fred and the horse rolled over and over down stream, and with his foot caught he could not get his head above water. However, he finally managed to get free and landed further down, but was very nearly drowned. In the meantime certain of our misguided horses proceeded to follow Fred before we could stop them, and they were swept down to a shingle bank.

All that could be done was to unpack the thoroughly drenched baggage and drive the unloaded horses back into the river to join us on the other side. Fred and the other man thought that a raft was the safest way to get back, so they made a small one out of a few logs tied together with the cinch ropes. Once out into mid-stream the crazy raft became quite unmanageable, the poles they had would not touch bottom, so they were swept rapidly down stream. The other man in trying to pole, and not reaching bottom, fell overboard and could not swim. If it had not been for the presence of mind of Fred, who crawled along the raft and just managed to reach his comrade with his pole, there is no doubt he would have been drowned, for he had been under water several times. But the end was not yet! The raft, being quite unmanageable, was swept rapidly down stream; the current took them at one bend of the river near to one bank, and then at the next bend across to the other; and the river was running considerably over four miles an hour. The back wash always washed them away from the bank. Hastily snatching up some alpine rope we raced through the thickets of willows, muskegs and fallen timber, finally managing to throw them a coiled rope as they swept rapidly down to the Columbia River. The whole of the next day was spent in getting our soaked baggage back across from the other side of the river. The rivers in the Rockies are the most dangerous things one has to contend with. At first one takes their crossing as an ordinary thing, part of the day's work, but the longer one has to deal with them the less one likes them; to see most of one's outfit afloat is not a pleasant thing, when one may be a fortnight away from civilization. Later, whenever we could, we took all the baggage over on a raft and swam the horses.

There was one crossing, and we had to make it many times, at the bottom of Bear Creek (now the Mistaya River), that was particularly treacherous. The current there is very swift, and the bottom of the river full of boulders. If one's horse had gone down there would have been small chance of ever getting to land, as one would have been rolled over and over and probably stunned by hitting the boulders at the bottom.

Another thing that twenty-five years ago was different from now was the absence of trails. All burnt and fallen timber had to be cut through. By far the worst we ever came across was in the lonely Bush Valley, in our attempt to reach Mt. Columbia from the west. Never again would we take horses in those valleys on the western side of the Divide. The trees are bigger, the undergrowth thicker and full of devils' club, and the mosquitoes terrible. Once it took us a whole day of hard work with the axes to cut a trail that only took us less than a quarter of a mile further up the valley. It is not likely anyone has been there since, and certainly it would not be a wise thing to attempt.

A far better country for travelling in with horses is that around Mt. Robson. In 1910, after making our way to the headwaters of the Smoky River from the Yellowhead Pass and the Moose River, we started off into unknown country down the Smoky River. The question then arose how should we return to the Athabaska. It was before the railway had been built from Edmonton. Obviously it was much shorter to strike east from where we were, about thirty miles north of Mt. Robson, and try to hit the Athabaska somewhere about Brule Lake than to return over the Yellowhead Pass. All we knew was the general direction we should follow. How the valleys ran we knew not, but the going was good, far different from the Bush Valley, so we risked it, and plunged into the unknown, searching for a pass to the eastwards out of the Smoky River. All we knew was that to the east was the headwaters of the Sulphur River, but it drained to the north. We were taking considerable risks, for should we get over onto the headwaters of this Sulphur River, we might have to follow it down almost to the Peace River, and we had only ten days' food and were hundreds of miles from Edmonton.

But one of the charms in an entirely new country is in taking chances, hoping that fortune will favour one. Then, too, there is the fascination of finding one's way from one valley to another, never knowing what may come next. Fresh rivers to be seen, possibly untouched hunting grounds, and new ranges of mountains to be dealt with.

So we fared eastward, and found our pass that led over into a wonderfully wooded valley. For some distance we were going in the right direction, but the river soon turned to the northeast, and for the next three days we were getting more and more certain that we were on the Sulphur River, for we came to some evil-smelling muskegs and sulphur springs. But the next day, our river took a bend round to the southeast, cutting through some low hills, and all was well. Then came a memorable blizzard that snowed us up in camp for two days at a place we called Poker Flat, for we had great games of poker, and great fun with Fred who "did not understand the game." Ultimately we got out to the Athabaska below Brule Lake, having come through about a hundred miles of new country, and also having discovered a very useful and good trail from the Athabaska to the headwaters of the Smoky River, we used it again the next year. This bit of exploration, however, cost us a week's more time than we expected, and we missed our return boat from Quebec, but by racing across the continent we caught the Lusitania at New York by just two hours.

When one looks back at those years, it was the exploration that held the first place, mountaineering had to take its chance; we spent our time in finding out how to get to the giants that keep watch along the main chain of the Rockies. But what of that? The memories of the little happenings on the trail stand out now more vividly than those of many a mountain climb. But not

J.N. Collie

No. 1 - Sunset on Yellowhead Pass, Before the Advent of the Railway
No. 2 - The Emperor Falls, Below Mt. Robson

always, for from the summits of Mt. Athabaska, and later Mt. Bess, one had views that cannot be forgotten. It was from Mt. Bess on one perfect and clear summer's day that we saw one of those marvellous panoramas that can only be seen from the top of a high mountain. Mountains a hundred miles away stood out clearly. To the south Mt. Robson, Mt. Geikie, and Mt. Columbia towered up above their fellows with a sky shot with white, fleecy clouds; to the east through a break in the hills one could see level land, the beginning of the prairie. Especially interesting were the Cariboo Mountains, in those days an unvisited mountain land, every peak and glacier stood out clear. Lastly, to the north a new land, all unknown, with one great wedge-shaped white snow peak that has later been called Mt. Sir Alexander.

Those were great days when one wandered free with hundreds of square miles of virgin land to play with. One remembers the camps beneath the solemn pine trees with the resinous odours after a hot day, the great open spaces of the summits of the passes with the flowers all ablaze in the sunshine. The marmots and the merry little chipmunks, and the unearthly wail of the loon. The vagaries of the horses, who were always getting into trouble, either in the muskegs, or the rivers, or the fallen timber, and Fred's cheery voice calling back to us, wanting to know why on earth we were not keeping up with the rest of the team. Then there were days when the rain or the snow fell, and all would go wrong, wet through to the skin we would surly unpack the horses, for we had to camp where there was no proper feed for the horses, or teepee poles of any sort to be got; but once the teepee was up with a fire inside, all was changed; what mattered it whether the wind blew outside, or the snow fell, all was comfortable inside, and the morrow could take care of itself.

One remembers, also, the perfect lakes ringed around with great pine woods, whilst beyond were the glaciers and the solemn snow peaks, and grim precipices the haunt of the wild goat. The rivers also that plunge headlong in great waterfalls, and the sunshine and the shadow as the storms sweep across the lonely peaks, and lastly the good company, and the tales that are told over the campfires under the stars. Tales told by such a man as Fred Stephens, who has lived his life in the wilds, tales that go slowly on, and are great and simple, all in keeping with the wild surroundings, and dealing with the doings of people who were men. Unfortunately these folk have had their day, pioneers, prospectors, or hunters and trappers like Fred, Tom Wilson, or old Swift, there is no one to take their place. Civilization has stretched out its hand and changed it all, and though those who knew the old days are somewhat sad that the old order has changed, yielding place to new, yet the new order is good, and the land of great woods, lakes, mountains and rushing rivers is still mysterious enough to please anyone who has eyes to see, and can understand. One can still wander free, and see Nature at her best and forget all worries and troubles for the time being.

Only a few months ago came a letter from Fred saying: "I know of some valleys hidden away, where the beavers still build their lodges, and where there are fish in the streams, and wild raspberries, and cariboo. Say, friend Norman, come! and let the whole dam world race for dollars."

Cheadle's " Journal "—Across The Mountains, 25 June-28 August, 1863

By James White

Note.—In attempting to obtain some information respecting the derivation of the name Mount Robson, the writer corresponded with the only son of the late Dr. W. B. Cheadle and with

Earl Fitzwilliam, eldest son of the late Viscount Milton. As a result of that correspondence, Dr. Cheadle's journal for 1862-1864 was copied in the office of the Dominion Archivist.

The below article is a summary of additional data gleaned from the transcript of Dr. Cheadle's manuscript journal. The object of the paper is to throw some further light upon the incidents related in '' The North West Passage by Land," insofar as they relate to the journey across the Rockies and down the North Thompson River to Kamloops.

From the point of view of clarity and as a presentation of historical evidence, much the best plan would have been to print the journal verbatim et literatim, and, by footnotes, to supplement and explain the new historical and other data. Unfortunately, space consideration forbade the adoption of this plan. The method adopted, therefore, is a compromise, but is the only method available under existing conditions.

Before dealing with the contents of the journal, a brief biographical sketch of the putative authors of '' The North West Passage by Land'' will be of assistance to the reader.

William Viscount Milton, was born 27 July, 1839, and, therefore, celebrated his 24th birthday while descending the North Thompson River. He was the eldest son of the 6th Earl Fitzwilliam. He married 10 August, 1867, Laura Maria Theresa, 2nd daughter of Lord Chas. Beauclerk.

He returned to Canada in 1872 and lived with his wife and child in a "shack" at Point de Meuron, on the banks of the Kaministikwia River, about six miles west of Fort William, Ont. During the winter of 1872-73 the house was burned to the ground and the occupants barely escaped with their lives. The present Earl Fitzwilliam is Milton's eldest son, William Charles de Meuron Wentworth Fitzwilliam. He was born 25 July, 1872, at Point de Meuron, and succeeded to the title on the death of his grandfather in 1902.

Viscount Milton died 17 January, 1877, predeceasing his father. He had "a delicate frame and frequent illness," and "was compelled by increasing illness to resign the seat in Parliament." Cheadle's journal discloses him as a delicate youth of 24, passionate, obstinate and unreasonable.

Dr. W. B. Cheadle was born in 1835. He was educated in Bingley Grammar School and at Caius College, Cambridge, at which college he held a scholarship. In his younger days, he won some distinction as an athlete. He died 25 March, 1910.

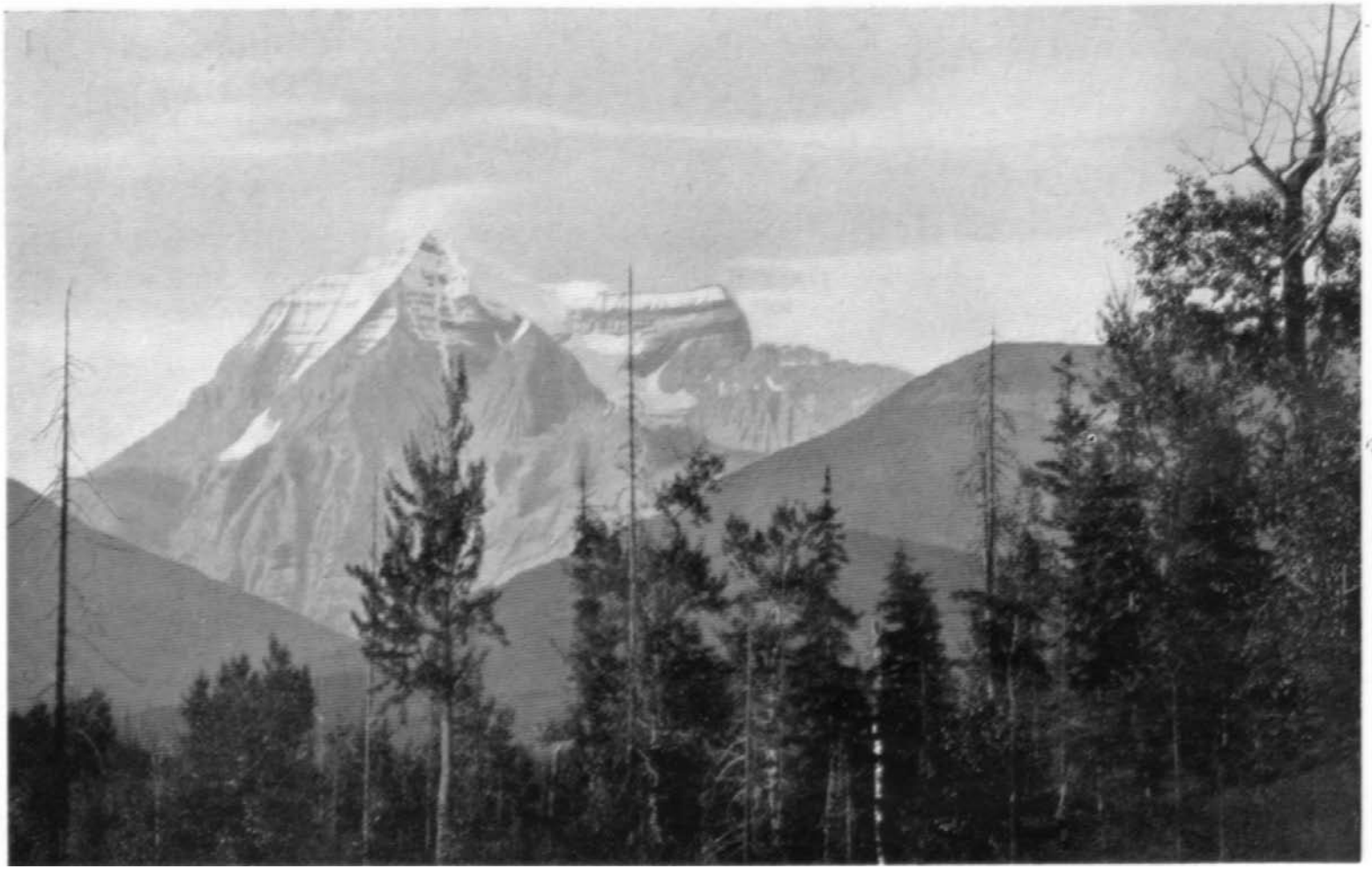
In June, 1862, Milton and Cheadle undertook an expedition across British North America. As stated in the preface to the first edition of "North West Passage by Land," it "was undertaken with the design of discovering the most direct route through British territory to the gold regions of Cariboo, and exploring the unknown country . . . . in the neighborhood of the sources of the north branch of the Thompson River.''

In 1857, Capt. Palliser had been appointed to the command of an expedition to "ascertain whether one or more practicable passes exist over the Rocky Mountains within the British territory, and south of that known to exist between mount Brown and mount Hooker.''

Unfortunately, as a result of this specific limitation to the Athabaska pass and the region south of it, Dr. Hector, of the Palliser expedition, did not examine Yellowhead Pass, though he notes it on his map and designates it "Leather" Pass, and shows Tête Jaune Cache, Canoe River and the North Thompson fairly accurately for that date.

Hector crossed the Rockies by the Howse pass and reached the Columbia 17 September, 1859. He contemplated descending the Columbia as far as the "boat encampment" and then traversing the valleys of the Canoe and North Thompson on foot, but was forced to abandon his project and turn southward.

The foregoing was published in 1860 in the "Further Papers" of that year, and it is a



H. Pollard

Mt. Robson as Seen by Milton and Cheadle
From near the mouth of the Grand Fork of the Fraser River

fair inference that therein is to be found one of the moving causes of the Milton and Cheadle expedition. Another is that, in 1861, when Milton's uncertain health had impelled him to cross the Atlantic and to visit the Red River Settlement, the climate of the prairies had had a favourable effect upon his health.

At that date also, the Cariboo gold mines in British Columbia were attracting much attention and the only travelled routes to Cariboo were by way of Panama or through the United States.

The narrative of the expedition was published in June, 1865, under the title '' The North West Passage by Land.'' It ran through five editions in eight months and the ninth edition appeared in 1901. It has been described as "one of the most vivid and picturesque accounts of travel ever written,'' and as '' an old classic of travel and exploration . . . since it possesses the qualities that make a record of travel perennially interesting."

The "North West Passage by Land" was published under the names of Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle as co-authors, but a careful reading of the journal practically demonstrates that Cheadle was the author and that Milton had no substantial claim to joint authorship.

Landing in Quebec in June, 1862, Viscount Milton and his tutor, Dr. W. B. Cheadle, proceeded by way of Chicago and St. Paul to Fort Garry. After outfitting at Fort Garry, they made their way via Fort Ellice to their wintering place about 80 miles N.N.W. of Carlton.[40]

In the spring of 1863, they proceeded to Fort Edmonton, where they were hospitably received by Chief Trader (later, Chief Factor) Hardisty. At Edmonton they met the famous French-Canadian missionary, Father Lacombe. At this point they also made the acquaintance of "Mr. O'B." (O'Beirne) whose marvellous misadventures, as related in '' The North West Passage by Land'' created considerable skepticism in the minds of some reviewers.

Leaving Edmonton, 3 June, 1863, the party consisted of Milton, Cheadle, "Mr. O'B.," Baptiste Supernat, "The Assiniboine," Mrs. Assiniboine and Assiniboine's son, a boy of thirteen. Two weeks later, Baptiste deserted, probably because he was unenthusiastic respecting the fortunes of a party which was directed by two "tenderfeet" and which included an incompetent like "Mr. O'B."

On the 25 June, they had their first view of the Rockies, and on 29 June, they arrived opposite Jasper House, having traversed about 205 miles of prairie and foothill country in 22 days.

Cheadle's troubles were many. On 27 June, he writes: "I turn Milton out in fair time (perhaps

40 In 1913, the writer received a letter from Mr. J. G. Blumer, stating that: '' Paul Laronde, brother of the Laronde who was chief guide and hunter for Milton and Cheadle,'' lived near Sandy Lake Indian reservation and had "pointed out the exact site of the explorer's winter camp of 1863."

Blumer also met James Dreaver who '' took Capt. Palliser from Fort Carlton to Fort Ellice'' and Bob Isbister who '' took Capt. Butler's dog train to Cumberland House.''

In another letter, Blumer wrote: "Having read Milton and Cheadle's account, I was much interested in finding their old camp and what they called "La Belle Prairie" ..... The true location was pointed out by Paul Laronde. This man, now over seventy [in 1913], but well preserved (as also is James Dreaver, now eighty-two), maintains that the date of the journey was 1861 instead of 1863, as given in the account, as it was in that year that his brother, in making the round trip from camp to Winnipeg, stopped with him on lake Manitoba, where he then lived. The guide's [Louis Laronde's] daughter .... is now living with her uncle at Boutin, close to La Belle Prairie. Dreaver related to me that he received an enquiry from the relatives of Milton in the old country regarding any heirs of the latter who might live in this country, entitled to a legacy. He reported that Milton had an Indian wife while he was in the country, but left no heirs. The wife died some years ago.''

Paul Laronde, in the foregoing, confuses Milton's first hunting trip, in 1861, with the second, when he and Cheadle wintered north of Carlton, 1862-1863.

5 o'clock)—at which proceeding he became very crabbed and vicious, and we had one of our usual squabbles as to the advisability of starting early and doing fairly long journeys—to reach here we have already doubled the time usually taken."

As examples of embellishment, the following may be cited:

Page 237 of the book contains a vivid account of the construction of the raft wherewith they crossed the Athabaska to Jasper House. Describing " O'B 's " exertions, we read that: "Mr. O'B. shouldered with a sigh the smaller end of the log, his fellow-labourer [Milton] the other and they proceeded slowly towards the shore. After the first few steps, O 'B. began to utter the most awful groans and cried out continually, 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear! this is most painful—it's cutting my shoulder in two—not so fast, my lord. Gently, gently. Steady, my lord, steady; I must stop. I'm carrying all the weight myself. I shall drop with exhaustion directly—triste lignum te caducum.' And then with a loud ' Oh!' and no further warning, he let his end of the tree down with a run, jarring his unhappy partner most dreadfully."

The whole of the foregoing is based upon an entry in Cheadle's journal, which states that "O'B. would not put one end of the log they were carrying (very light ones) on his shoulder, but held it with one hand, and after going a few yards, would let it down with a run, saying he was exhausted and thereby hurting Mn. considerably by the jar."

In nearly every incident in the book in which O'B. figures, he is quoted as interlarding Latin, but, in the journal he never speaks anything but English.

Similarly, in the book, "The Assiniboine" speaks French, but, in the journal, he never speaks anything but English, though Cheadle not infrequently uses French in his own descriptive matter.

It is stated in the book that, on 1 July, "Milton dashed in to the rescue" of O'B., but, in the journal, we find that the Iroquois "trotted up and gave him a hand across."

It is evident that Cheadle depended largely upon his memory. For instance, in the book, nearly three pages are devoted to subjects covered by the following entry in the journal: "Short commons at Jasper H. in Winter. The Wolverine. The Shuswaps."

Cheadle notes that, on 3 July, he, on his "own responsibility and greatly against Milton's inclination, engaged an old [Iroquois] interpreter as guide to Tête Jaune Cache . . . But Milton thought the man was exorbitant and very angry with me for my obstinacy."

The journal shows that, without the Iroquois, they could not have Avon through, and, in all probability, he would have deserted them but for Cheadle.

On 5 July, they rafted their goods across the Athabaska and bade good-bye to Macaulay, the Hudson's Bay Co.'s representative at Jasper House.

Cheadle says that, before parting with Macaulay, we "finished the rum here, at which treat the men were much pleased, Milton giving the barrel to Macaulay. I gave him my telescopic cap and he was gratified."

The same day O'B. finished all his provisions. Cheadle says: ''Poor devil! I gave him a good lump of pemmican and hope he will use it carefully or we will be short. I told him before we left Edmonton that this would be the case, but '30 lbs. were enough' for him; he was quite sure he could not eat more than 1/2 lb. per day. He has actually eaten 40 lbs. before we are half way, besides contributions of bread, fresh meat, etc. from every meal of ours."

In the printed volume, they state that they reached Henry House on 6 July. In the journal, the reference reads: '' We reached the 'Petite Maison,' and old fort, for dinner. I presume it is the site of the former Jasper's House."

The correction is, of course, based upon the detailed journals and map of the Palliser

expedition, which were not printed till 1863, and were, therefore, not available until Milton and Cheadle had returned to England. Hence, also, the references in the book to "Roche a Myette" and "' Priest's Rock," which do not appear in the journal. Although some mountains and rivers were named by Milton and Cheadle, the rough sketches in the journal could not be called a "survey." Their map from Edmonton to Henry House is a reproduction of the Palliser map and from Henry House to Kamloops it is virtually a reproduction of the sketch of the same region as indicated on the Palliser map, with a few additions of little geographical value. For instance, the North Thompson runs south from the mouth of the Albreda, then flows west to the mouth of the Clearwater, where it turns south. Yet, these striking characteristics are not indicated on the Milton and Cheadle map.

In his journal of the 6th, Cheadle notes that "O'B." told him a story of a missionary who preached about the crucifixion to the Indians. The Indians were delighted to hear about this novel method of torture and asked him to draw a diagram showing how it was done, but the missionary, fearing experiments of a very personal nature, fled in terror.

Respecting O 'B 's troubles when crossing the Miette on 7 July, the journal reads as follows: "O.'B. was pretty much frightened and his face grew very long. I could hardly help laughing as he followed me closely as I told him—no accident whatever."

Contrast this mild statement with the narrative as "artistically" expanded on pp. 247-248, which reads:

"He was exhorted carefully to follow the line taken by the guide, and Milton and the woman rode on either side of him. Clutching the mane with both hands, he did not attempt to guide his horse, but employed all his powers in sticking to the saddle, and exhorting his companions, 'Steady, my lord, please, or I shall be swept off. Do speak to Mrs. Assiniboine, my lord; she's leading us to destruction; what a reckless woman! varium et mutabile semper femina! Mrs. Assiniboine!—Mrs. Assiniboine! Oh dear! Oh dear! what an awful journey! I'm going! I'm going! Narrow escape that, my lord! very narrow escape, indeed, Doctor. We can't expect to be so lucky every time, you know."

The party struggled up the Miette, reached the summit of the Yellowhead Pass, 9 July, having forded the Miette seven times. Following what Cheadle describes as a very bad trail, they made their way down the Fraser, arriving at the mouth of the Grand Fork on 14 July and Tête Jaune of the 17th. having travelled only 105 miles in 12 days.

Cheadle's difficulties were not confined to the eccentricities of O'B. On 13 July, a very hot day, he describes the difficulties they experienced with a very bad trail west, of Moose Lake, and adds: "Milton got quite wild and savage, and O'B. very confused. All three [Cheadle, Milton and O'B.] perspiring at every pore and quarrelling dreadfully. . . . We arrived at the camping place for dinner very much out of temper; Milton being very aggravating by abusing the guide for not stopping sooner, whereas he had pulled up at the only place where there was any feeding for the horses. After dinner I went on foot and took a horse. The others would lag behind and I heard Mn. storming and raging at his horse and continually crying out for us to stop. We got tired of this (I and the guides) and went on and presently Mn. came up in a furious passion, having left his horse because we would not wait. I sent the guide back for another for me to drive and took two for the rest of the day. Mn. too sulky to do anything."

On the 15th, although it lacked four or five hours of sundown, Milton ordered that they camp where there was very little feed for the horses. Cheadle says that Milton, "in a great passion . . . began abusing me and the guide for going on and we had a grand quarrel. It had been brewing for several days and its first origin was that Mn. had neither the patience, activity or constant attention

necessary to drive horses in the woods ... he was always in difficulties and calling out for the rest to stop. I bullied him tremendously about this, and recommended him not to drive any more. . . . He took occasion to find all possible fault with the guide who, poor man, had done his best throughout and had not, so far, made a mistake, having been driven to camp in bad places twice only because we did not travel fast enough to reach good ones."

Cheadle then refused to have anything to do with the management of affairs, and, before going to bed, Milton gave orders that they would "not start early . . . and this with horses starving and good feed near! Yet he declared that the reason he pulled up was because he wished to save them!"

Respecting the Grand Fork, which they reached 14 July, Cheadle writes: "The Grand ork is the original Tête Jaune's Cache and is certainly the finest scene I have ever viewed. To the right, Robson's Peak, a magnificent mountain, high, rugged, covered with deep snow, the top, now clearly seen, although generally covered with clouds. "

Cheadle notes on 15 July: "A day to be remembered during the rest of my life, as eventful and crowded with misfortune. In the morning both Mn. and I were very sulky and would not hardly speak to one another and the Assiniboine said he and family would leave us at the Cache if Mn. was so discontented and he [Milton] then said it was very hard I would not help him with the men. I said I would do all I could to keep matters straight but would not have anything more to do with the management if he did not agree to not interfere with the guide again in that (the way?) he had done the day before. But he would not, "

After starting, "Mn., of course, lagged behind and got into difficulties with his horse. And, to make matters worse, the saddle turned with him and shot him head first into a pool of muddy water rather deep — out of which he was hauled by O'B. — and he came up where we had stopped close to the river in a worse temper than ever."

Cheadle told Milton that Bucephalus and Gisquakarn had gone into the river and were "probably both lost, the men discontented, and the best thing and wisest for us to do was to give up quarrelling and wipe out all that had passed. . . . He seemed to see this and we had no more words about it. "

When the respective losses were ascertained, they found that Milton was "reduced to 6 plugs of tobacco, one pair very dirty and holey canvas trousers, 1 p. moccasins worn out — no boots — no coat, only leather shirt." He also lost "his letters and papers, including cheque book and passport."

As there is an earlier reference to Milton 's "journal," this statement demonstrates that Milton could not have added anything to the book except from memory. Cheadle lost his "sextant, all powder and caps, revolver, cash-box containing all matches," and his jewellery and all his tobacco. He says that, after comparing losses, "Mn. and I had a good laugh over it and I think it has at least restored good feeling amongst us all."

Cheadle says that the Indians from the "Cache" informed them that "the last party of miners, 5, who went down the Fraser from here in 2 canoes had been all drowned. They had found the bodies and canoes not very far down last spring. Poor fellows! They further told us that Hutchinson's party which we had followed so closely after they gave up the McLeod and resolved to cross to Cariboo, had only left the Cache the day before yesterday, having rested here 9 days. They had bought 2 canoes with their horses and taken two Shuswaps with them as far as below the Grand Rapid. When they arrived here (at the Cache) they had only a tiny piece of pemmican—no trousers, only their shirts—no shoes—they killed their two oxen here and dried the meat."

At the Cache, the Iroquois guide, whom Cheadle had engaged at Jasper, left them. With the exception of the first day, 20 July, they had no guide between the Cache and the lower portion of the North Thompson. With the "workers" of the party reduced by one, owing to the return of the Iroquois, and being without a guide, their troubles multiplied rapidly.

On 20 July, they left the Cache. They were delayed for several hours looking for O 'B.'s horse. Cheadle writes that, after a fruitless search for it, "the matter begins to leak out. Ass'e. says he has little doubt that the old Iroquois has bagged him, for he had told the boy [Assiniboine's son] that, as O'B. was not content with his bargain, he would take the horse. And, if we did not pay him satisfactorily, he would bag all ours! And had tried to induce him to persuade his father to leave us here, as we had lost all our property and would not be able to pay him, etc., etc. We, therefore, concluded that the old fellow had got him, but no doubt with Ass'es privity."

On 21 July, they narrowly escaped losing their lives and all their property when rafting Canoe River. Cheadle says that, after the accident, they "moved on about 2 miles to camp for the night, O'B. being quite miserable until out of hearing of the sound of the river."

In the book, p. 273, this sentence is expanded into:

"O'B. called Cheadle aside, and requested him, as a special favour, to induce Milton to agree to move on for a few miles, 'For,' said he, 'you see, Doctor, I'm rather nervous. We had a terrible shock today—a terrible shock! Mihi frigidus horror membra quatit. I'm trembling with the recollection of it now. Ah! Doctor, Doctor, you don't know what I suffered. The sound of this dreadful water in my ears is more than I can bear. I want to know whether you think there will be any more rivers to cross. But please move on a few miles, please do, there's a good fellow, just to oblige me, out of hearing of this terrible noise. Heu me miserum! iterum iterumque, strepitum fluminum audio!' "

Cheadle notes on same day, that, as Milton had lost his cap in the accident, "Mn. has to have the cap he gave me and I go bareheaded—bread baked in the soup kettle and on plates and sichan made in the former also."

They reached the North Thompson on 25 July and found that they must construct a raft. The following day was Sunday. The Assiniboine, however, had a prejudice against crossing on Sunday, though he was willing to cut wood for the raft. This view received "great approval from O'B. who is delighted to have another day's respite from the perils before him."

Cheadle notes that, when the logs were being carried to the river bank, "O'B. gave vent to the usual groans and sighs whilst staggering under a small tree."

Evidently Cheadle had become apprehensive respecting their slow progress—44 miles in 7 days—as he notes: "Resolve to husband our provisions but Mn. will make no definite plan."

On pages 277-278, over a page is devoted to a conversation between Cheadle and O'B. respecting O'B.'s "most fearful presentiment."

This detailed and circumstantial narration is based upon an entry in the journal, wherein he quotes O'B. as saying that "he had a strange presentiment of evil. I showed him it was only his own foolish fears and rallied him about it when we were safely over."

On 29 July, Cheadle notes: '' Much squabbling between us [Milton and Cheadle] during last few days, and I have now completely resigned all share in management or rather such mismanagement. Ass'e very much put out and I, myself, thoroughly sick of such childish work."

The journal demonstrates that the relations between Milton and Cheadle were very strained until 3 August, when we read: "The gloom of the forest being so great, Mn. and I, upon my strong representation, agreed not to discuss disagreeable subjects, or squabble any more and get on very

well during the day"—evidently a notable change in their mutual relations.

One of Cheadle's greatest difficulties arose from Milton's refusal to get up early and thus permit an early start.

On 30 July, Cheadle says that Kamloops "cannot be more than 100 miles off.''

The journal of 1 August suggests that a snowy mountain "may be the one which the old woman (wretched old impostor!) said was not very far from the fort. I don't expect to reach the fort for above a week. The rest more sanguine."

On 7 August, he writes: "We are probably now not above 3 or 4 days" from Fort Kamloops.

They actually reached the Thompson River, opposite Kamloops, on 28 August.

On 7 August, they crossed "Elsecar" (Blue) River, 28 miles from the confluence of the Albreda and North Thompson, having travelled only 28 miles in 10 days.

On the 8th, they ate their last morsel of pemmican for breakfast, and the Assiniboine hunted, Milton "vowing to kill a horse if he does not succeed in finding game."

On 8 August, while hunting, the Assiniboine discovered the famous "headless" Indian. When the book was published, reviewers intimated that the whole story was a concoction. The essential truth of the account, however, was demonstrated on 5 June, 1872, when a Canadian Pacific By. survey party found the skull "150 yards up the bank of the river."

The account given in the book is obviously based upon the journal, all essential details being identical. But the mystery of the missing head is unexplained in either.

The journal states that the head was entirely wanting. Then follows the description of the body and surroundings. It continues: "And the body had no head. In vain we searched the grass and bushes around. What could have become of it? We could find no explanation. For any animal that would have eaten the head would have meddled with the rest. Ass'e. suggested he had met with foul play probably from some Americans—who, of course, having such a bad name, are accused at once if any crime is suspected. But this seems improbable from the quiet, crouching posture of the body and the natural position of axe, bag, etc."

It will always be a matter of conjecture, but an inference may fairly be drawn from the known facts.

(1) Cheadle as an "M.D." would not have the same viewpoint respecting a corpse as most laymen would.

(2) Cheadle repeatedly embellishes the narrative by attributing to Milton's actions, which he did not perform, and by inserting many lengthy and amusing conversations that are probably more than half imaginary.

(3) Cheadle consistently suppresses anything that reflects unfavorably upon Milton.

(4) When Cheadle made the examination, he was accompanied only by the Indian boy.

(5) In the illustration in the book Milton is shown as being with Cheadle, though the journal proves that Milton did not accompany him and did not see the Indian. It distinctly states that, though Milton and "O'B." went to examine the '' headless'' Indian, they '' returned without being able to find the body.''

Bearing the foregoing in mind, it is a not unreasonable supposition that Cheadle removed the head to a point 150 yards up the river foreseeing that the mystery of the incident would furnish an artistic embellishment of the narrative.[41]

41 In September, 1872, Sandford (later, Sir) Fleming and his party were travelling from Halifax to the Pacific. When descending the North Thompson, Dr. Moren, a member of the party, carried off the skull of the ''headless Indian.'' Sir

The book states that "Blackie" was "unanimously" condemned to die, but, in the journal, we read: "Mn. then urged the necessity of killing a horse tomorrow as he was determined not to go on any longer without a good feed . . , . Ass'e voted, and I also, for going on a couple of days to see what might turn up."

On 17 August, Cheadle notes: "Again discuss the question of rafting or walking in the last emergency. I decidedly advocate the latter, having all my love for rafting destroyed by the sight of the fearful rapids we have just, passed. Only Mn. advocates the raft. He is very irritable and provoking and tries my temper continually."

He muses: '' We have no tobacco! What would I give for 1 lb. shag and a yard of clay and a quart of beer. But I. cannot stand this. I must change my thoughts and resort to gnawing the shoulder blade of a horse."

On the 19th a trouble arose which might have been serious but for Cheadle's intervention. Milton asked Assiniboine's boy "something about the road, which he answered, but Mn., not understanding, spoke very sharply in English which the young one did not reply to. Then Mn. swore at [him] very loudly, at which young one lost his temper and took out his gun to shoot Mn. I doubt, however, if it was loaded, but I ran up and stopped the fun immediately, blew the boy up soundly and Mn. too.''

On the 20th, Cheadle writes: "I have suffered horribly from anxiety the last few weeks on Mn.'s acc't. Apathetic, holding back, utterly reckless of the value of time, not appreciating the awkwardness of our position. I, having no fear for myself but for him on account of his being unable to walk or endure prolonged fatigue in case of emergency—and, in addition, always finding fault and quarrelling about small things of no consequence and causing Ass'e to threaten to desert us, and I, knowing that it would not require much provocation to make him do this if things became much worse. Altogether, a weary time. General peacemaker. Oh! for the fort. Have finished our fresh [horse] meat."

On 22 August, Cheadle notes: "To my astonishment, L'd Mn. calls me at daybreak and we get up and make fire before rest arise, who are delighted at this change, as I also. Bravo!"

On 24 August, they crossed the Clearwater River, having travelled from the Blue River, a distance of 70 miles, in 18 days.

Below the Clearwater, the North Thompson runs into the so-called "dry belt" and the country is open, with comparatively few trees. In this region they encountered some Indians, and after numerous adventures which are set forth in the book, they reached the Thompson River on 28 August, having travelled 75 miles in 4 days.

At Kamloops, they were welcomed by a Mr. Martin, who was in charge of the fort during the temporary absence of Chief Trader McKay. Cheadle gives an interesting account respecting Mr. Martin, which, for obvious reasons, was omitted from the book.

Martin was a nephew of Admiral Martin (either Sir Wm. Fanshawe Martin or Sir Henry Byam Martin) whose family had had officers in the navy for a century. Cheadle describes him as a handsome, boyish-looking young man of about 25, full of chaff and oaths, a complete sailor in manner.

Martin said that he left the navy after serving in the Crimea and Baltic and entered the service of the East India Company, but was invalided from there in debt and with liver complaint.

He left home after a row and made his way out to British Columbia. He had worked in the

Sandford Fleming, in the "Can. Alp. Journal," I., p. 22, states that it "was accidentally cremated on January 16th, 1874, when the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Survey, at the Capital, were unfortunately consumed by fire.''

placer mines at Cariboo; had been "dead broke" twice; could not get work, and had begged his way down to Victoria. At Victoria, he lived in a tent with a lot of others who were also penniless. He had made his way along the West coast in a boat, making a living with a gun. He had had rows with Indians and had shot several of them. Finally, living by a gun became too dangerous.

At last, he gave some letters of introduction to the officer in charge for the Hudson's Bay Co. in Victoria. He was, at once, given a position as clerk in the Company's service and had been sent to Kamloops some ten months prior to the arrival of Milton, and Cheadle.

They also met another clerk there, a Mr. Bingham. Cheadle describes him as "a shrewd, middle-aged man who had been in India, China, California and Cariboo and now in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, having come to grief, I suppose, on his own hook."

Cheadle continues: "Then—Ah! then dinner—Mutton Chops—Potatoes—Fresh Butter—Delicious Gaieties— Rice Pudding. Never shall I forget that delightful meal— Strong Tea and plenty of Sugar. Talk of intellectual enjoyment! Pooh! Pooh! Your stomach is the door of true delight—No use in describing how we ate and drank—O 'B., of course, coolly entered and sat down without explaining his case to anyone and did more justice to grub than even we."

The book contains a modified version which does much less than justice to Cheadle's enthusiasm.

The book states that O'B. left Kamloops and "started at once for Victoria."

Cheadle, however, says that he told "Martin and rest about O'B. and they resolve to be rid of him, like us. He has not yet said a word about his case, and comes into meals; bought several dollars' worth without a word! Too cool—expects to go on with us, I suppose, but no go. Our sympathy much destroyed by his cool assurance. Sickens everybody by his talking of this great person and another in one country or another—trying to fix himself on to some one on strength of mutual acquaintanceship with 3d. party."

The following day, Martin hinted to O'B. that Milton and Cheadle "did not expect his company any further, and that there was a good road forward and houses at which he might sleep."

O'B. asked Cheadle to "supply him with a pair of socks, a silk necktie, some tea and sugar, a little bread, and money enough for the steamer from Yale to Victoria."

Cheadle says that O'B. called him aside and "said— 'look here. I've got no money for the road' in the coolest manner, as if it was my duty to supply anything he liked to order."

Cheadle told O'B. plainly that his shirking all work, and actually ordering Milton, Cheadle and the men what to do—complaining of the mismanagement and ill equipment of the party, etc., had alienated all their sympathy. When an attempt to "laugh this off" failed, O'B. charged that their man, the Assiniboine, had known that his horse was about to be stolen, and hinted that they were thus somewhat responsible. To which Cheadle indignantly replied that he was an ingrate.

Cheadle concludes: "He bid us good-bye coolly and set out, pack on back, saying we should probably never meet again and he bore us no ill-will!"

No review of the expedition would be complete without a reference to "Mr. O'B." In the preface to the 3rd edition of the book, "the authors feel themselves called upon to state—First, that Mr. O'B. is not a fictitious character. . . Secondly, that ... he was not a clergyman. Lastly, that his name was not O'Brien."

To this it may be added that, in the journal, he is referred to in a number of places as O 'Beirne which, with other evidence, is conclusive as to his name.

Mr. O 'B 's full name was Eugene Francis O 'Beirne. It is reported that he was the grandson

of an "Irish bishop," presumably Thomas Lewis O 'Beirne, sometime rector of Longford; created Bishop of Ossory, 1795; transferred to bishopric of Meath, 1798, and died, or retired, 1823.

Readers of "The North West Passage by Land" will recollect that "O'B." was a very diligent student of Paley's Evidences of Christianity," particularly when there was any work to be done. On 17th August, however, when they were forced to shoot their second horse for food and were on the verge of starvation, "O'B." confided to Cheadle that he had lost faith in Paley. Later, having had a plentiful meal of horse meat, he regained his faith in large measure.

This is reminiscent of the critic who said that, in most books of travel, the beauty of the scenery and the extent of the natural resources seemed to bear a definite proportion to the number of "fat bucks" that they killed—the more bucks, the more beautiful the scenery.

It is interesting to note that in the preface to the ninth and last edition of "The North West Passage by Land" it is stated that several letters had been received from persons who recognized "O'B's" portrait. One of these correspondents was the original owner of Paley's "Evidences" who had presented it to O'Beirne when they were fellow undergraduates at Cambridge. O'Beirne was at St. John's and Clare Colleges, Cambridge, 1842-43, but did not graduate.

For further details of his adventures at Red River Settlement see Hargraves' "Red River." Hargraves erroneously refers to him as a graduate of Oxford.

From Victoria, O'Beirne went to San Francisco and from there to Australia. A correspondent in Australia who had employed him as a tutor to his sons, wrote that "O'B." appears to have entered again a wandering career as a peripatetic pedagogue in Queensland, where, upon occasion he enlivens the bush fireside by an account of hairbreadth escapes during that terrible journey across the Rocky Mountains and gives his version of the events related in "The North West Passage by Land."

The surprising thing is that Milton and Cheadle ever agreed to burden themselves with "O'B." On 22 May, Cheadle writes: "He is a great talker, and, I fancy, a great humbug and 'ne'er do well' who has been a dead weight on his friends throughout. Seems a well-informed fellow, however, and nearly knocked my head off with Latin quotations.''

On 1 June, Cheadle writes: '' We made Mr. O'Beirne happy by consenting to take him with us. He made a most pathetic appeal to me as a Cambridge man, and, although we knew it was foolish to burden ourselves with an extra mouth, yet we could not find the heart to refuse him."

Summing up the information disclosed by Cheadle's journal, it may be said, at the outset, that it is marvellous that the members of such a "babes-in-the-wood" excursion should have come through alive. That they did survive was solely due to Cheadle and the Assiniboine.

Milton, as the nominal head of the expedition, was of about the worst type imaginable for such a position. Unreasonable, quarrelsome, self-opinionated and delicate— probably tuberculosis— his own life and those of his companions would probably have been lost had they acceded to his urgings that they build a raft and run the rapids of the North Thompson. In addition, he persistently delayed the party by his refusal to rise early and by his interference with the Assiniboine.

Cheadle, fortunately, was a man in the prime of life, and a man of some prowess in the athletic field. Though, probably, wielding an axe for the first time in his life, he toiled day after day, assisting the Assiniboine and endeavoring to placate his resentment at the petulance and irascibility of Milton and the loquacity and incompetency of "O'B."

As to the Assiniboine, it is a marvel that he did not abandon the party, and it is a fair inference that he did not do so because he was impressed by the self-sacrificing way in which Cheadle acted and by the fair and generous treatment he received from him.

In one respect, their disaster when crossing Canoe River may have been a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as it demonstrated what might happen if rafting were adopted, and thus impressed the saner members of the party. Milton, with all the valour of ignorance, persistently tirged the adoption of the easier way.

The overland party of about 60 persons whose trail they had followed to ‘’ Slaughter Camp’’ on the North Thompson, built large rafts at that point. The leading rafts entered the Grand Rapid and many of the people on them were drowned.

In a number of instances, the writer has indicated discrepancies between the published narrative and the journal. It is true that the comparison seems to indicate that Cheadle, like a character in the “Mikado,” added a certain amount of circumstantial detail to give a touch of “verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative,” but why should anyone object to a version of a story that has the advantage of being readable and picturesque f If poetical license is permitted to the- versifier, why should it be denied to the prose-writer? And, had the narrative not received these artistic embellishments, would the reviewer of the ninth edition, writing in 1902, have described it as “perennially interesting”?

The writer hoped to find in the journal some information respecting the derivation of the name of Mount Rob-son. A study of the whole question, however, seems to demonstrate that it had been named prior to their expedition. Except “Robson,” Cheadle’s journal contains practically no names of geographical features between the foothills and Kamloops, except “Athabaska” and “Thompson, ‘’ which had been on the maps for many years.

The question, then, arises: From whom did they obtain the name? A correspondent of the Montreal Gazette has stated that it was named by an overland party from Huntingdon, Que., who crossed the mountains in 1862, a year prior to the Milton and Cheadle expedition.

The fact that the name is noted in the journal of 14 July negatives the theory that Cheadle could have obtained the information at a later date when in Victoria or in the Cariboo district and where he might have met some members of the “overlanders,” Again, the Huntingdon party was travelling westward, and, between Ste. Anne and Kamloops Milton and Cheadle met only one white man, namely, Macaulay, at Jasper House.

The only person connected with the Huntingdon expedition whom Milton or Cheadle met, prior to reaching Mount Robson, was Andre Cardinal, who had accompanied one overland party as far as the junction of the Albreda and North Thompson. Cardinal gave them “a rough outline of the road as far as he had gone,” and if the peak had been named by the overland party, one would expect to find it indicated on his plan. The reproduction of Cardinal’s sketch in Cheadle’s journal, however, does not contain the name nor is there any reference therein to the peak.

The question immediately arises: If Cardinal gave them the name, did he give it correctly, assuming that he was speaking from memory respecting an occurrence of a year prior to his meeting with Milton and Cheadle? Is there any name that sounds like “Robson” and that is a probable name? For instance, the name might have been Robinson or Robertson.

Respecting the names of features added by Milton and Cheadle to their map, there is very little doubt that, except mounts Fitzwilliam, Milton and Cheadle, nearly all were added after their return to England.

From Field To Mt. Robson—Summer, 1923

By F.N. Waterman

It is a common saying in mountaineering literature that the views from the lesser peaks of a mountain region are the finer. It has often seemed to the writer that this indicates a lack of discrimination, because it is based upon a comparison of different things. The emotions appealed to are not the same. It suggests an incongruity. Could one say that a beautiful musical composition is finer than a good poem?

To have greater peaks arising around one, limiting the horizon and displaying to fullest advantage their splendid cliffs and their true greatness arouses an immediate enthusiasm in which all can share. The appeal is obvious. It needs no interpreter. Form, colour, height and depth combine to impress the sense of mountain beauty.

But, after all, does not the limitless horizon of the view from a major peak make a deeper, even though less instantaneous, appeal to the imagination? Where is the lover of mountains who has stood on the top of one of the greater peaks of Southern Canada and gazed northward along the Continental Divide, who has not felt his pulse quicken and a deep feeling of emotion rise within him as his eye has followed the majestic procession to the dim distance of the northern horizon?

What can be more inspiring than the very vastness of the view? As one gazes, how the impression of height grows until the giant peaks seem to reach to heaven—to rise above all that is sordid or commonplace! And what a sense of silent dignity and majesty they give! Their very immobility seems to typify eternity and to emphasize the transient character of all things human!

One thing at least is certain, wherever mountains rise and icefields stretch out they call to us to follow, and the remembrance of their beckoning stays with us.

It was as a natural answer to this call that the impulse came to adopt Mr. Wheeler's suggestion of a pack train trip from Field to Mt. Robson last summer. To be sure a horseback journey, necessarily hurried, more or less of the nature of a tourist trip and involving the necessity of a somewhat too rigid schedule, falls far short of one's ambitions and ideals, but the proposed trip offered an opportunity to pass the great procession in review, to obtain at least a worm's-eye view of some of its major features, and perhaps to see at close range some of the great peaks, glaciers and icefields which had spread out so enticingly as seen from the peaks accessible from the railroad.

The suggestion was taken up by the Appalachian Mountain Club and the trip was made as one of the summer excursions of that very enterprising organization. It contemplated a party, not to exceed twenty members, to travel in two sections over the route used by the survey parties who had worked on the Inter-provincial Boundary Survey. This necessarily followed the continental divide as closely as practicable and included routes to the accessible passes of the main range. Starting from Field, it led up the Amiskwi and over the pass of the same name. Thence down into the Blaeberry Valley and up that river to and over Howse Pass, then down the Conway to the head of Howse River. From here a side trip was to be made up Freshfield Creek to a camp alongside the glacier. Lower down Howse River another side trip was to be made to Glacier Lake and then via the North Saskatchewan and Alexandra Rivers we were to visit the Alexandra group of glaciers and proceed on up the Castleguard River to Castleguard Pass and the great Columbia Icefield. The remainder of the trip to Jasper was to be made via Athabaska and Wilcox Passes and the Sunwapta and Athabaska Rivers.

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No. 1 - Party Fording Castleguard River
No. 2 - Baggage Train fording Castleguard River
No. 3 - Looking for a Ford on Howse River

After ten days spent in climbing and tramping from various points along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the party, seventeen strong, assembled on July 15th in camp near Field for final preparations. Like that of true love, the course of a mountaineering trip never seems to run quite smooth. In this instance our troubles began with a strike, on the eve of departure, of the second section's packing force, and—as a result, perhaps—the loss of some of the pack horses. We were doubtless well rid of the former—such a trip is no place for quitters—but the loss of the latter was a serious handicap and imposed strain and hardship on the remaining horses and on the personnel that none of the party would want to see repeated.

But schedule is inexorable—all honour to the sage who said "Time was made for slaves"—and on schedule we started, with a hastily assembled crew, but with enthusiasm enough to cover all emergencies, in spite of the heavy rain which thoroughly dampened our persons if not our ardour. The first night's camp in the rain was but a sample of the many which the unusually rainy summer held in store for us.

Up the Amiskwi to the top of the beautiful pass was a delight, and the ridge which we climbed from there yielded views of the splendid Mummery Group which surpassed even our most extravagant expectations. We looked down into the deep gorge of the Blaeberry River into which we must descend and which, as it proved, had some surprises in store for us.

Warm days, mild nights and almost tropical rains had been doing their work, and for many days we were to encounter demonstrations of their power. Boulder Creek was a raging torrent, and every boulder in it seemed to be rolling, the Blaeberry —always to be treated with respect —was in especially treacherous mood, and the Conway River was a mighty flood filling the canyon from wall to wall, but offering the only possible route for advance.

In the Blaeberry our second section lost all of its cooking and table utensils except four tin plates, which providentially had been misplaced. It also nearly lost a horse. In the Conway we lost much food which could ill be spared, our baggage was thoroughly soaked, and several horses had close calls. One of our tables also went down the Blaeberry.

All of these experiences had meant delayed schedules, hard work and late camps. It was, therefore, a tired party that finally camped on the flats at the head of Howse River and the prospect of a day's rest was very welcome.

Let no one imagine that this is a tale of woe. It is a feeble account of a triumphal march. These happenings were but illustrative of the power of the elements, expected incidents of the life of the mountains which we loved, and if in some respects more strenuous than normal, the satisfaction in overcoming them was the greater.

Through misunderstanding of our instructions we missed the trail to the Freshfield glacier, but it is doubtful if we should have been any better off had we known the way, as the Freshfield Creek seemed entirely unfordable at any available point. It was, therefore, necessary to make our way on foot by way of the easterly bank through much execrable balsam brush so that, in spite of a long day, our hours on the glacier were much curtailed, and we did not reach the great icefield itself.

The sights we saw and those we missed have been well described by Dr. Thorington in the 1923 Journal. No words, however, can do justice to the region. It is a place to go and to revel in. Let no thought of rivers or floods deter. Allow time to wait for the waters to subside, if necessary, but go. The place will justify the effort.

We had lost a day, and we might lose more, a surgical operation must be performed on that schedule. It was, and we cut out our side trip to Glacier Lake, and presented the sacrifice as a peace

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F.N. Waterman (Nos 1 and 2)
R.A. Squires (No. 3)

Mt. Freshfield from Freshfield Glacier
Mt. Castleguard and Castleguard Camp
Sunwapta River Valley

offering to the raging waters.

A cold night and an early start enabled us to cross the dreaded North Saskatchewan without suffering anything worse than dampened baggage, and our journey down Howse River and up the North Fork was only too soon ended. Then began the encounter with that most execrable of rivers, the Alexandra. Let him who longs for muskeg and quicksands in all their glory, with deep swift waters and impossible banks thrown in, visit the Alexandra, for he shall be satisfied. 'Twere best to leave the subject and pass on, for the remarks made there were truly not fit for publication; we doubt not that a blue haze still hovers over the mud that passed for water. And yet did we not find near one of our camps a magnificent spring of ice-cold water, clear as crystal, flowing out of its abhorrent mud flats! And what a relief it was after several days of living on glacial '' soup."

Again the end justified the means, for where can such a meeting point of glaciers be found as focuses at the head of the Alexandra, and where are there icefalls to compare? And more, is it not the road to the Thompson Pass, the Castleguard Pass and the great Columbia Icefield—all, as Mr. "Wheeler's prospectus expressed it, "very spectacular." It is, and that is enough and more than enough to justify travelling it.

It is truly a region of great things. Nature has worked here on her grandest scale. Huge massifs, high peaks, great snowfields, icefalls and glacial tongues, deep valleys and high passes combine in the spectacle. Castle-guard Pass, where we spent four delightful days—even if we were finally snowed in—is indescribably beautiful. It affords easy access to the Columbia Icefield and that splendid vantage point for viewing it, Mt. Castleguard. Take our advice and stick to rock and moraine in getting up to the icefield, for the inviting little Castleguard Glacier we found to be a maze of thinly-covered crevasses. In Castleguard Pass we found the record of Dr. Thorington's party, who had preceded us by less than two weeks, and it was a record to be proud of. It is doubtful if it can be surpassed for distance covered, aggregate height climbed and peaks ascended in so short a time.[42] Mountains Castleguard, Terrace, Columbia, North Twin, Saskatchewan, had been climbed in five days; North Twin, 12,085 feet, involved a tramp of thirty-three miles; Saskatchewan, 10,964 feet, seventeen miles; Columbia, 12,294 feet, twenty-six miles.

We should have liked to stay longer, but a more powerful incentive even than the fetish of schedule urged us on. We had cast too much of our bread upon the waters, and we couldn't hope to find it by going always up stream. Nature does not work that way. We were nearly to the rationing point, and Camp Parker, at the foot of Nigel Pass, where our supplies were cached if—horrible thought —the grizzlies and wolverines hadn't gotten them, was at least two long, hard days away.

The horses had wandered far in their search for food under the snow, and it looked as though we might be forced to remain on a starvation basis for at least another day. At length they were found, and we started in a glory of snow-covered forests and meadows with the sun streaming through the tumbling mists and revealing peaks on which every crevice was filled with white. While memory lasts no one in the party will forget those scenes.

The pampered cliff-dwellers of cities or the habitués of fashionable resorts would no doubt look with disdain on bags and boxes of canned goods, ham and slabs of bacon hanging on wires from poles stretched between trees, but not so we wayfarers of the wilderness when we finally reached Camp Parker. That cache looked positively beautiful, and no repast ever set before a king could have tasted better than the one we enjoyed that night. There might have been happier

42 See "The Alpine Journal," No. 227, and Dr. Thorington's article on a previous page of this issue.

moments in our lives, but we could not recall one.

Here we took a day of rest, and Nature threw in another snowstorm for good measure. The next night, beyond Wilcox Pass it was necessary to scrape places in the snow to lay our sleeping bags.

The trip over Wilcox Pass was particularly interesting. We had been travelling in fog for some hours. Low-lying clouds shut us in and cut off completely the splendid views that we knew should have been ours. Just as we were gaining the top of the pass the clouds suddenly lifted, the sunlight broke through the mist on to the upper part of the Athabaska Glacier where it dips down from the great icefield, Mt. Athabaska towered at the left, a huge white massif, while at the right of the glacier the top of Snow Dome appeared above great banks of mist which rolled and glided along its cliffs.

The transformation was so sudden and the effect so magnificent that we held our breath, expecting to see it vanish with equal suddenness, then, moved by a common impulse, we shouted each his pet exclamation of wonder and admiration. The utter inadequacy of photography to preserve the splendid effects of the mountains—at least in our hands—was never better illustrated. We tried various exposures, but not one of the resulting negatives even approximated the scene as it was revealed to our eyes.

Just before we started the descent on the north side, the clouds ahead, which had hitherto remained obstinately impenetrable, suddenly broke for a brief moment, revealing what seemed the hugest mountain mass we had ever beheld, an unbroken expanse of purest white stretched completely across the visible northern horizon. Mt. Sunwapta, lifted to fabulous height by the mists which filled the deep valley at its base, seemed for an instant the very father of all mountains. Then the clouds closed in and only impenetrable grayness enveloped us. But no amount of fog could erase the memory of those glimpses.

Down the Sunwapta and Athabaska Rivers the alternation of clouds and fleeting sunshine made a constant succession of beautiful effects. The peaks immediately at hand are lower, but only by comparison less interesting. The colouring of the rock cliffs, heightened by abundance of rain, was the finest encountered on the trip.

The Sunwapta and Athabaska Canyons with their great waterfalls were objects of special interest. At the Athabaska Falls we encountered the first outpost of civilization, in the attractive cabin where the district fire warden and his young wife were making their home.

As we approached Jasper we looked eagerly for good views of Mt. Edith Cavell, but clouds always intervened when the peak should have been visible. Any mountaineering expedition must take its chances with the weather. All truly alpine regions seem to be storm centres. It is doubtless this fact that gives them their alpine character, but even clouds and fog can offer compensations, and no mountaineer would willingly part with memories to which they have especially contributed.

A few miles out of Jasper Ave were met by some fellow Appalachians, who had been awaiting our arrival there, and were greatly shocked by the news which they brought us of President Harding's death.

At Jasper we were delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Brewster with a luncheon and a trip to Maligne Canyon. The opportunity for baths and re-outfitting was not neglected, and when we again plunged into the wilderness to go around the Robson group via Moose Pass and approach Robson Pass from the north, we had made good at least some of the articles previously sacrificed to the greed of the rivers.

By a happy coincidence, Mr. Wheeler's route, as he journeyed back from the Alpine Club

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F.N. Waterman

No. 1 - Alexandra Glaciers
No. 2 - Columbia Icefield, from Below Bergschrund on Mt. Castleguard

encampment to his survey party, far to the north, intersected ours, in both time and space, at Jasper, and he joined us there and led the way to Robson. We wished that he had been with us all the way from Field. His presence added much to the enjoyment of the trip.

From Jasper to Robson the country seemed quite different from that which we had previously been through, although it would be difficult to say just where the difference lay. The route was less in the river bottoms and more a succession of high passes. Notwithstanding the greater height, however, the hardest travelling for any single day of the whole trip was that from Yellowhead Pass to Miette Pass, for here deep muskeg and steep slopes joined forces, and the effect on the horses was disastrous. Mud in which a horse is continually plunging is bad enough at best, but when steep grades are added the effect is killing.

One of the most delightful camps of the whole trip was that between Grant and Colonel Passes, where two little lakes nestle below the cliffs of Colonel Peak. The setting was delightful, and the weather fine when we arrived. We looked forward to some excellent photographs in the morning. "A photograph at dusk is worth two in the fog" would have been a good motto for last summer on that occasion as on others, for we breakfasted and broke camp in impenetrable gloom and drizzle. Indeed, we had an undue proportion of that sort of thing all the way to Robson, and yet there was only one pass from which perfect views of longer or shorter duration were not obtained, and at Miette, Grant and Moose Passes they were wonderfully fine.

Mt. Robson is notoriously a breeder of bad weather. Indeed, we had been led to believe that here was the very fountain-head of storms, and that to visit did not mean to see. Our anxiety was therefore great.

As we entered the pass and found the mountains completely enveloped in beautifully sunlit cloud banks, such as day after day had been merely harbingers of more rain, we experienced a sense of depression which not even the real beauty of the scene could dispel. Cloud banks were a poor substitute for the view of the mountain which we had come so far to see, and only two days were vouchsafed us to wait! Many were the tales we heard of those who had waited weeks and not seen it.

Perhaps it was Appalachian luck, perhaps it was in verification of Mr. Wheeler's theory that the expected never happens, but at any rate as we made camp about 6 p.m., the clouds suddenly rolled away and the great peak was revealed in all its dazzling whiteness towering above us, glorious in the evening sunlight, and only one small cloud still clung to its top. The following morning even that had disappeared, and a view, in a crystal clear atmosphere such as seldom occurs, was afforded us. We made good use of the day by climbing Mount Mumm, and spent more than two hours on top, obtaining distant views of transcendent grandeur.

What a thrill it gave to stand on that northern peak and look southward over the vast expanse of mountains which had so often beckoned us from the north.

On one miraculous day, two years before, the rainy Selkirks had afforded a view from Mt. Tupper in which the great procession to the north had ended in a glimpse of Mt. Robson, ghostly faint against the sky. And now Mt. Robson, not to be outdone in special favour, had seemingly suspended the rule, and even the Sir Donald group of the Selkirks seemed to be not entirely swallowed up in the blue distance.

A short day on the Robson Glacier, a hurried visit to the great icefall and the last camp fire was lighted. The trip was staged as a mental "movie." The ladies of the party—always to the fore when real brains and cleverness were needed—had prepared, like minstrels of old, reams of verses wherein were sung the exploits of the trip, the virtues of the staff, the heroic and the comic

H. Pollard

Appalachian Mountain Club Party at Boundary Monument
Summit of Yellowhead Pass

incidents.

Why was there no ancient Goddess of the Camp Fire? Assuredly there was and is! Nameless she may be, but she was there. To what else shall we attribute the comradery of that magic circle? Wherever in the wilderness two or three are gathered about the glowing embers, there is her gentle presence felt. So are the days afield numbered not by suns nor by moons, but by camp fires.

Memories Of Golden Days

By Tom Wilson

In looking over some old papers some time ago, I ran across a "Certificate of Leave of Absence," dated August 21st, 1884, from my mineral claim on Quartz Creek, signed A. W. Vowell, Gold Commissioner, and initialed by Sheriff Redgrave. I have sent the Certificate to the David Thompson Memorial Post for the Museum there at Lake Windermere. It had been raining all spring and summer, the worst we ever had in the Mountains. I had come down from the head of Quartz Creek and recorded my claims (Judge Vowell and Redgrave had opened the office at Golden while I was out in the Hills) and then went to end of track for more supplies. I came back to Golden—still raining—and thought I would get a leave of absence from my claims on Quartz Creek, until the end of track reached the Beavermouth. The Sheriff said I did not need it for a quartz claim, but I insisted and asked him down to my tent on the banks of the Kicking Horse River—still raining. We put a log on the fire and talked some more and went back to the office, and he wrote it out for me.

A lot of the boys had come in from the Hills to record claims and get supplies and it was getting late and still raining, and the 21st August was my birthday—so we went back down to the tent and put another log on the fire. Shan and Jock McKay joined us, and we put on another log; then the Sheriff told us about his favourite saddle horse that had learned to retrieve for him, when he shot any ducks or geese on the river or slough the horse would go in and bring them out to him—same with fool hens or grouse on the trail. Shan looked sorry for a while, and then said he believed him. We put on another log, and Shan told the Sheriff about a marten that he had trained—up on the Middle Forks—to lead other marten to his traps—said he got the idea from their having a trained steer at the Chicago stock yards to lead the wild ones into the slaughter house. The Sheriff said he believed him— about the trained steer. Just then Archie McMurdo and Dutch Charlie joined the fire, and we put on another log. Archie said he was having a lot of hard work picking the rock out of the gold on his claim up in the Caribou Basin. Dutch Charlie said he was going to buy the C. P. R. and finish building it himself—said Jim Ross was breaking ail-the contractors that wasn't in the ring, and robbing those that was.

Then one-eyed Jim Kane and Tom Wright joined the fire, and we put on another log—still raining. Jim Kane said he was only going to bring in a small sack of gold at a time from his claim on Canyon Creek, didn't want to hurt the Market, Tom Wright said he was going to buy some good lumber as soon as the end of track got to Golden and build him a big houseboat—said it was just this kind of weather that gave old Noah the tip to build his. We put another log on as Ben Pugh and Tom Haggerity joined in. Ben said he had not struck anything but indications of a dam hard winter. Fred Aylmer and Baptiste Mougeau came over from the store, and we put on a branch or two. Then Frank Armstrong and Arthur Dick and several others came to see if it had stopped raining. At daylight most of the crowd had retired, still raining. Archie had curled up under the little spruce

tree and wanted to bet anybody that the only good dry place in the Valley to strike a match on was his tongue. I packed up and hit the trail for the end of track.

Good old days on the trail and evenings around the Campfire, and when the coffee pot upset just as it was beginning to boil and the sugar and salt got wet, and sometimes the beans went sour and the bacon, musty and the wind blew the smoke in your eyes, and the ashes and sparks on your blankets, the butt of the biggest bough hit the small of your back, and the mosquitoes almost crowded you out of the tent, and you heard the horse bell getting fainter and fainter, and you knew dam well they would be five miles away in the morning—but just the same, O Lord, how I wish I could live them all over again.

I see by an article read by P. A. Carson, B.A., D.L.S., on Alberta place names, he gives Peter Pond as the discoverer of Lake Athabasca. Peter Pond built his first house on the river forty miles above the lake in 1778-9. Sam'1 Hearne discovered Lake Athabasca in 1772, and he named it and has it on his map.

GOD'S FASTNESSES
Great mountains, towering over all the world,
Serene, unchanging, beautiful and still.
I know no better name than fastnesses
Divinely guarded by Almighty will,
God's Fastnesses.

They call them Monarchs, with their snowy crowns,
Their wealth of mineral, forest, treasure trove.
And yet they own a Lord, who bid them be,
And rule all other land and sea above,
God's Fastnesses.

They call them Heights, and climb and climb each day,
To reach some spot where man has never been.
But still unnumbered peaks stand forth unknown,
While unsolved mysteries safely hide between,
God's Fastnesses.

They call them Monarchs, Mountains, Heights or Hills,
Their name may change, but not their form or place,
Unmoved they watch the centuries wane and die,
No hint of fear upon their rugged face,
God's Fastnesses.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler.

G.W. Fear

Tom Wilson

Mount Everest

By G. H. Leigh Mallory And A.C. Irvine

"Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

The words of the Victorian poet sum up our aspects towards the Mt. Everest Expedition. All the world has read of the loss of G. H. Leigh Mallory and A. C. Irvine on Mt. Everest last June. Truly a tragedy, death on the very steps of the throne of triumph.

Each was a skilled climber and of proved judgment, their plans were well laid, but the end came, no one knows how.

We quote, from the Alpine Journal, Mr. Odell's account of the last that was seen of the climbers. ''At about 26,000 feet (on June 8th) I climbed a little crag . . . there was perchance a hundred feet of it, and as I reached the top there was a sudden clearing above me and I saw the whole summit ridge and final peak of Everest unveiled. I noticed far away on a snow-slope leading up to the last step but one from the base of the final pyramid a tiny object moving and approaching the rock step. A second object followed, and then the first climbed to the top of the step. As I stood intently watching this dramatic appearance, the scene became enveloped in cloud, and I could not actually be certain that I saw the second figure join the first. ... I could see that they were moving expeditiously, as if endeavouring to make up for lost time. True, they were moving one at a time over what was apparently but moderately difficult ground, but one cannot definitely conclude from this that they were roped—an important consideration in any estimate of what befell them. I had seen there was a considerable quantity of new snow covering some of the upper rocks near the summit ridge, and this may well have caused delay in the ascent.'' "So," in the words of Bunyan, "they went on their way and he saw them no more."

Search at the highest camp found it closed up, no one had returned to it; no clue was found to their final end. Did they make the summit and, benighted, freeze to death within a hollow of the rocks? None can tell.

To quote again from the Alpine Journal: "It was George Mallory himself who wrote of the successful ending of a great climb: ' Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves. Have we gained success? That word means nothing here. ... To struggle and to understand, never the last without the other, such is the law.' ''

On the receipt of the news the Director immediately cabled the sympathy of the Club to Dr. Collie. Later, at the annual meeting at the foot of Mt. Robson, itself a mountain of stately dignity, when a large assembly of members was gathered together, the following resolution was drawn up. Copies were sent to the Alpine Club, to the Royal Geographical Society, and to Dr. Collie for transmission to the friends of the lost climbers.

"The Alpine Club of Canada, assembled at its Annual General Meeting, desires to express to the relatives of Mr. G. H. L. Mallory and Mr. A. C. Irvine, to the Alpine Club, and to the Royal Geographical Society, its deepest sympathy for the loss of these two members of the Mount Everest Expedition of 1924, due to their splendid bravery and determination to reach the summit of the world's highest mountain.

"Particularly do we mourn the loss of Mr. Mallory, whose memory will always be outstanding as the world's greatest mountaineer. His indomitable pluck, steadfast unselfishness

and cheerful character have endeared him to us all throughout the course of the three expeditions with which he has been connected.

‘’It has been suggested that they may have reached the summit and were lost while on the return. Should this have been the case it would surround these heroes with a crown of glory that is their just due, and we feel sure no other passing over the Great Divide could have given them so full a satisfaction.”

IN MEMORIAM

Sir Edmund Walker 1848—1924

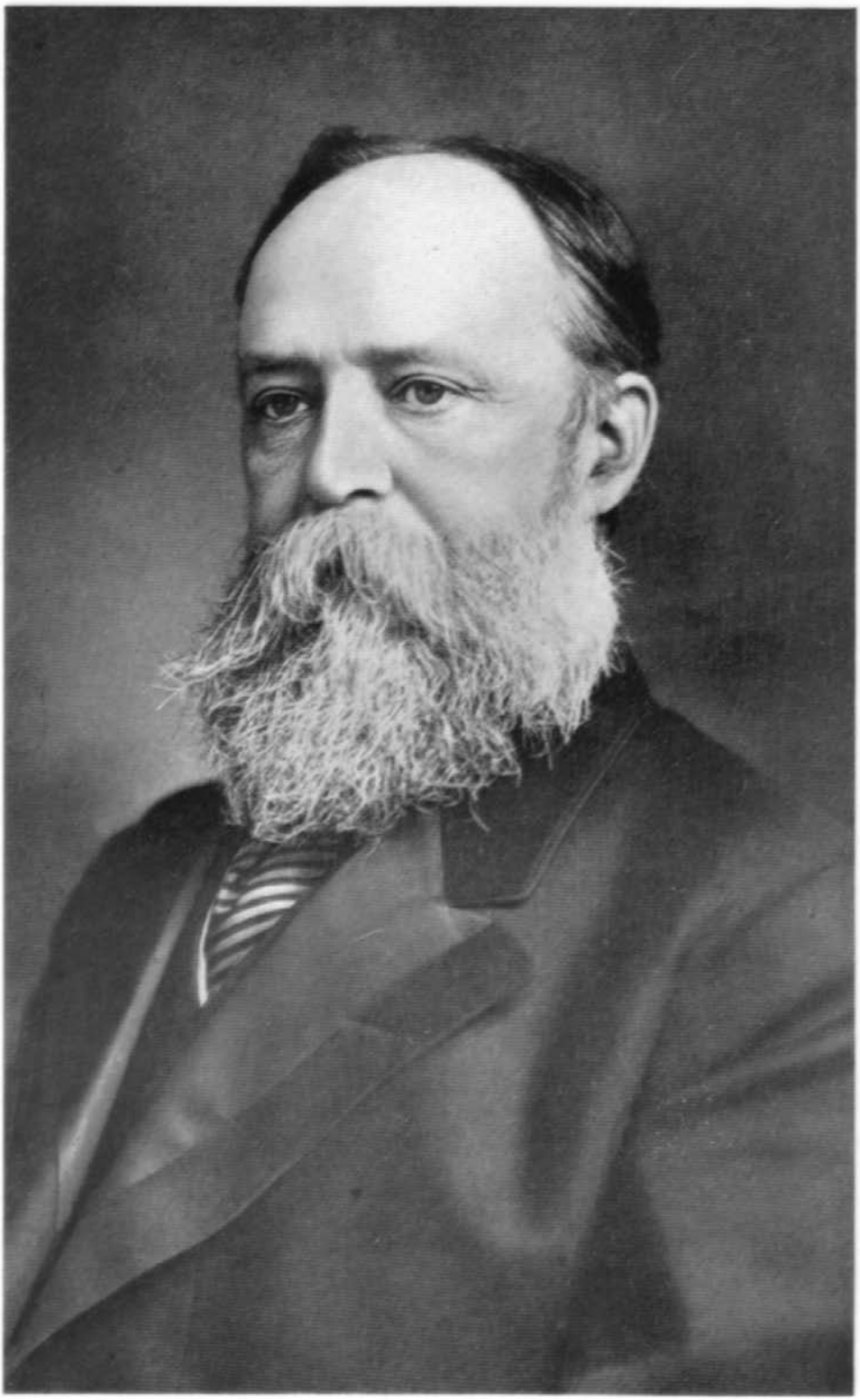
“I can think of no privilege so great as to have founded any great and enduring thing in this country.”

The Honorary President of the Alpine Club of Canada died at his home in Toronto on the 26th March, 1924.

Canada will remember Sir Edmund Walker as a great citizen who served his country in an unusual number of ways, and who created or fostered many institutions which serve the material and spiritual needs of its people. As the President and loyal servant of a great banking corporation, he was a responsible pilot of Canada’s economic and financial life, and, indeed, in the course of his business career, he did much to create the Canadian banking system and its traditions. For years, as a Governor, and latterly as Chancellor of the University of Toronto, he gave devoted service to the cause of higher education. He was a founder of the Royal Ontario Museum, a creator of the National Gallery of Art at Ottawa and of the Art Museum at Toronto. He was a true patron of music and gave the best service of a layman to advance the musical life and art of this country. Scientific discovery and geographical exploration had a large place in his field of vision. His great care was to build for the future, but the importance of a knowledge of national history in the creation of national life was not overlooked, and to him and some of his friends the student of Canadian history owes the publications of the Champlain Society. These are but a few indications of his constructive work.

The Alpine Club of Canada was not Sir Edmund’s creation, but it was indeed a work after his own heart. To him it was one of the necessary institutions, one of the great and enduring things which he himself ever laboured to create or help. It was his great regret that he was never able to join the intimate circle of the camp fire; but absence never dimmed his interest. A constant appreciation of the Club and a willingness to help wherever possible was sustained by his own amazing knowledge of the topography and geology of the mountains, by his keen desire that Canadians should know and love their mountain heritage, by his enthusiasm to see knowledge of Canada constantly enlarged and deepened. Sir Edmund Walker was never a mere Honorary President. To the Alpine Club, as to all his interests, he brought much of the accurate knowledge of the man of science and the creative enthusiasm of a great national architect. Sir Edmund was proud of the Alpine Club and the Club was proud of its Honorary President. In his personality indeed, there was much akin with the spirit of the Club. “Sic itur ad astra!”

—George M. Smith.



Sir Edmund Walker

Edouard Gaston Deville

Dr. Edouard Gaston Deville, I.S.O., LL.D., D.T.S., Director General of Surveys, Department of the Interior, died at his residence in Ottawa on the evening of the 21st September, 1924, after an illness lasting six months.

Dr. Deville was born at La Charité sur Loire, Nieure, France, February 21st, 1849, and came to Canada in 1874. In 1881 he married Josephine Quintet, daughter of the late Hon. G. Ouimet, LL.D., Premier of Quebec, who survives him. He also leaves one son.

Since 1885 when Dr. Deville was first appointed Surveyor General, it has been his task and that of the surveyors working under his direction to keep abreast of the phenomenal development and settlement during that growing period in Canada's history. That he succeeded has been borne out by the remarkable Dominion Lands Survey System in the institution of which throughout the western provinces he played so great a part; a survey system that in efficiency and scope can hold its own with any other in the world.

Dr. Deville began his brilliant career as an officer in the French navy, when he was in charge of extensive hydro-graphic surveys in the South Sea Islands, Peru and other countries. Resigning his naval commission in 1874 he came to Canada and after valuable service rendered to the province of Quebec in connection with provincial surveys, he joined the staff of the Surveys Branch of the Dominion Government.

His initiative and ability soon brought him to the front. When Mr. Lindsay Russell resigned from the position of Surveyor General, Dr. Deville was called upon to succeed him. This position he held until recently when he was made Director General of Surveys and was placed in charge of the surveying branches of the Department of the Interior, comprising Topographical, Geodetic, and International Boundary Surveys.

Besides being the author of various text books that are highly valued by the profession, such as "Astronomic and Geodetic Calculations," and ''Phototopographic Surveying," Dr. Deville has contributed numerous scientific papers, notably to the Royal Society of Canada, of which he was a charter member, and of which he was, since its formation, secretary of the mathematical section. In the realm of the photographic surveying he was universally recognized as one of the world's authorities, and it is worthy of note that in the recent Mount Everest Expedition, the photographic surveys were made with a camera copied from those designed by Dr. Deville for use on Canadian surveys.

The University of Toronto in 1905 paid a tribute to his service to the cause of science when they conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, while in 1916 His Majesty the King rewarded his faithful work by appointing him a Companion of the Imperial Service Order, as a recognition of the sterling services he had rendered to Canada and to the Empire. Two years ago he was further honored by being appointed to represent Canada at the meetings of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics held at Rome, when no less than twenty allied countries were represented.

Although he had given the greater portion of his energies to scientific research and to the perfecting of the Dominion Lands Survey system, the efficiency of which to-day is such a tribute to his remarkable initiative and ability, yet he could still find time for many other activities, a list of which includes: Chairman of the Dominion Board of Topographical Surveys and Maps, Chairman of the Board of Examiners for Dominion Land Surveyors, Chairman of the Geographic Board of Canada, Member of Canadian Engineering Standards Association, member of the Ottawa Civic Hospital Commission, Member of the Air Board of Canada, Patron of the Town Planning Institute

Dr. Edouard Gaston Deville

of Canada, and others.

He always displayed a keen interest in the activities of the Alpine Club of Canada of which he was an Honorary member from its foundation. In fact it might be said that the inception of the club is due primarily to the excellent maps of the Canadian Rockies produced first under his supervision, by the photographic method perfected by him, and by which the attention of the world was drawn to the beauties of the Rockies and their attractions for mountaineers.

Besides being interested in the strictly scientific side of photography, he was also keenly so in the lighter side of that interesting study, his collection of photographs taken in various parts of the world being equalled by few. In October, 1922, a rare tribute was bestowed upon him by the Engineering Institute of Canada when he was elected to the office of honorary membership in that organization.

But while, as has thus been indicated, Dr. Deville earned, secured and maintained an enviable position among the leaders in engineering and its kindred sciences, his chief claim to recognition was in connection with Ms chosen life work, the administration of the important branch of the public service of which for so many years he was the honoured and efficient head.

ALPINE CLUB NOTES

Mount Logan

With a lull in the attack on Mt. Everest, during 1925, mountaineers the world over and especially those on this continent have turned their attention and concentrated their interest in the plans of the Alpine Club of Canada for an assault on Mount Logan, the second highest peak on the North American continent and the highest in Canada.

When, in 1921, the English Alpine Club in co-operation with the Royal Geographical Society inaugurated the very difficult and hazardous task of attempting an ascent of Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world, interest of other clubs was stimulated in a campaign of high climbing and especially in the ascents of the highest virgin peaks near at home. Thus the Alpine Club of Canada at its annual encampment in 1923 appointed a committee to investigate the feasibility of an attempt to conquer Mount Logan whose existence had long been known, but whose great altitude was not realized until the year 1913, when a photographic survey in connection with the demarcation of the 141st meridian, the boundary line between Alaska and Yukon Territory, showed Logan's highest summit to be 19,850 feet above sea level and that it stood 14,000 feet above the normal level of its surrounding glaciers.

Located in the southwest corner of Yukon Territory at 60 degrees 35 minutes north latitude, it is 26 miles northeast of Mt. St. Elias, 20 miles east of the Alaskan border, and about 70 miles from the shores of Yakutat Bay on the Pacific coast.

While Logan is many thousand feet below the level of Mt. Everest, for the climber at least it is significant that the ascent of its highest peak from the most available advance base camp site involves a climb of over eleven thousand feet, several thousand feet more than the elevation of Everest above the North Col and a traverse of nearly 12 miles at 18,000 feet before the base of the final 2,000 foot dome is reached, and all this high altitude work to be done at least 1,500 miles nearer the North Pole than Mt. Everest.

It is therefore evident that although the altitude is not so great, the extreme northern

location of Logan and the great distance that must be travelled at high levels makes the problem of a complete ascent a most difficult and hazardous one, and especially so because of the great frequency of violent storms blowing in from the Japan Current on the Pacific coast opposite Cape St. Elias.

Mt. Logan bulks larger than any other mountain in the western hemisphere, for, at its 10,000 foot level it measures over 16 miles from east to west, and eight miles from north to south; its five summits rise from 18,300 feet to 19,850 feet; its 18,000 foot plateau is over 12 miles long and throughout the entire circumference of the massif for almost 100 miles are immense snow and ice fields in keeping with the vast proportions of all alpine features in Alaska and the mysterious Yukon country.

From the eastern slopes of Logan flows the mighty Seward Glacier, the longest known alpine glacier in the world, which is in turn only one of the tributaries of the Malaspina Glacier, the largest Piedmont glacier in the world. On the southwest side of the massif is the stupendous and little known Columbus Glacier, while along the northern side and running to the westward for over 50 miles is the known section of Logan Glacier, its eastern end never having been explored or seen.

It is therefore evident that Logan is in Big Country where the gauges of height and distance in ordinary lands seem almost insignificant and where, in consequence, an attempt to ascend a peak means an expedition, rather than a trip of two or three days as is customary in familiar alpine country.

Three routes in to the mountain seem to be available; one from the east via White Horse and Kluane Lake with an unexplored stretch of about 60 miles east of Logan; a second, by way of Yakutat Bay from the southwest, involving almost 80 miles of travel over the Malaspina and Seward Glaciers, a part of which course the Duke of the Abruzzi found so difficult in 1907 when he made his famous climb of Mt. St. Elias, and the third route is from the northwest by way of the Chitina Valley in Alaska.

Of all these routes the last one seems to be the most feasible and certain one, so in June and July of 1924 this approach was tested in order to determine the character of transport and equipment needed, and the most favorable time for getting the climbing party in to the base of the mountain.

As an evidence of the heavy task involved in undertaking such a campaign as that of climbing Mt. Logan's highest peak, an interesting side light is gained from the experiences of the three men who made this reconnaissance.

In 45 days spent from railhead, with only two days lost from active work, they tramped over 522 miles, carried packs of about 65 pounds each for over 315 miles and in their climbs and descents over ridges, across moraines, and traverses of rough, dirty glaciers, they made a total elevation of over twenty-five times the height of Logan's highest peak above the level of their advance base camp at 7,750 feet; and with all of this work, they succeeded in reaching an elevation of only 10,200 feet, and a point about 16 miles distant from the base of the final peak.

In justice to this heavy work on their part it must be admitted that an unfortunate turn of bad weather intervened at exactly the most unfavourable time, when they were ready for the high altitude work; but such is the misfortune of men striving for high altitudes in extreme northern latitudes, and sudden bad weather enduring for weeks at a time must be reckoned with as an ordinary hazard of the venture and so must be provided against in the campaign of 1925 when the climbing party of six is scheduled to leave Seattle early in May.

Will the Logan venture succeed? And will good Canadians support the venture?

While two negatives make an affirmative, two affirmatives mean the positive "YES" and let us hope that all will join in to give this response.

Origin of the name "Kicking Horse Pass."

Sir James Hector, who as Dr. Hector, took a leading part in the Palliser expedition, 1857-1860, when I met him in New Zealand in January, 1903 gave me the following account of how he was kicked. In crossing a stream on the west side of the pass, near Lake Wapta, one of the pack animals, with instruments and records on its back, was getting into deep water, and Dr. Hector went in to turn it back. Coming out of the stream, with his clothes dripping with water, and going among the horses, one of them, probably frightened at his appearance, so he said, kicked him over the heart, and he was insensible for so long that his party, supposing him to be dead, had dug his grave, and were about to bury him, when he showed some sign of life. Hence the name '' Kicking Horse Pass.''

I had invited Sir James Hector to my ranch in Alberta in 1903 and he was on his way thither, revisiting the route of the Palliser expedition, through the Kicking Horse Pass, when his son, who accompanied him, was taken ill at Glacier, and died in the Revelstoke hospital on August 11, 1903. The old father returned at once to New Zealand, where he died a few years later.

In the Palliser papers Dr. Hector gives the date of the accident as August 29, 1858. Peter Erasmus, who was Dr. Hector's guide and interpreter, in 1891 gave a similar account of the incident.

F. W. Godsal

Appended is the account from the official Palliser Report published in 1859, pages 98, etc.

"August 29, 1858. A little way above the falls, one of our pack horses, to escape the fallen timber, plunged into the stream, luckily where it formed an eddy, but the banks were so steep that we had great difficulty in getting him out. In attempting to recatch my own horse, which had strayed off while we were engaged with the one in the water, he kicked me in the chest, but I had luckily got close to him before he struck out, so that I did not get the full force of the blow. However, it knocked me down and rendered me senseless for some time. This was unfortunate, as we had seen no tracks of game in the neighborhood, and were now without food; but I was so hurt that we could not proceed further that day at least. My men covered me up under a tree, and I sent them off to try and raise something to eat.

"August 30. I was so much better by noon, that I took a meridian altitude.

"August 31. After travelling a mile along the left bank of the river from the N.W. which, because of the accident, the men had named 'Kicking Horse River,' we crossed to the opposite side—the motion on horseback gave me great pain.

"September 3. As I was nearly recovered from the accident—"

REVIEWS

The Assault of Mount Everest: 1922—Brigadier-General C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., and other members of the Expedition.[43]

There is little doubt that the love of adventure is implanted in the heart of man as firmly, and perhaps as universally as almost any mental characteristic of the human race. The world-wide spread of civilization has tended to mask this trait in modern times, first by constantly diminishing the fields for exploration, and second by hemming in our lives with such a multitude of restrictions that very few have either the time or the opportunity to indulge the wanderlust.

Nevertheless the wanderlust is there. Unable to satisfy the craving in person, we attempt to do so by proxy, and an hour spent in examining the inside covers of miscellaneous books in any of the public libraries, gives convincing evidence of the immense amount of travel in foreign countries which is indulged in by men who never leave the warmth of their own hearthstones.

The second of the Mount Everest series, a copy of which has been presented to the Alpine Club of Canada by one of the members of the Club, is a worthy addition to the long list of travel books; in fact, in some respects it stands by itself. Noted explorers are not by any means always gifted writers; indeed it is rather the exception than the rule to find a traveller who can write an inspired account of his travels. This is not at all strange, for the ability to "do things" in the lace of overwhelming difficulties, generally implies a certain natural reticence or unwillingness to "talk about it.''

It is in this respect that the assault on Mt. Everest is unique, not that the quality of reticence is lacking, for it is plainly in evidence throughout the book, but that the men who were chosen to record the results of the expedition possessed, aside from their greatness as organizers and mountaineers, marked literary ability, which makes the story of their adventures convincing, as if in spite of— or perhaps because of—their modesty in speaking of their own achievements. The hardened reader of mountaineering literature must be blas6 indeed if he is not thrilled by the account of the first attempt on the mountain by George Leigh-Mallory. This must ever stand as a classic, worthy to be ranked with the greatest writings of such masters of the pen as Sir Martin Conway, Guido Rey and Edward Whymper.

By Mallory's untimely death we have lost not only a remarkable mountaineer, but also a most gifted author, and yet no one reading the portion of the ''Assault'' for which Mallory was responsible can doubt that the writer himself would have been the first to ridicule the idea that he possessed any special qualifications in this line, and it is this self-evident modesty which grips the reader from the first page to the last.

The narrative of the expedition is another portion of the book in which this quality of literary reticence is very evident. Brigadier-General Bruce has a story to tell and he tells it. The writer goes straight to the root of the matter in hand and this soldierly style, aided by a very happy gift of humor, carries conviction where more polished work might tend to bore the reader unfamiliar with mountaineering conditions. One feels that one is reading a real narrative of a real expedition, every step of which is being brought vividly before the mind's eye.

In describing the second attempt, in which oxygen was used for the first time, Captain George Finch had, perhaps, a somewhat easier task than his fellow writers, for the attention of the world was concentrated upon the yet unknown results of the use of the oxygen apparatus; and

43 London: Edward Arnold & Co., 1923. Pp. 339. Maps and illustration.

the mere fact that the party was using the gas, produced novel conditions which could not fail to be of absorbing interest. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that Captain Finch has handled his story most capably and his '' Conclusions,'' in which he analyses the results of the attempt, and the "Notes on Equipment" are bound to be of tremendous value to all future climbers who venture above the 25,000 foot level. One cannot read Captain Finch's account without realizing how keen must have been the disappointment of the party to feel that success would have been theirs, but for the unfortunate break in the weather which confined them to their high camp until their strength was exhausted. The preface to the '' Assault," as to the previous volume, is by Sir Francis Young-husband, and he again devotes himself largely to the task of justifying the necessity of the conquest of Mount Everest, to the '' Man in the Street.'' The world is not yet convinced of the desirability of risking valuable lives in such an adventure, or even that such risk should be permitted. That men should lay down their lives in the pursuit of gold seems perfectly natural, but such a venture as the ascent of a great unclimbed peak is classed as mere foolhardiness. It is a pity that Sir Francis Young-husband's preface cannot be broadcast throughout the world, for its sane and logical outlook would do much to remove misconceptions and bring about a change of heart on the subject. His last paragraph is a masterly summary of the whole matter:

"This, then, is the good to be obtained from climbing Mount Everest. Most men will have to take it on trust that there is this good. But most of the best things in life we have to take on trust at first, till we have proved them for ourselves. So' I would beg to readers of this book first trustfully to accept it from the Everest climbers that there is good in climbing great mountains (for the risks they have run and the hardships they have endured are ample enough proof of the faith that is in them), and then to go and test it for themselves—in the Himalaya if possible, or, if not, in the Alps, the Rockies, the Andes, wherever high mountains make the call."

Such words as these carry conviction. In fact the whole book may justly be called an Apology for Mountaineering, using the word in its ancient sense of vindication.

The book concludes by a series of notes on Acclimatization at High Altitudes, Colour in Tibet, and Tibetan Culture, by T. Howard Somervell, and on the Natural History of Tibet, by Dr. T. G. Longstaff. The article on Acclimatization is of especial interest, as the experiences of the expedition entirely revolutionized our knowledge of the reaction of the human body to low atmospheric pressures.

The illustrations (I am referring to the popular edition) are disappointing. While the reproduction of photographs are magnificent, one cannot help feeling that more space might have been devoted to pictures of the climbers and their efforts, around which the entire interest of the book centres. The thirty-six illustrations are divided equally between landscapes, scenes relating to the inhabitants of the country and scenes depicting the base camps and climbers, only three photographs out of the entire number showing climbers actually en route. It is evident from the text that an immense number of '' climbing pictures'' were taken and it would have added greatly to the interest if more of these had been reproduced, to the exclusion of the landscapes.

C. G. Wates.

The Making Of A Mountaineer—by G. I. Finch.[44]

In days now gone by people were wont to speak of a discourse as ''good gospel.'' This

44 Published by Arrowsmith, London.

book preaches the soundest of good gospel. Written by a mountaineer from his youth up, with eyes to see and brains to appreciate true values, much may be learned from it as well as much enjoyment gained. Possibly, however, the chapter which will be most enjoyed is not written by the author but by his wife. "A Beginner's Impressions of the Matterhorn" gives an account of a traverse of the mountain which is as delightful to read as it was to experience.

To follow up the metaphor, the author insists, with profound knowledge to back him, on the '' full gospel."

''The untutored idea superficially conceives of a mountain as a thing of dark, frowning, rocky glories,—a natural stage on which a superior type of acrobat displays his muscular agility. And so the term 'mountaineer' loses its dignity and becomes synonymous with that of 'rock climber.' But the 'white domes of frozen air' exist outside the poetic imagination, and mountaineering is not a simple but a complex science, and the proficient mountaineer is not only a rock-climber, but a snow-and-ice craftsman, an adept in the use of rope and axe, a pathfinder, something of a meteorologist, an organizer and, no less important, must have acquired the knowledge of how to conserve his energy, build up his powers of endurance and cultivate the proper mentality." Again: "There is no royal road to becoming a great ice-climber. Much spade work, both practical and theoretical, and demanding time, hard work, conscientious and unbounded enthusiasm has to be done. Snow, sun, wind, and the eternal flow of ice obliterate all comforting tracks, and the ice-mountaineer has to choose and make his own route. Thus the true ice-climber is always a pioneer."

There is much detailed instruction of value on the use of the axe and rope. While of course admitting the vital necessity of an ice-axe to one who knows how and when to use it, he thinks "For the vast majority the ice-axe is in reality an unmitigated nuisance." One recalls the actions of people who ''must" have an ice-axe and agrees. ''Attention should be called to the fact that the so-called 'middle-man noose,' a knot which is warmly advocated in many quarters, must never be used. It is a slip knot." "Many mountaineers, when cutting up ice or snow slopes, favour a zig-zag course. . . . Such tactics have their disadvantages. The making of such a stairway for instance involves the cutting of a greater number of steps and, in addition, these steps must in the interests of safety be large enough to accommodate the whole foot; while those required if a vertical route is followed need afford room for only half the foot, that is from the toe to the instep. Again, on the zig-zag course, should any member of the party slip, there is much less chance of arresting his fall, as the climbers are seldom, if ever, below each other.''

He combats the statement, often made in fits of self-satisfaction, that the first class amateur is superior as a mountaineer to the first class guide. "Surely such a statement can emanate only from those who have no actual, personal, experience of the highest capacities of a great guide."

In regard to the question of the advisability of taking tender-feet on difficult climbs, he says: "A difficult enterprise is not necessarily a rash one. . . . The inexperience of the beginner who is physically sound and no coward is a much less dangerous drawback to the leader of a party than the argumentative embryo-mountaineer who, after three or even fewer brief summer seasons spent in climbing, often only in a secondary capacity, imagines that the mountains have no more secrets for him." . . . "I have noticed in the course of my experience that the man who grins most is usually the one who goes farthest in the mountains,—and perhaps also elsewhere." It is the old story, "A merry heart goes all the day.''

So far for details, but the book as a whole is a delight—a book to have. Whether climbing in Corsica, with Val Fynn on the Zmutt Ridge of the Matterhorn, on the ascent of the Dent d'Herens,

or on Mt. Everest itself, the story satisfies that love of true adventure so deeply implanted in an island race.

The book is well produced. There are over seventy excellent photographs which illustrate the text instead of merely being pretty pictures. The letterpress is clear—but there is no index.

S. H. Mitchell.

The South American Tour—by Annie S. Peck. [45]

This book is a useful combination of guide-book and pleasant travel talk concerning the principal places of Southern America. Lists of hotels are given for each town with their rates and these being liable to change sufficient information of a practical sort is given to enable the traveller to ask intelligent questions in order to bring his knowledge up to date. There are summaries of the history of each region which are invaluable for right comprehension and an appreciation of the Latin point of view.

Without definite knowledge of the countries discussed it is impossible to review a book of this kind, but undoubtedly such a detailed and sympathetic work should prove invaluable to those fortunate enough to travel in countries so little known and so little appreciated in North America.

As is to be expected from so great a lover of the mountains as Miss Peck, due attention is given to the mighty peaks and remote fastnesses of the Andes.

There are illustrations from photographs by the authoress, a bibliography and a useful index.

The publishers have not done their work so well. In the copy sent us the printer has dropped out on page 103 rather more, and on page 110 rather less than half a page of matter. What there is ends a complete sentence in each case, but the following page after the blank space begins in the middle of one. Apparently the missing matter does not appear elsewhere.

Camp Grub—By Elon Jessup[46]

‘’Right kinds of food properly cooked,’’ is the motto of this book which sums up the philosophy of all diet. To which is added the corollary: “One’s own good judgment proves an extraordinarily effective agent.’’ It is, however, necessary to stress the word ‘’good.’’ The book is evidently written from practical experience and has many valuable hints such as may always be gathered from others even by the oldest hands.

Due emphasis is laid on the value of soup at the end of a tiring day and of the necessity of sufficient vegetables and fruits. Where fresh or canned are not to be had dehydrated are generally found satisfactory, and dates make a change from the perennial prunes. About the only satisfactory canned meats are, according to our author, pickled lambs tongues, which are handy for lunches.

Oatmeal and cornmeal are the only cereals approved as ‘’ they contain a greater amount of fat in their composition than do other grain foods.’’ Cheese, of course is valuable, not only by itself but also as a flavouring for other things, taking away the flat taste which all camp food comes to have after a time. A good suggestion is that bread should be kept in oilcloth.

Like every dietician Mr. Jessup condemns the inevitable frying pan, unless wisely and

45 Published by G. H. Doran Co., New York. Property of Canadian National Parks Association.

46 Published by E. P. Button & Co., New York. Property of Canadian National Parks Association.

warmly handled. Food saturated with grease has serious drawbacks. The question of tea or coffee is discussed, but where the problem of bulk is not serious it is largely a matter of training and nationality, coffee, like sugar, does not suit all people. After a tiring day tea is to most people a better pick-me-up than coffee.

The danger of fire is wisely emphasized, and the fact impressed that it is easier to set a forest ablaze than start a fire for the camp cook. ‘’ There is no such thing as perfection in a camp stove’’— especially when they have to be packed up.

There are various lists of camp supplies and utensils, confessedly as suggestions from which to select what is suitable.

Camp slovenliness is strongly condemned. The advice is needed more by the itinerant automobilist than by the camper in the wilds whom experience and training make both clean and neat for his own sake.

The test of a really good camp cook is the power to make appetizing combinations of the simple material provided.

Shanks’ Mare—By C. C. Stoddard.[47]

‘’Clap on your hat and walk abroad. There you will find health and strength, restoring recreation, and will add days and treasure to your life.” This book in praise of walking is written by a man of vision. To appreciate walking brains as well as legs are necessary. The constitutional along the measured mile may strengthen the muscles but will stifle the spirit.

It is true walking is not for all countries any more than it is for all men. A tramp on the broad prairies becomes a task and not a pleasure. The vast distance lends no enchantment to the view, except at the hour of sunset. Prairie sunsets have a glory never to be forgotten.

City folk grumble about the weather, but if one is dressed suitably, unless the wind fights hard against one, weather conditions are condoned. On the question of dress the author is sane as a good walker should be. Good boots and knickerbockers—not riding breeches, beloved of tourist equippers—and woollen clothes are indispensable. Strangely enough for an American he likes a walking stick, with the true understanding that it is not only useful but companionable. He says truly “It is a strange fact that most men. who wear canes never use them.’’ The problem is solved if the English meaning is given to the word “cane.” A cane is merely a dress adjunct; for serious walking a stick is needed.

Not all one’s acquaintances, however athletic, are companionable on a walk. The writer makes plain what an unforgivable nuisance is a record maker on a walk as in most other amateur sports. There is a golden mean. A saunterer in a soft country is well enough, but on a mountain trail a persistent dawdler is a hopeless incubus.

A companion is not a necessity. Walking may be called the lonely man’s recreation. By oneself one may see much and gather happy memories. Traveller’s Joy clothes the hedgerows.

First Steps To Climbing—By Geo. D. Abraham.[48]

Like all Mr. Abraham’s books, “First Steps to Climbing” is beautifully illustrated; the

47 Published by G. H. Doran Co., New York. Property of Canadian National Parks Association.

48 Mills & Boon, London.

twenty-four photographs and the easily assimilated but very valuable instruction in the text of the book are calculated to enlist many recruits to the great sport of mountaineering, and to start them in the correct methods and with suitable equipment.

Naturally, this book is written largely from the point of view of the British climber, though stress is laid on the fact that rock climbing is not the whole art of the mountaineer. Two chapters are devoted to ice and snow work, with a certain amount of information about Swiss climbs.

H. Westmorland.

OFFICIAL SECTION

Larch Valley Camp, 1923

The Eighteenth Annual Camp of the Club was held in Larch Valley, above Moraine Lake, from July 6th to August 9th. The situation was a fine one and the view from the ladies' quarters superb.

In the way of weather it was the strangest camp on record. For the first few days the weather was perfect. Brilliant warm sunshine, so warm in fact that there was dread that the little stream which wanders through the valley and formed the water supply of the camp might dry up entirely. However, there came a speedy change. On the night of the 30th of July, snow started to fall and by early morning there was from eight to ten inches on the ground. The snow dispersed fairly quickly, but did not as in other years result in bright sunny weather. In fact the weather remained inclement for the greater part of August, consequently members cut short their proposed stay and returned to the cities, with a result far from beneficial to the finances of the Club.

A subsidiary camp was placed on the shore of Lake O'Hara which served the purpose of the two-day trip and also as a base for the climb of Mt. Odaray. Some of the climbing was good, but the fresh snow and stormy weather altogether cut out such climbs as Mts. Hungabee and: Deltaform. The so-called No. 10, which most people look on as an outlier of Mt. Hungabee, was the only first ascent made. Eiffel Peak was used for training purposes, and most of the Graduates qualified on Mt. Temple, with varying fortune, some having a lovely view, others wrapped in an electric storm, others in snow flurries, and so on. Ascents were made of Mts. Pinnacle, Neptuak, the latter most enthusiastically appreciated by all who made the ascent, and of Mt. Odaray. It had been hoped to make at least one ascent of Mt. Fay and perhaps others of the Ten Peaks, but weather rendered such plans hopeless.

The familiar and always delightful two-day trip, via Wenkchemna and Opabin Passes to Lake O'Hara and back, via Abbot Pass, was undertaken several times. The new hut built by the C.P.B. at the summit of Abbot Pass was greatly appreciated. Mitre Pass was only once crossed, as the ice conditions rendered it highly dangerous.

The camp fires were highly successful and good fellowship reigned. Professor Pay and Sir James Outram told of the experiences of the earlier days, Dr. Monroe Thorington and Dr. Ladd told of their last experiences in the district of the Great Columbia Icefield, and the Minneapolis Section, but recently organized, celebrated an elaborate christening with great fervour.

The Swiss guides, kindly lent by the C.P.R. Hotel Department, were Christian Häsler and Walter Feuz. Both rendered excellent service under somewhat trying conditions.

The winners in the photographic competition were:
Class A.—Clouds, mountains and reflections. D. J. Martin Calgary.
Class B.—Canadian Mountain landscapes. D. J. Martin, Calgary
Class C.—Camp scene in Canadian mountains. D. J. M. McGearv Saskatoon.
Class D.—Wild animals and birds. Mrs. A. F. Shippam, Minneapolis.
Class E.—Six pictures illustrating 1922 Club Camp. D. J. M. McGeary, Saskatoon.

The judges were: F. V. Long-staff, W. J. Edwards and Wm S Park.

Among the more notable guests of the Club were Sir James Outram, Professor Fay, Mr. MacKay, of the Calgary Automobile Club, and Mr. Harkin and Mr. Wardle, of the National Parks service who made all too brief a call.

There were 132 placed under canvas, among them representatives of the Alpine Club, England, The American, French and Swiss Alpine Clubs, the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Sierra Club, the Mazamas and the Royal Geographical Society.

The following passed the test for Active Membership:

July 27th, Mt. Temple.
F. J. Green. W. S. Park. H. F. Thomson.

July 28th, Mt. Temple.
Miss E. Thompson. Miss M. Cobb. Miss B. Langmuir. W. J. Edwards.

July 30th, Mt. Temple.
Mrs. Herndon. Mrs. Koefod. Miss A. MacKay. R. Best,

July 30th, Mt. Temple.
C. Herndon. C. F. Keyes. A. Blackie. W. Lasher. O. Conquest.

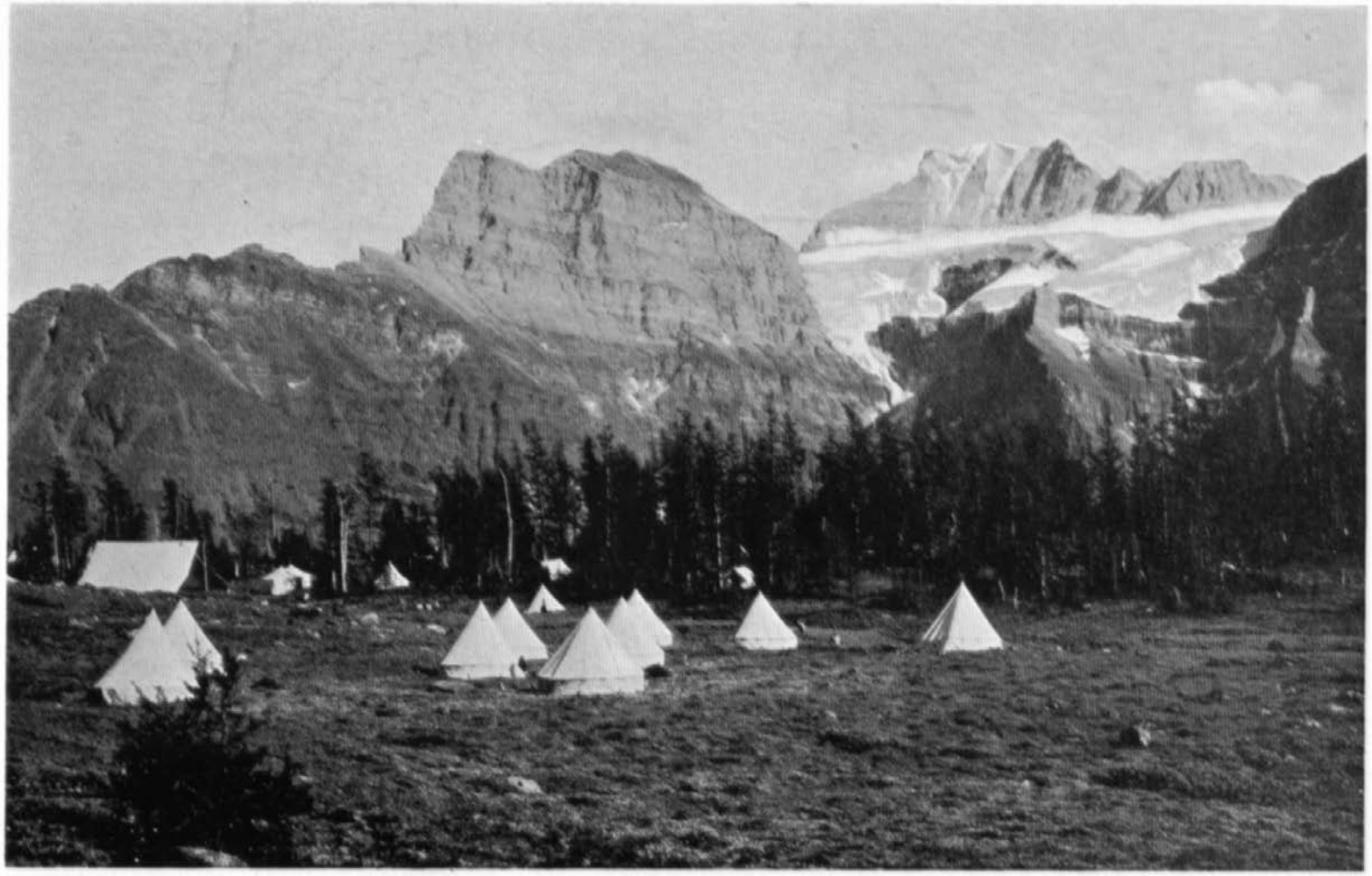
August 1st, Mt. Temple.
Miss H. M. Lynch. Mrs. Neil. Miss A. Glasoe. W. G. Hanson. C. A. Brine.
D. J. Ferguson.

August 4th, Mt. Temple.
Miss H. Park.

August 4th, Mt. Odaray.
Mrs. M. J. Nero.

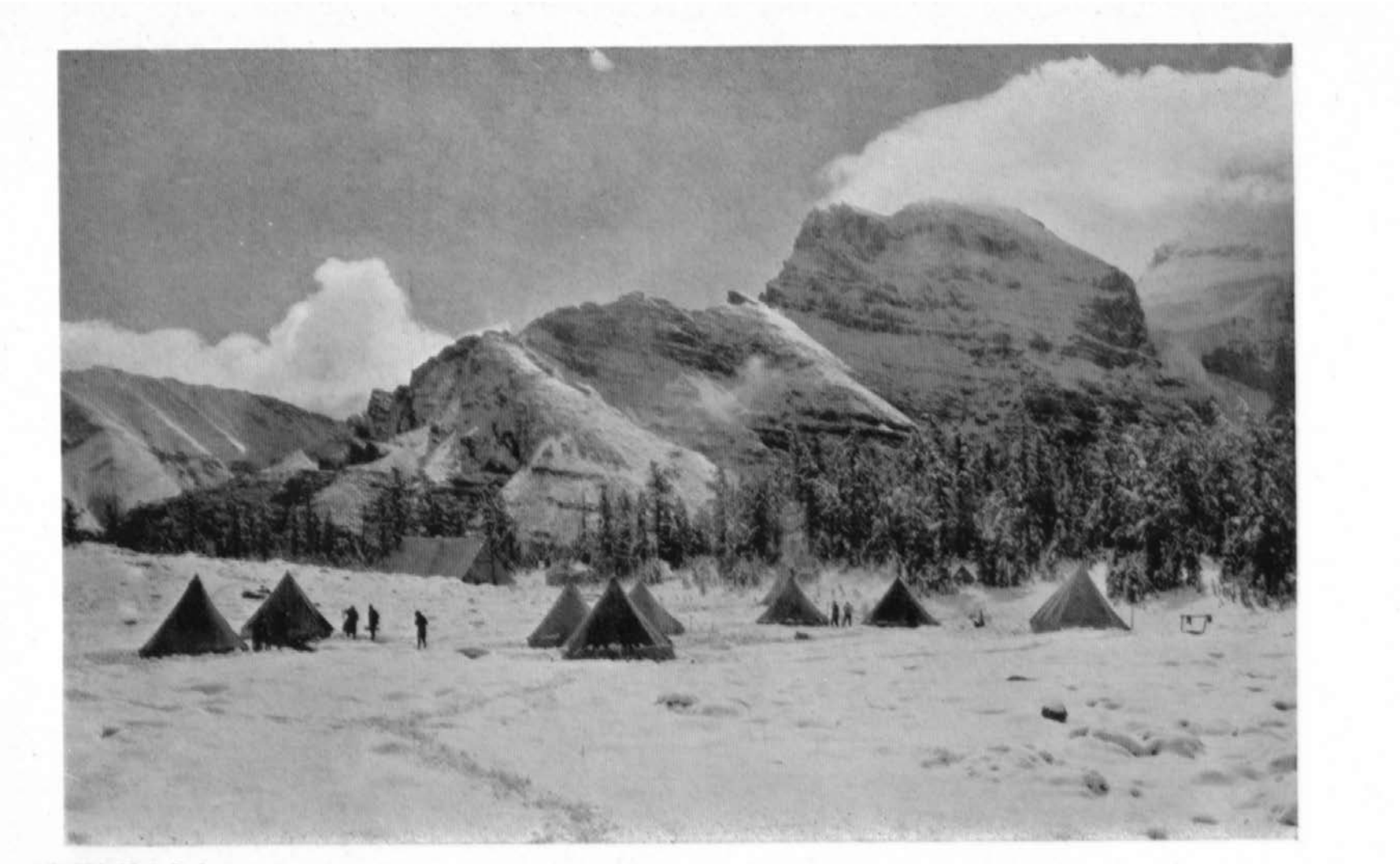
August 6th, Mt. Temple.
Jas. Elliot.

August 6th, Mt. Temple.
G. Robinson. Miss G. Simister.



W.S. Park

Larch Vally Camp, 1923
Ladies' Quarters in Woods to Left



W.S. Park

Larch Valley Camp After the Storm

Miss Thelma Thomson
The Ladies' Quarters,
Larch Valley Camp

Miss. C.E. Henry
After the Snowstorm

T.J. Porter
The Men's Quarters Too

August 7th, Mt. Odaray.
Miss E. MacLean. Miss C. Henry

Those present were drawn from the following places:
CANADA.
British Columbia: Nelson, New Denver, Sidney, Vancouver, Victoria.
Alberta: Banff, Calgary, Edmonton, Irricana, Vulcan.
Saskatchewan: Regina, Saskatoon.
Manitoba: Winnipeg.
Ontario: Ottawa, Peterborough.
Quebec: Montreal.

UNITED STATES.
California: La Jolla.
Massachusetts: Boston, Tufts College.
Michigan: Ann Arbor, Detroit.
Minnesota: Minneapolis, St. Paul.
Missouri: Kansas City.
New York: Brooklyn, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York.
Ohio: Willoughby.
Pennsylvania: Philadelphia.

ENGLAND.
London.

SWITZERLAND.
Flims.

Annual Meeting, 1923.

The Annual Meeting was held at the Larch Valley Camp on August 2nd, 1923. The President took the chair.

The President opened the meeting by welcoming new and old members to the Camp and especially the guests of the Club. He recalled the services of members not present, and spoke with appreciation of the strenuous work of the Director, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, and of the Secretary Treasurer. He emphasized the work of the Local Sections through which much good work had been done. Protection was needed for the National Parks of Canada. The Club in assisting such work would be doing something of national value.

The Minutes were taken as read.

The Director then delivered his address. He said he was happy to welcome all and was glad to see such a large attendance considering the inclement weather. He mentioned the formation of the Minneapolis Section, a sign of hearty growth. The election of officers was due in 1924. The Executive would be glad of any suggestions of names. He expressed the thanks of the Club to all who had helped to make the Camp a success and concluded by wishing that the spirit of the mountain fellowship would endure.

Miss E. Thompson
The Director Tries a New Brand of Tobacco

Miss E. Thompson
Winter or Summer it Must be Done

Miss E. Thompson
Girls will be Girls

It was suggested that Life Membership fee for those resident Overseas should be reduced to $50.00. As the Treasurer stated, however, that the present fee of $100.00 was not sustaining, it was moved, seconded and duly carried that there should be no reduction of the fee.

It was decided that a ballot should be sent out proposing the addition of a Photographic Secretary to the list of officers.

The Director announced that many members wished the Annual Camp of 1924 to be held at the foot of Mt. Robson, and that the Canadian National Railways had offered every assistance in their power. Finally it was carried unanimously that the next Annual Camp should be held at Mt. Robson.

The organization of an expedition to Mt. Logan was then discussed. The President and Director gave statements of the conditions and requirements necessary for such an undertaking. After discussion a motion was passed that a committee be formed with full power to devise ways and means and to select the personnel of a party for the attack on the mountain. Colonel W. W. Poster, A.O. Wheeler, H. F. Lambart, A. H. MacCarthy and F. C. Bell were suggested as members, with power to add to their number.

Major F. V. Longstaff proposed, seconded by A. S. Sibbald, that those Sections which are not carrying on educational work concerning mountain matter in their local press be recommended to add the office of Editorial Writer to their staff.

This was carried unanimously.

The Director then spoke of the formation of a National Parks Association. The Club was vitally interested in defending the system of national parks from encroachment and despoliation of their scenery. A national organization should be formed with this aim. He would be glad to hear the opinion of the meeting.

Mr. Harkin, Commissioner of Dominion Parks, stated that the parks were a great commercial asset to the nation, bringing enormous amounts of money into the country. They were a business that earned a phenomenal interest on the capital expended. They also paid dividends of mental, physical and spiritual efficiency. Representatives from the Vancouver Island, Vancouver, Calgary, Saskatoon, Winnipeg and Toronto Sections spoke strongly against the spoliation of the parks. It was then moved by A. S. Sibbald, seconded by F. C. Bell, that this meeting declares itself in favour of the immediate formation of a Canadian National Parks Association whose objects shall be the conservation of the Canadian National Parks. It was further resolved that the Club offer the facilities of the Camp and recommended that an organization meeting of that Association be held immediately following the meeting of the Club. This was duly carried.

The President announced that the Club badges had been won by: Miss A. E. Buck, Dr. Cora J. Best, Col. W. W. Foster, M. D. Geddes, Mrs. A. F. Shippam, Miss T. Thomson and T. O. A. West.

The usual votes of thanks were passed and the meeting adjourned.

The Banff Club House, 1923

The Club House season was a very quiet one. The first guests did not arrive until the later part of June and, while at times the building was well filled, the visits were of unusually short duration. It was stated in the town of Banff—not on Government authority— that out of fourteen week-ends during the summer, eleven had been wet.

Consequently there was little mountaineering done. In spite of the season, however, life at

the Club House seemed at least as bright if not brighter than ever.

The usual number of visitors came from the hotels to gather facts about the mountain country.

Mr. D. M. Sinclair has presented a new climbing rope, always an acceptable gift.

Our guests came from all over Canada and the United States, and also from Alsace, French once again. They were drawn from the following places:

CANADA.

British Columbia: Comox, New Denver, Sidney, Vancouver, Victoria. Alberta: Banff, Calgary, Eckville, Edmonton, Irricana, Lethbridge, Vulcan, Wetaskiwin.
Saskatchewan: .Regina, Saskatoon.
Manitoba: Winnipeg.
Ontario: Brantford, Peterborough, Toronto.
Quebec: Montreal. New Brunswick: St. John.

UNITED STATES.

California: La Jolla, Los Angeles, San Francisco.
Illinois: Aurora, Chicago.
Massachusetts: Boston, Somerville, Tufts College.
Michigan: Detroit.
Minnesota: Minneapolis, St. Paul.
New Jersey: E, Orange, Newark, Princeton, Summit.
New York: Brooklyn, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, Scarsdale.
Ohio: Willoughby.
Pennsylvania: Philadelphia.
Washington: Seattle.
Oregon: Portland.

FRANCE.

Strasbourg.

Mt. Robson Camp, 1924

The Nineteenth Annual Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada was held at the foot of Mt. Robson from July 22nd to August 4th. The situation is undoubtedly the grandest of any Camp the Club has held.

As in 1918 the spirit of adventure was abroad as the crowd, happy and meaning to be happier, arrived at Mt. Robson station. Some fond believers in the moral of the early bird found that a too early bird was not a wise one. While everything was in perfect order on the first day, those who came before the time thoroughly enjoyed a little enforced leisure at the charmingly situated base camp about half a mile from the station. We took it easy and impressed others with the idea of how energetic we were going to be later on.

The new station is further west than the Grand Trunk one used for the former Camp, while the first part of the route was different but after a time joined the old trail. This time the weather was delightful and the trail immensely easier than in 1913. A new and easy trail has been made on the right bank of the stream issuing from Kinney Lake. It certainly cuts out a very steep hill, but also misses the beautiful cedar grove which so much impressed the members of an earlier day.

At the far end of Lake Kinney a camp was pitched where those who did not care to make the whole 19 miles from rail to Mt. Robson in one day, could rest for the night. Far different from 1913, the shingle flats above the lake were almost dry and, where branches of the stream intersected, log bridges has been built. The Valley of the Thousand Falls was as striking as ever. The White Falls and the Emperor Falls in their different ways are very fine. It seems a pity that a short side trail could not be cut to the base of the Emperor Falls. Everyone wishes to get there, but the down timber, small though it is, and the young trees which grow thickly, make it a toilsome pleasure. However, Phillips had cut a new trail a little way above Berg Lake which avoided the mudbanks. With all the improvements it is still a long journey from rail to mountain.

But when at home at last, how superb is the view! Mt. Robson rises majestically from Berg Lake nearly a mile and a half into the air, its glaciers falling directly into the lake and launching icebergs from time to time which float to the farther side. Behind, Mt. Whitehorn stands in stately dignity, beyond Lake Adolphus, Mt. Calumet is clear and across the Robson Glacier. Mts. Lynx and Resplendent flank the great chieftain.

The glaciers have retreated greatly in the last eleven years and no water flows now from the Robson Glacier to Lake Adolphus, hence Mt. Robson is entirely in British Columbia.

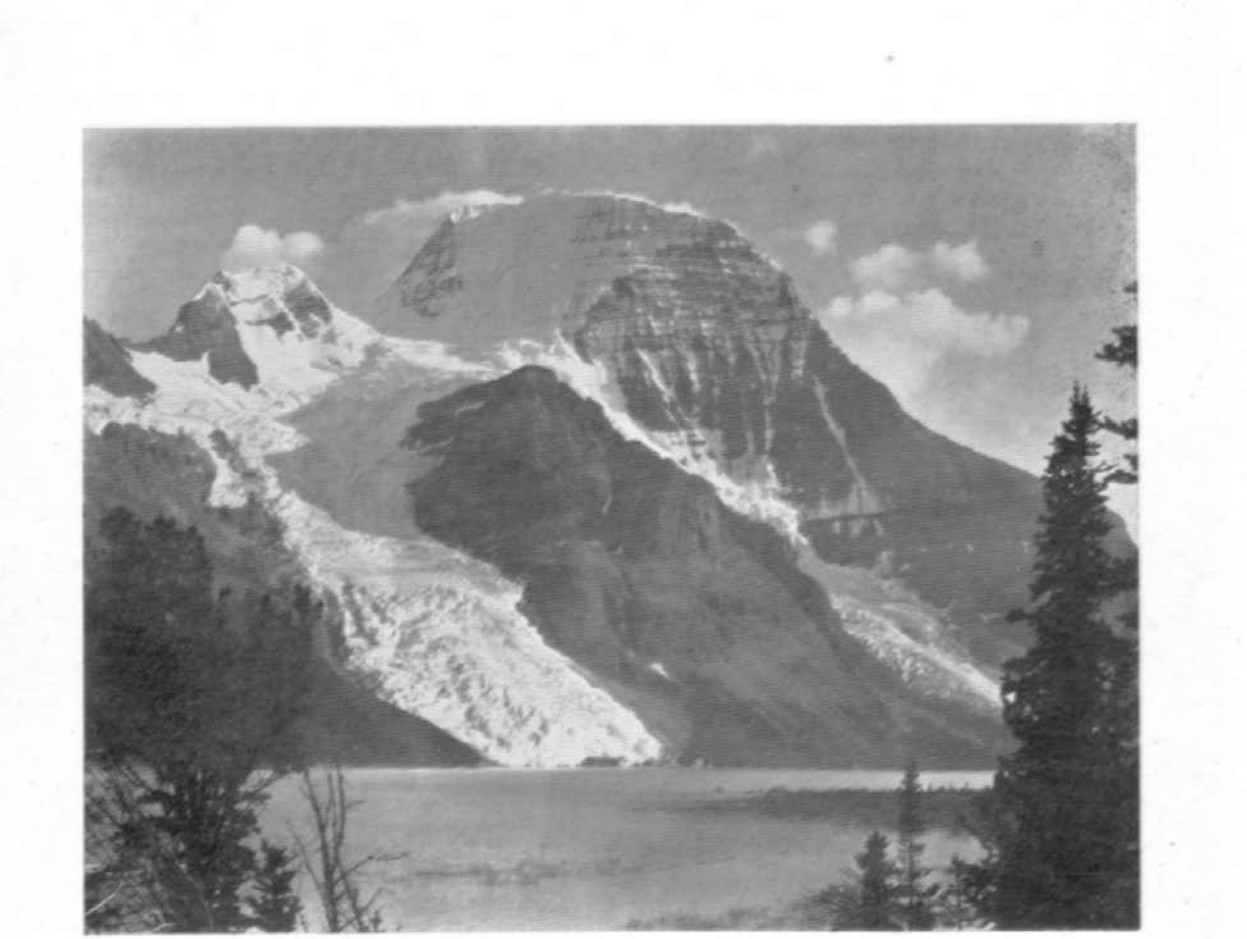
A subsidiary camp was placed in Moose Pass, beautifully situated and surrounded by gardens of mountain flowers. From here Mts. Calumet and "Pamm" were climbed. While affording no real difficulty superb views were obtained.

This camp was reached by two routes; by the trail down the Smoky River or by a fascinating trip through the Snowbird Pass, down the Coleman Glacier to Calumet Creek and so to the Camp. One large party travelling by the latter route was caught in the mountain mists and had to stay out all night to the great delight of the travellers who thirsted for adventure. The night was warm, fuel was plentiful, but two or three cakes of chocolate, scarcely appeased the appetite of hungry mountaineers and breakfast was enjoyed when camp was reached.

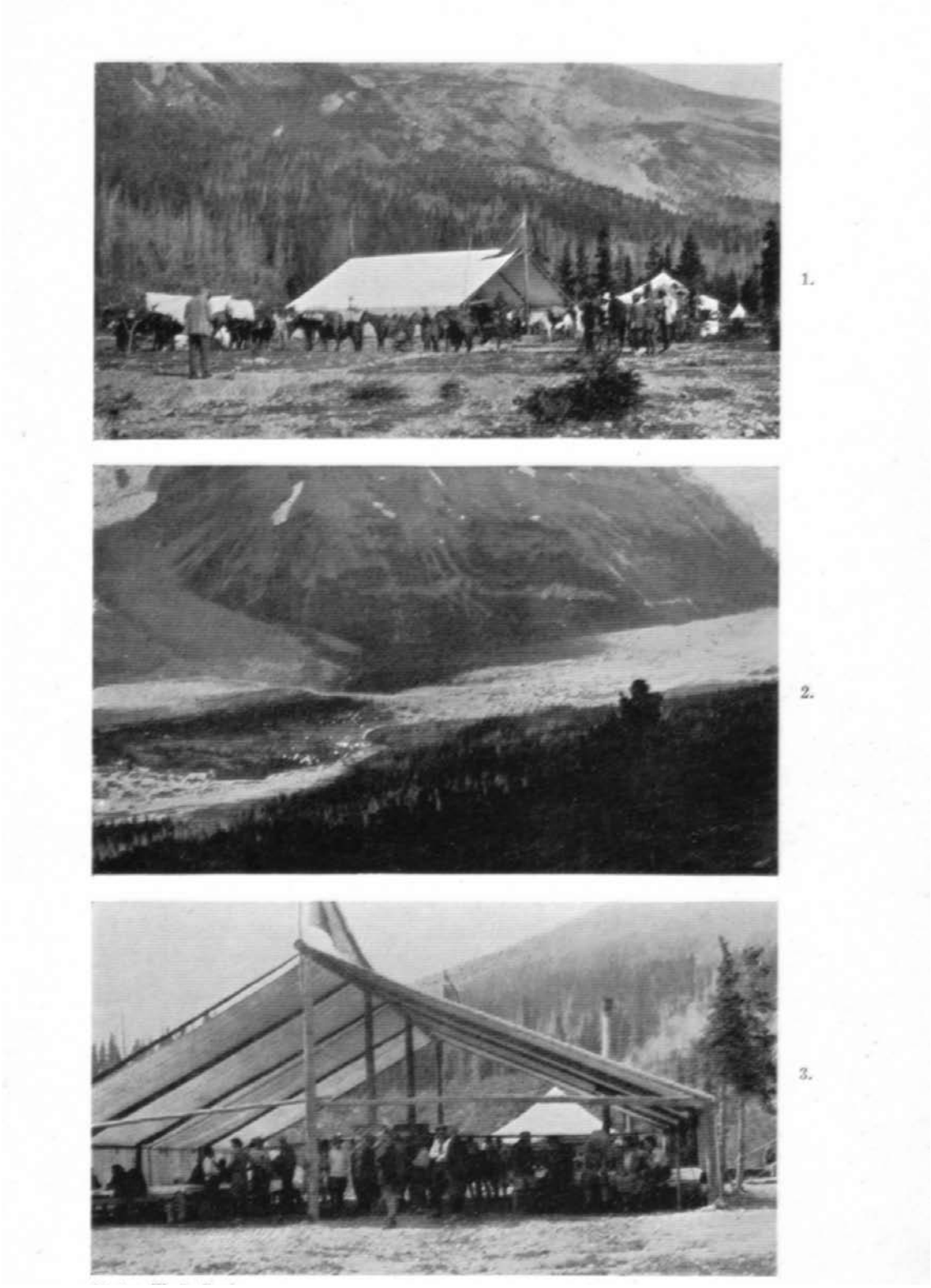
The ascent of Mt. Robson was naturally the main interest of the Camp. While this was only right, it entailed certain difficulties in arranging climbs for the less skilled mountaineers, as those members who so unselfishly year after year lead novices on the peaks were on Mt. Robson, an ascent which cut into three days. From Camp the trail was taken to Kinney Lake, thence a stiff ascent to a high camp placed at timber line where the night was spent, the climb starting at an early hour.

During the life of Camp the mountain was climbed by fifteen members under the guidance of our old friend Conrad Kain, with occasional assistance from other guides. Those who made the ascent were:

Mrs. W. A. D. Munday.
Miss A. E. Buck.
Miss H. I. Buck
Miss M. H. Gold.
T. B. Moffat.
M. D. Geddes.
H. Pollard.
W. A. D. Munday.
H. P. Lambart.
A. W. Drinnan



Mt. Robson from East End of Berg Lake



W.S. Park

No. 1 - The Camp Centre
No. 2 - Bird's-eye View of the Camp
No. 3 - Under the Big Fly

D.R. Sharpe.
T. Porter.
B. D. Watchler.
L. H. Lindsay.
S. C. Montgomery.

Mrs. W. A. D. Munday, a Canadian member, and Miss A. E. Buck from the United States were the first ladies to set foot on the summit of Mt. Robson. Miss M. H. Gold was a Canadian, and Miss H. I. Buck an American so, with the ladies, ‘’Honours were easy.’’

The day after Camp was closed, the following members made the ascent under the guidance of the C.N.R. guides:

Alfred Streich and Hans Kohler, with the assistance of J. Jaeggi, and Joe Saladana. Dr. Cora J. Best. Mrs. A.. F. Shippam. F. H. Slark. L. Coolidge. G. Higginson. J. E. Johnson.

Mts. Lynx, Resplendent, Calumet, “Pamm,” Gendarme, Mumm, Inderbinen, Rearguard, and Ptarmigan Peak, were all climbed, many several times and under varying conditions. Owing to the predominant charm of Mt. Robson, the attack on Mt. Whitehorn was delayed to the latter end of camp, and then the weather broke. The party waited patiently at the bivouac camp at the foot of the mountain until supplies were consumed and then retired disconsolately home. It was the fortune of mountain warfare.

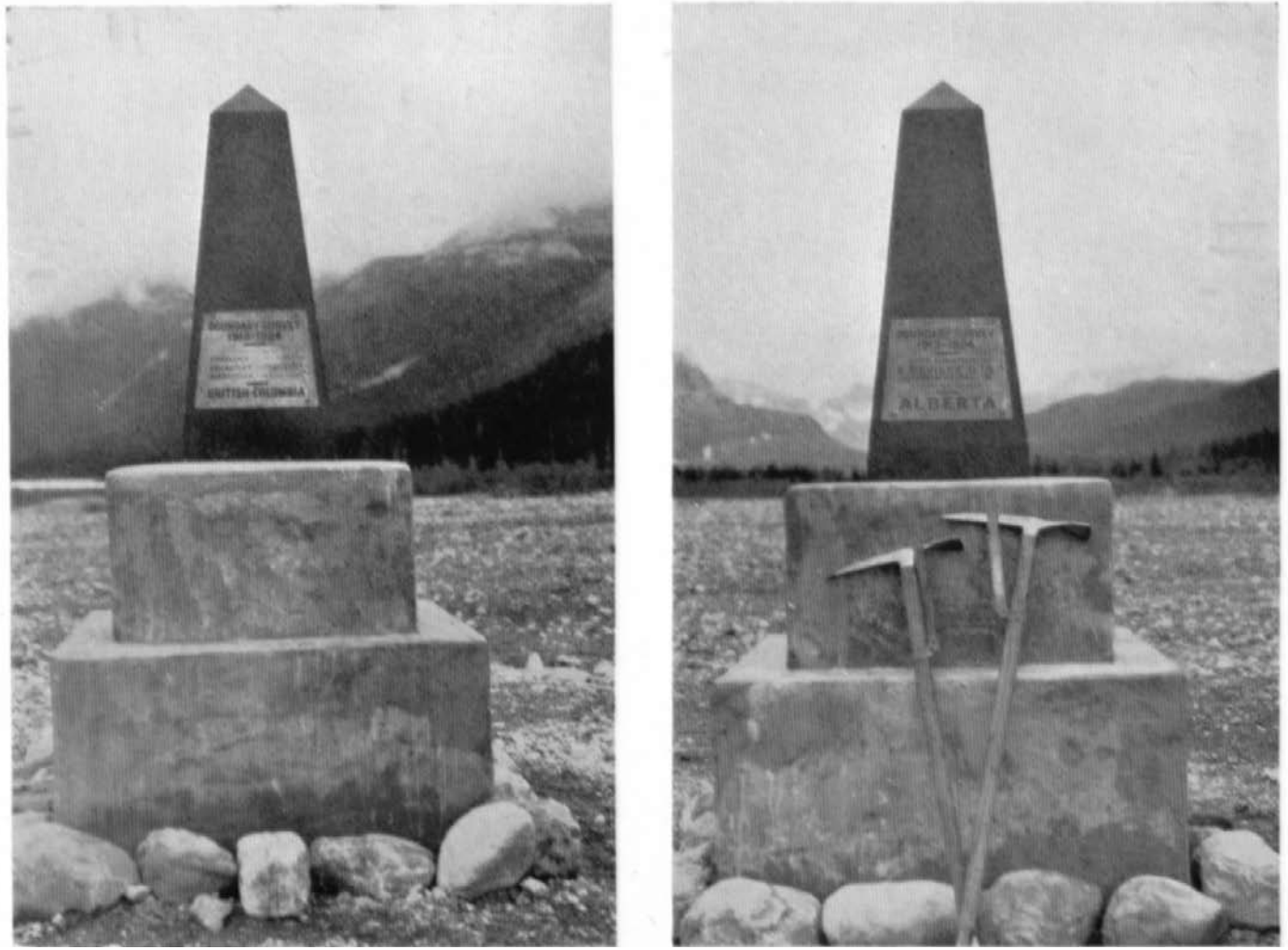
The region of Mt. Robson has a bad record for weather, but this Camp was singularly fortunate, as is evident from the number of people who made the mountain. There was no snow storm, though there were some chilly winds from the glacier and rain towards the end of the Camp.

Apart from the climbing one of the most interesting events was the unveiling of a special monument to commemorate the completion of the survey delimiting the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. This was erected on the shingle flats between Berg Lake and Lake Adolphus, a few hundred yards north of the Club Camp. It is a cement obelisk with brass plates stating the object of the monument and the names of the surveyors who had carried to completion this arduous and difficult work. It also commemorates the late Dr. Edouard Deville for forty years Surveyor General of Canada and Honorary Member of the Alpine Club of Canada since its inception.

From British Columbia, Mr. J. E. Umbach, the Surveyor General and Mr. G. E. Naden, the Deputy Minister of Lands, were present; from Alberta, Mr. P. N. Johnson, Mr. J. N. Wallace, who had been Dominion Commissioner in the early days of the survey represented the Dominion Government, accompanied by Mr. Williamson and Mr. Seibert. Mr. Wheeler, the British Columbia Commissioner was there, but Mr. Cautley, the Alberta Commissioner, was unable to come down from the far north. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Wheeler’s assistant surveyor, was detained by incidents of travel and did not arrive until the ceremony was over. The Minister of the Interior was confidently expected, but was prevented at the last moment.

Mr. Umbach explained the origin of the survey and Mr. Naden expatiated on the beauties of British Columbia which was not merely a “sea of mountains” but contained all kinds of agricultural and mining lands. He detailed some of the hardships of the undertaking.

Mr. Wallace said that the original instructions given the Commission sounded simple, that the boundary line was the watershed of the main range defined by the flow of the streams to the respective oceans, but thorough knowledge of the mountains was necessary to form an opinion. A river might start and continue flowing east for many miles, then find an unexpected opening, turn



W.S. Park

East Face West Face

Special Boundary Monument Erected at Robson Pass Summit

west and end in the Pacific. Only a surveyor with the technical knowledge of Mr. Wheeler could decide such points. Mr. Cautley's work though different in nature was equally fine. In fact as an Irishman he thought it would be well to send Messrs. Wheeler and Cautley to delimit the boundary between Ulster and Southern Ireland.

Mr. Wheeler explained the division and methods of work of the two commissioners. He regretted the serious illness of Dr. Deville, Surveyor General of Canada, who had taken keen interest in the work since its inception. While the resultant maps were designed to define the boundary they had opened up to the world at large magnificent mountain areas. They have led to a very great increase in the tourist traffic of the country and are sought for the world over.

As Mr. Campbell had been prevented from being present Mr. Umbach asked Mrs. Campbell to unveil the monument which was draped in flags. Mrs. Campbell gracefully performed the ceremony and with hearty cheers the ceremony ended.

The camp fires were as interesting as usual, but the popularity of Moose Pass Camp lessened the attendance.

After all, the principal charm of the Camp was the absolute difference of its surroundings to those in the more southern Rockies.

The view from Mt. Robson was disappointing as it stood so high above everything else. From the lower peaks fine and unexpected views were obtained. An unusual charm of the Camp was the absence of mosquitoes.

The winners in the photographic competition were:

Class A.—The beauty and the grandeur of the mountains. C. G. Wates, Edmonton.

Class B.—Canadian mountain landscape. A. A. McCoubrey, Winnipeg.

Class C.—Bock climbing. No competition.

Class D.—Panorama of Canadian mountain scenery. A. A. McCoubrey, Winnipeg.

Class E.—Six pictures illustrating 1923 Club Camp. T. J. Porter, Lanigan.

The judges were: A. Blackie, Wm. S. Park and J. D. Patterson.

The catering as well as the pack train arrangements were cared for by Mr. Donald Phillips, who with his competent staff did everything possible to make the Camp the success it was.

The Swiss guides kindly loaned by the Canadian National Railways were Alfred Streich and Hans Kohler who gave excellent service. They were assisted by J. Jaeggi and J. Saladana.

Among the more important guests besides those already enumerated were, Sir James Outram, Mr. Osborne Scott of the Canadian National Railways, and Mr. A. O. Seymour of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

There were 179 placed under canvas, among them representatives of the Alpine Club, England, the American, French, and Swiss Alpine Clubs, the Scottish Mountaineering Club, the B.C. Mountaineering Club, the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Cascadians, the Sierra Club, and the Royal Geographical Society.

The following passed the test for Active Membership:

July 22, Mt. Lynx.

Miss E. V. Hill.

July 23, Mt. Resplendent.

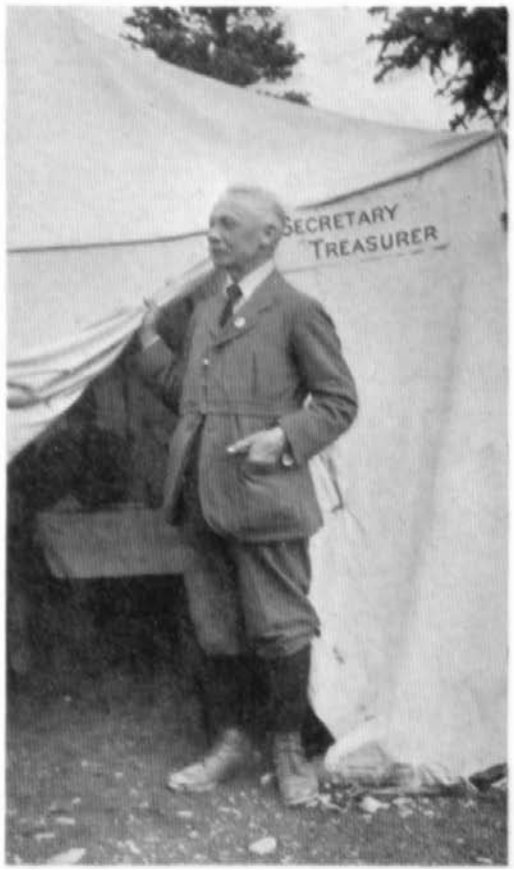
M. Buchannan.

July 24, Mt. Lynx.

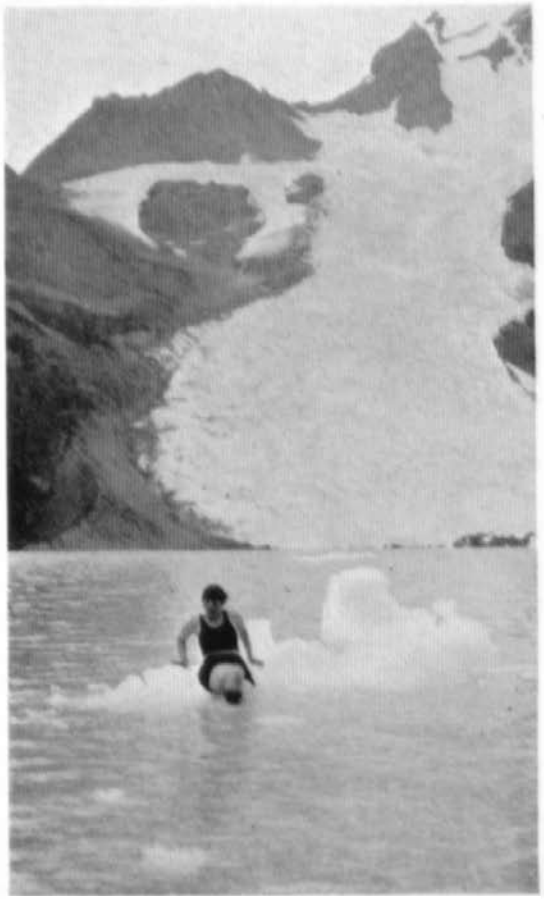
S. C. Montgomery.

W.S. Park
The Director and Sir James Outram Have a Little Joke

W.S. Park
The Trestle at the Precipice of the White Falls

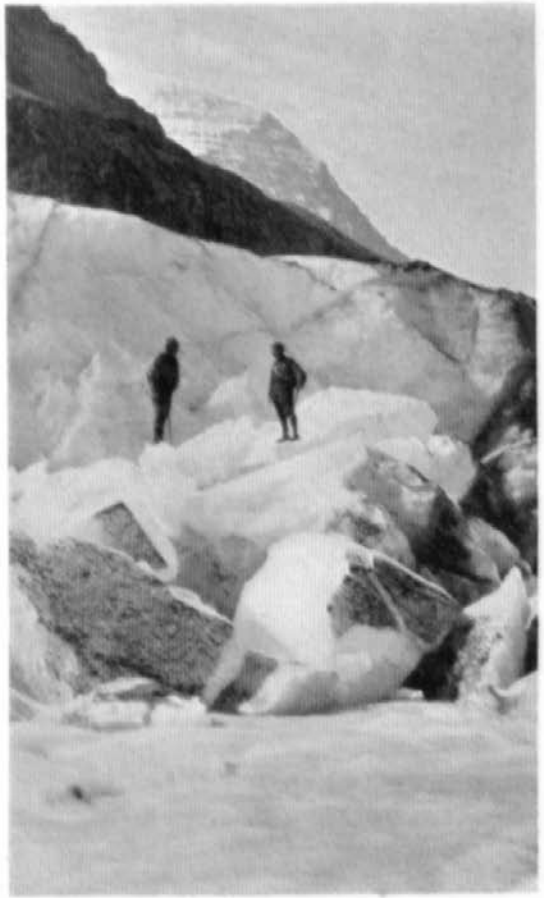


W.S. Park
S.H. Mitchell, Secretary-Treasurer since 1906



W.S. Park
A Berg Lake Mermaid

T. Porter
Working up Through Snow, Mt. Robson



W.S. Park
On Tongue of Robson Glacier

July 25, Mt. Resplendent.
H. K. Cassels. G. McRobbie. Miss G. Thompson. Miss C. Martin. Miss H. A. Burns. Miss D. Beck.
July 26, Mt. Lynx.
W. E. Richardson. Mrs. W. E. Richardson. Miss A. Yuill.
July 26, Mt. Calumet.
Mrs. W. Boyd. Dr. I. H. Perry. Miss A. Walter. P. Williams.
July 27, Mt. "Pamm."
Miss M. F. Lavell.
July 28, Mt. Resplendent.
A. H. Rolph. J. J. Craig.
July 29, Mt. Lynx.
F. B. Silsbee.
July 30, Mt. Calumet.
A. H. Bain. Miss C. E. Munro. Miss R. A. Hubbell.
Aug. 1, Mt. Lynx.
Miss B. A. Fry. Miss A. Ryan. Miss I. Secord. Miss L. Bailey. Jas. Barford.

Members present were drawn from the following places:

CANADA
British Columbia: New Denver, N. Lonsdale, Ocean Falls, S. Ft. George, Sidney, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria.
Alberta: Banff, Beaver Lodge, Calgary, Coleman, Jasper, Edgerton, Springdale, Edmonton.
Saskatchewan: Battleford, Regina, Saskatoon.
Manitoba: Winnipeg.
Ontario: Mitchell, Ottawa, Smiths Falls, Toronto, Woodstock.
Quebec: Montreal.
ENGLAND
London.
NEW ZEALAND
Wellington.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
California: San Francisco.
Connecticut: Stamford.
District Columbia: Washington.
Delaware: Wilmington.
Illinois: Galesburg.
Iowa: Ames.
Kansas: Ft. Leavenworth.
Minnesota: Minneapolis.
Missouri: St. Louis.
Massachusetts: Boston, Cambridge, Waltham, Weston.
North Carolina: Henderson

New Jersey: Summit.
New York: Brooklyn, Scarsdale, New York.
Pennsylvania: Philadelphia.
Washington: Yakima.

Annual Meeting, 1924

The Annual Meeting was held at Mt. Robson Camp on July 31st, 3924. In the absence of the President, the Western Vice-President, Mr. T. B. Moffat, took the chair.

He welcomed all to the Camp, the surroundings of which had not been surpassed in the history of the Club.

The minutes of the last meeting were taken as read.

Mr. Wheeler read the President's address. Colonel Foster recalled the ambition of many members to meet at Mt. Robson again. The leading features of the Club's activities during the past year had been (1) the assistance given in the formation of the National Parks Association, (2) the organization of an expedition to climb Mt. Logan. He thought that in time the National Parks Association would be regarded as one of the finest achievements of the Club. More would be heard about Mt. Logan later in the meeting. He regretted the desire of Mr. Wheeler, whose great work for the Club he appreciated, to resign his office, and hoped a way out of the difficulty might be found. He spoke sympathetically of the Mt. Everest tragedy, and of the devotion to duty of the expedition. He expressed appreciation of the honor conferred in making him President, and hoped the spirit of co-operation which had characterized the Club in the past would continue.

The address was adopted and a vote of thanks passed to Colonel Poster for the splendid work carried on by him during his term of office.

The Director then delivered his address.

He expressed pleasure at the large attendance and appreciation of the good work done, both on Mt. Robson and elsewhere, especially on Mt. Geikie. He then referred to the Mt. Logan expedition. The difficulties were great, but we must attempt the conquest of the highest mountain in our own country. He mentioned the regret of the Club at the death of its Hon. President, who was so strongly in sympathy with the objects of the Club. He announced that His Excellency the Governor-General has consented to be its Hon. President, an honour which the Club appreciated. He suggested a committee of the Club be appointed to draw-up a resolution of sympathy at the tragedy of Mt. Everest.

He alluded to the formation of the Canadian National Parks Association which had already done good work. He hoped the Club would pass a vote of hearty appreciation of the assistance given by the Canadian National Railways towards the success of the Camp.

A motion accepting the report of the Director was duly passed.

The (Secretary Treasurer then read communications from Mrs. J. W. Henshaw, Dr. A. P. Coleman and Mr. H. C. Boyd, the representative of the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

The following officers were declared duly elected:

President..... Dr. J. W. A. Hickson, Montreal.
Vice-Presidents. ..... .H. F. Lambart, Ottawa.
.....T. B. Moffat, Calgary.
Hon. Secretary..... M. D. Geddes, Toronto.
Hon. Treasurer..... A. S. Sibbald, Saskatoon

Director..... A. O. Wheeler, Sidney.
Hon. Photographic Secretary..... C. G. Wates, Edmonton
Secretary-Treasurer and Librarian. ....S. H. Mitchell, Sidney

Mr. Wheeler spoke with regard to his resignation of the Directorship. He felt that he had served the Club long enough. Conditions were changed and it would be for the Club's benefit if new blood were introduced. Again, his plans were undecided and he could not say how long he could fill the office. He would take the matter up with the Executive as occasion arose. In the meanwhile he thanked the Club for its vote of confidence.

A motion was duly carried that the matter should be left in the hands of the Executive if emergency arose.

Badges, it was announced, had been awarded to the following: Sir James Outram, H. Pollard, E. W. Crawford, Miss C. B. Nickell, H. F. Lambart, Miss M. H. Gold and Rev. D. B. Sharpe.

The Secretary-Treasurer announced that a new Section had been formed in Regina and was doing well.

The Chairman announced two amendments to the Constitution had been prepared for discussion, the first providing that the Hon. Treasurer should not be compelled to vacate his office at any particular date if the Club wished to continue him in office; the second that the immediately retiring President should be a member of the Executive until his successor replaced Mm. After some discussion it was resolved that these amendments should be balloted for in accordance with the Constitution.

Mr. Sibbald, Hon. Treasurer, addressed the meeting on the question of the annual fees. It was a complicated question and it was hard to get the real opinion of the members. He suggested the formation of a small committee to canvass the situation during the coming year, gather the opinion of the Club and submit a report at the next Annual Meeting.

The Chairman here interposed and said that as this was entirely new business the newly elected President should conduct the balance of the meeting. Dr. Hickson was then installed.

The President suggested that the committee in question should be composed of Mr. A. S. Sibbald, Major W. J. S. Walker, and Mr. M. D. Geddes. It was advantageous that the committee should be small. A motion on these lines was then carried.

The site of the next Annual Camp was discussed and finally left in the hands of the Executive.

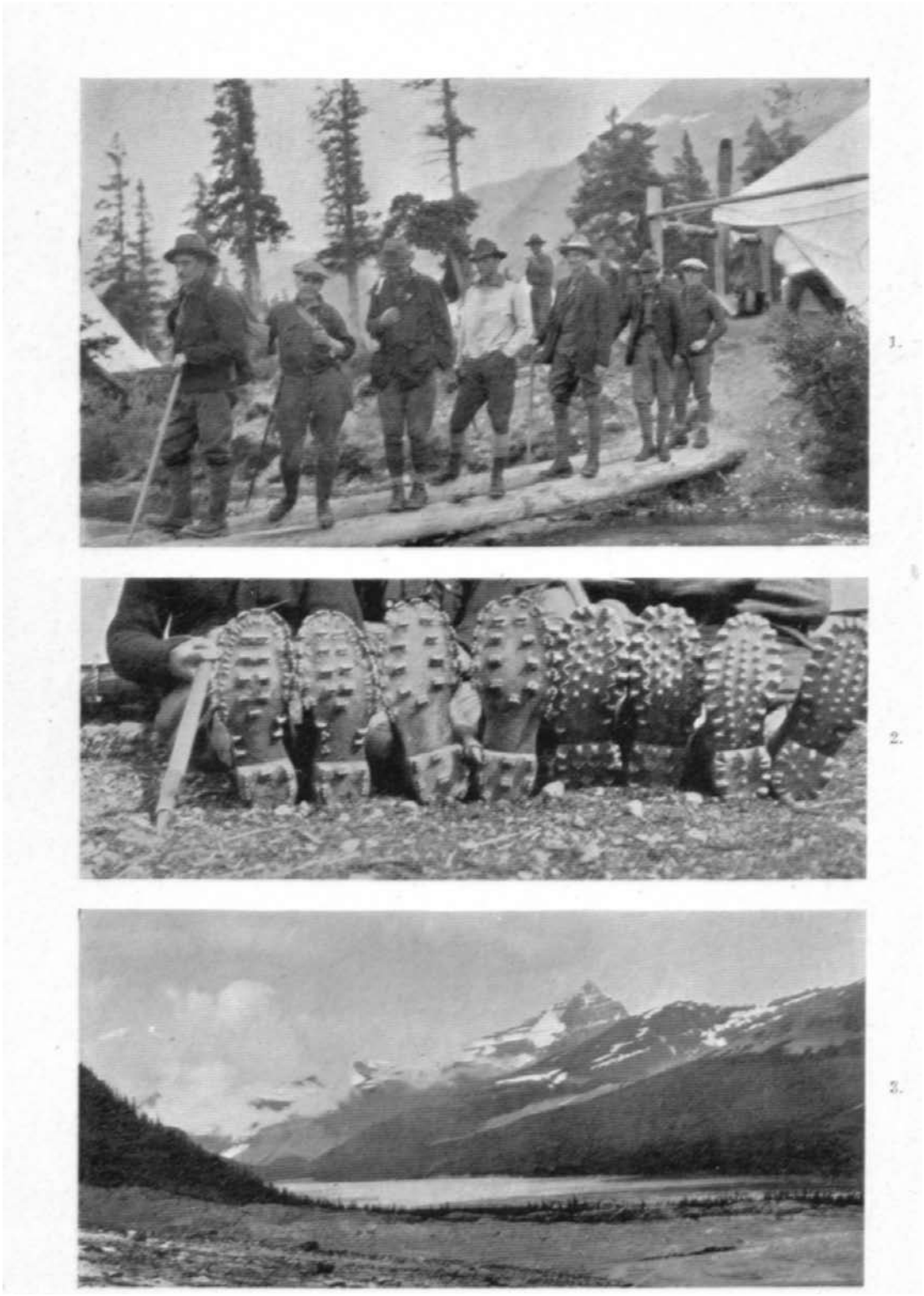
At the request of the President Mr. MacCarthy gave a summary of his experiences round Mt. Logan whence he had just returned. He stated it was a serious expedition. Every possible provision must be made beforehand. All supplies must be sent in w inter and the climbers should go in May. He described in detail the surroundings of the mountain and the problems to be solved

The President expressed the thanks of the Club to Mr. MacCarthy for his arduous work. He emphasized the point rate equipment was vital to that first success. The expedition was of world interest and he hoped subscriptions would be generous.

Mr. Moffat then proposed hearty votes of thanks to Colonel Foster and the retiring Officers, to the Canadian National Railway, to the Ladies' Committee, to the Voluntary Guides and to Mr. Donald Phillips and his camp staff.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The President announced there were several resolutions to be passed. One expressing appreciation of the Governor-General's acceptance of the Hon. Presidency; a resolution of sympathy



No. 1 - First Party for Mt. Robson Leaving Camp (Conrad Kain in Front)
No. 2 - Altitudes are Measured in Feet
No. 3 - Mt. Whitehorn and Berg Lake From the Camp

The First Party for Robson Arriving at Timber Line Camp
Having Carried up Food Supplies

Conrad Kain (Guide) Pollard Moffat Geddes
Return of First Three to the High Camp, After Spending a Night on the Mountain

with the family of Sir Edmund Walker, the late Hon. President; one of sympathy at the loss of Messrs. Mallory and Irvine on Mt. Everest, and one of appreciation of the great assistance rendered the Club by the Canadian National Railways. It was moved and carried that these resolutions be drafted and despatched.

Mr. J. D. Patterson proposed a vote of thanks to the Director and also the Secretary-Treasurer. He made clear to the younger members the labours entailed on Mr. Wheeler to bring the Club to its present successful vitality. Though burdened with heavy professional work he had always found time for the Alpine Club of Canada from which he received no remuneration whatever. It had truly been a work of love.

Mr. Wheeler thanked the meeting and said it was a joy to think the Club was firmly established as the representative of the great mountain ranges of Canada Mr. Mitchell also expressed his thanks.

In conclusion the President said he recognized the honour done him in his election. He emphasized the good work done by the Canadian National Parks Association. It was a distinct body doing most excellent work.

The meeting then adjourned.

The Banff Club House, 1924

Owing to the fact that members journeying to the Annual Camp at Mt. Robson nearly all travelled by the Canadian National Railways, and did not pass Banff, the attendance at the Club House was not as large as usual. A very rainy August, rain that was badly needed at the Pacific Coast, also helped to keep people away. Still, the number of visitors and the length of their stay was greater than was anticipated. Members, especially those who bring their own party can have a very happy time at the Club House, whether engaged, disengaged or semi-attached.

A Government enquiry office has been established near the Museum, but still a great many strangers came to the Club House for information about the mountain country. Many automobiles laden with strangers drove up to the Club House to enjoy the magnificent view which is not visible from the road. Calls are frequently made by members of other mountaineering Clubs, who are always welcome.

One fact is of the utmost interest. Mosquitoes were scarcely seen. Those who visited Banff in 1920 will appreciate the difference. Very few bears visited the Club House, and no damage was done by those pets of the public and enemies of the housekeeper and camper.

Mt. Norquay as usual was the favourite climb of those in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Wates sent a beautiful picture of Mt. Geikie with a typical mountain stream in the foreground, to adorn the hall. Mr. W. D. Wilcox himself brought copies of his latest photographs to add to the collection we already have of his beautiful work. Mr. W. S. Park gave two fine enlarged photographs of the Larch Valley Camp and of Mt. Pinnacle in the winter of August, 1923, and also a portrait of the Director. Gratitude is said to be a lively sense of favours to come. A new bookcase is badly needed.

As will be seen from the subjoined table guests were drawn from widely scattered homes. They came from:

CANADA

British Columbia: New Denver, Sidney, Windermere.

Alberta: Calgary, Edmonton, Innisfail, Lake Louise, Vulcan.
Saskatchewan: Regina, Saskatoon, Swift Current
Manitoba: Winnipeg.
Ontario: Ottawa, Toronto.
Quebec: Montreal.
Nova Scotia: Halifax.
HONG KONG
Victoria.
ENGLAND
London.
NEW ZEALAND
Wellington.
UNITED STATES
California: San Francisco.
Delaware: Wilmington.
Illinois: Chicago.
Iowa: Ames.
Massachusetts: Boston, Cambridge.
Minnesota: Minneapolis.
N. Carolina: Henderson.
New Hampshire: Portsmouth.
New Jersey: Glen Ridge, Princeton, Summit.
New York: Brooklyn, New York, Scarsdale.
Ohio: Cleveland.
Pennsylvania: Bear Creek, Merion, Philadelphia.
Puerto Rico: San Juan.
Rhode Island: Providence.

The Club Library

The Club library makes steady growth through the gifts of friends. There are still, however, many standard books which we would like to see on our shelves. Among them are:

Below the Snow Line. By Douglas W. Freshfield.
Barren Ground of Northern Canada. By Warburton Pike.
The Pyrenees. By H. Belloc.
Life of De Saussure. By Douglas W. Freshfield.
Mont Blanc. By Albert Smith.

The last has long been out of print, but should be in every good mountaineering library. In the middle of the last century the author opened the eyes of very many people to the charm of the mountains.

The list of additions follow :

The Alpine Club Register, 1857-1863. By A. L. Mumm. Presented by the author. A list of the early members of the Alpine Club giving most interesting condensed descriptions of their climbs. "Theirs was the giant race before the flood."

The Assault on Mt. Everest. By C. G. Bruce and other members of the Expedition. Presented by LeRoy Jeffers. Reviewed on a previous page.

Baptiste Laroque, and The Twist and other Stories. By P. A. W. Wallace. Presented by the author. Charming short stories of Canadian Life, both in the mountain country and among the people of Quebec. The latter contains Conrad Kain's story of "The Million Guide."

First Steps to Climbing. By G. D. Abraham. author. Presented by the Author. Reviewed on a previous page.

The Making of a Mountaineer. By G. I. Finch. Presented by the publisher, J. W. Arrowsmith. Reviewed on a previous page.

Select Documents of the Canadian War of 1912, Vol. II. Edit. W. Wood. Champlain Society. Subscription.

The Freshfield Glacier, Canadian Rockies. By Howard Palmer. Presented by the author. A careful, scientific study of the features of the large Freshfield Glacier, with a summary of glacier observations in different parts of the Canadian mountains.

We have also received ''Climbs in the Maligne Lake District,'' by Howard Palmer, and ''The Panorama from Mt. Columbia,'' by J. Monroe Thorington, both reprinted from the ''Alpine Journal,'' and "The First Ascent of Mt. Clemenceau," by H. S. Hall, Jr., a reprint from "Appalachia."

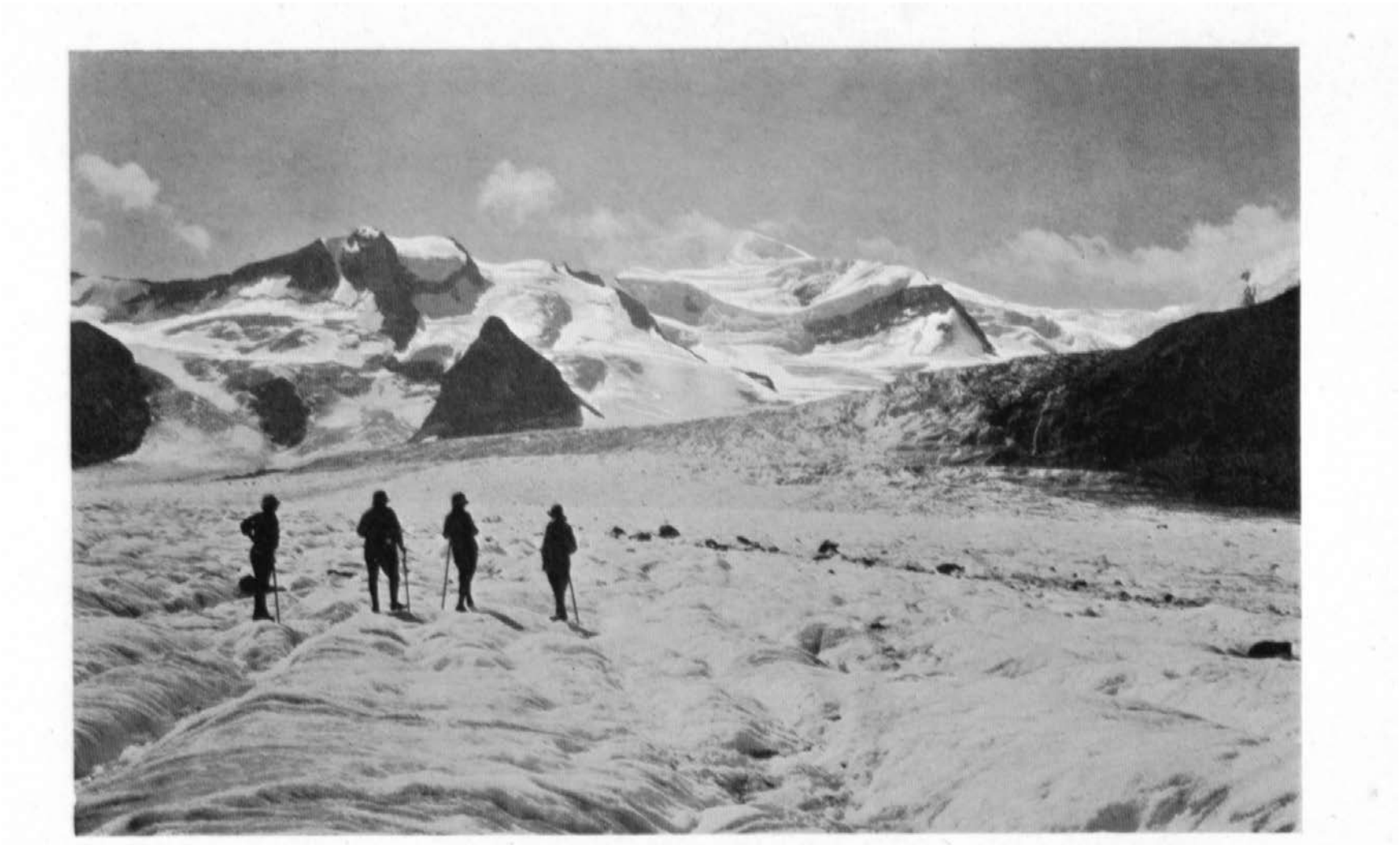
Dr. Thorington has sent us clippings from "Littel's Living Age" of 1851, being reprints from the English "Times" and '' Daily News.'' Both give accounts of ascents of Mt. Blanc in the days of Albert Smith, the Great, which are interesting from many points of view.

We are beginning to acquire maps of historic importance. Mr. Tom Wilson has given a valuable map of Western Canada, issued by G. J. Arrowsmith and ''Dedicated to the Honble., The Hudson's Bay Company, from the latest information their documents furnish." In the Main Range the names of Mts. Brown and Hooker, The Devil's Nose, and Pyramid Peak appear, the last far from the Pyramid Peak of today. In the Coast Range Mts. St. Elias and Fairbrother are shown.

Students of the early days of climbing in the Canadian mountains will recall the name of S. E. S. Allen, who published several articles of value both on this continent and in the English ''Alpine Journal." Dr. Thorington has given us a copy of a map drawn by Mr. Allen, but apparently never formally published. It is most interesting to study. At the first glance it is somewhat puzzling, until the fact is recalled that many of the mountains have changed their names since the 1890's. Very probably it is the first map on which the name Lake Louise appears.

W.S. Park

Summit of Robson Pass and Tongue of Robson Glacier
Mt. Lynx at left of centre



W.S. Park

The Robson Glacier

The Extinguisher in front, at left of centre. Mt. Resplendent in distance, at right of centre.